

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCE, LITERATURE
DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLI.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

No. 2

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Mediumship.—The Subject Analyzed from Various Standpoints.
SECOND PAGE.—Philosophy of Religion. Dealing on Dreams. Summer Days at the Sea Side Camp.
THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Early September. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FOURTH PAGE.—Going from one Sect to Another. Does not Change the Character of the Universe. The Little Inn. A Saviour who Can't Turn Off the Gas. The Little Inn. A Saviour who Can't Turn Off the Gas. The Little Inn. A Saviour who Can't Turn Off the Gas.
FIFTH PAGE.—Notes from Lake Pleasant. Love and Charity. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—The Poet's Death Song. People who are Always Meeting. Worldly Writings. The Spiritualist Directory. "Modern" Spiritualism. The Church a Club? The Bible Holy? Old Books. Volney P. Blood. M. D. Parochial vs. Public Schools. Words and Things. Cautions. Camp. Mistake about Boston. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Zion at the Sea Shore. An Honest Poetess Tells a Story on Himself. A Curious Incident. Psychic Force. Sunday in London. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Killing the Devil.—A Curious Custom Annually Observed by the Mic-Mac Indians. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

MEDIUMSHIP.

The Subject Analyzed From Various Standpoints.

Reminiscences of Mediums.—Undeveloped Spirits.—Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham—Miss Achsa W. Sprague, Her Afflictions and Mediumship.—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith—Dr. Charles B. Kenney—Remarkable Physical Manifestations.—A Malicious Spirit Reformed.—Circles.—Evils to be Avoided.

BY S. B. NICHOLS.

Mediumship is the gate-way to the Spirit-world; it has brought joy and happiness to many possessors to a few misery and unhappiness, and to others it has been a curse. In the Spiritualist movement it is the most perplexing factor in our efforts for the world's redemption. It is little understood, even by those who have become subject to spirit-control. What can we all do to elevate the standard of mediumship? How can we learn of those unseen forces by which all psychics or sensitive are more or less influenced and governed? This matter of mediumship is varied and complex in its operation, no two persons even for the same form of phenomena are similarly affected, and no two persons, no matter how similar they may be gifted, are used precisely alike; neither are they influenced nor controlled by the same class of spirits.

We are told that every human spirit born into this life has at birth an attendant spirit who walks with it all through earth-life; we are also told that this spirit generally is not a relative or one known to the family or immediate friends. This assertion would seem to be in harmony with the belief and teachings of Socrates and some other ancient sages.

Recently a friend visiting in our home, after discussing several problems pertaining to the Spiritualist movement, said that in a public discussion which she had attended in the City of Boston but a few days before, this question came up: "Admitting that what are known as spiritual manifestations, are produced by departed spirits living in another world, are they not governed and controlled by low, evil and undeveloped spirits?" I assured the lady that in thirty-four years or more as a Spiritualist, that my experience with the Spirit world had been directly the opposite; that those who were mischievous, lying or wicked, formed but a very small proportion; and I know that this is the experience of many others. There are myriads of spirits who minister unto or control mediums and who come to the quiet home circle. These circles are often among the most sacred places on earth. When blessed with mediums, whose province it has been to give us the highest and best teachings, a halo has surrounded the circle and the effect of the teachings has been to make the saddest and most severe experiences of human life the means of unfolding the noblest and best attributes of the soul—those of patience, humility, and a trust in the divine wisdom and beneficence. These conditions can be secured and made part of the daily life of every private home, when once the home circle is endowed with such mediumship.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. HELEN J. T. BRIGHAM.
"But," queries the earnest inquirer, "are there no evil or mischievous spirits?" Most certainly there are countless thousands of them, with no fixed homes in spirit realms, idle, mischievous, and some of them very

wicked. In reply to this you ask, "How are we to know them when they come to us, and how can we guard and protect our mediums from such demoralizing influences?" In a recent lecture in our city by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, one of the questions sent up to her to be answered was, "Tell us how you became a medium?" In reply, Mrs. B. said that it was a very simple story. When she was a child of twelve summers, or so, there came to the town of Bennington, Vt., where her parents then resided, a spirit-medium to lecture, known later as Mrs. Nettie Maynard. In those early days, say 1855 or 1856, such an announcement created a good deal of stir and excitement in a country village, and every one went to hear the woman who "talked by spirits." Miss Nellie going with her parents. I presume she did not go to sleep, for after the meeting, on going to their home she exclaimed, "I would like to be a medium!" That child-like expression changed the whole tenor of her life, and made her a teacher of a new faith; a circle was formed for mediumistic development, and Miss Nellie was entranced and gave a lecture that astounded her parents and the few friends present. Then and there Mrs. Brigham's public life commenced. At the celebrated Free Convention, held at Rutland, Vt., in June, 1856, where more brains and polarized individualism were gathered together than have ever been assembled in this country, before or since, among others who were to speak and represent Modern Spiritualism was Miss Nellie Temple. When the time came for her to speak she could not be found. The committee somewhat puzzled, informed the mother who was in the audience, who said she thought she could find her. She was found in the yard of a private residence near by, playing with the dolls of the little girls whose acquaintance she had made. My memory goes back thirty years to the scene in that large canvas tent filled with five thousand or more people. On the platform were veteran reformers and agitators: Lucetta Mott, Ernestine L. Rose, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Wm. Goodell, Stephen S. Foster, Elder Miles Grant, S. B. Brittan, A. J. and Mary F. Davis, Joel Tiffany, Achsa W. Sprague and many others. Miss Nellie with her short dress and hair, rough and uncombed, was brought in from her play and placed upon the platform, and as this child-medium began an invocation to the All Father, that vast and discordant audience was hushed, and the discourse, given through her organism, was listened to with wrapt attention.

Many a sturdy son and daughter of Vermont can date their first wandering from the faith of their fathers to the time they listened to this child evangel in that three days' stormy convention. From that date to this Mrs. Brigham has ministered to hundreds of thousands of people. Her life has been from her child development one of faithful, unselfish and devoted work. She is imbued with a strong religious and poetic temperament; and all who know her, love and honor her as a wife, mother and friend. She was told by the band of spirits who were to walk with her in her public work, that if she would be faithful to them they would be true and faithful to her; that they would surround her with a wall of protection, and that it would never be broken, unless she broke through it herself, by her own acts of indiscretion. Mrs. Brigham's mother, now a venerable mother in Israel, ably seconded the spirit band, and the world gained one of its noblest teachers and the Spiritualist one of its most effective advocates.

But as I have said, no two of our public or private teachers and mediums are influenced alike; and as these reminiscences may be aids and helpers to a new generation who are to take the place of us worn-out and disabled veterans, I will briefly give incidents in the development of another of Vermont's spiritual teachers.

MISS ACHSA W. SPRAGUE.

This gifted teacher and noble woman was an invalid from early childhood, and as she lay in a darkened room, confined with serious rheumatism, rumors of spirit rappings reached her humble home, resting under the shadow of the Green Mountains. Circles had been formed in the neighborhood, and one whom they all knew and respected had been developed as a healer, who could by the simple touch of his hand or by making passes over the body relieve many a sufferer, and he called upon her. Miss Sprague received the healer with courtesy, and while on this bed of anguish exclaimed, "If this power which this man possesses is from God, why cannot it come to me direct? No, if it is in God's love and wisdom that I can be restored to life and health, let the power come through my organization." As this long afflicted but patient sufferer lay in the darkened room she felt new and strange sensations; and her clairaudient powers developed and she heard spirit voices saying they would heal her, and that she would be restored to comparative health, but when that was effected she must go out into the world as a teacher of the new faith. How much this impelled the suffering one did not fully comprehend at the time. Without any earthly aid she was brought back to life and health again; and when able to walk, which she had not been for seven years, the news quickly spread through the hamlet, and all through the State, of the miracle which had been performed by direct spirit power. Was not the seven years of illness which this medium had to pass through a means of purification, and of developing the power of spirit over all things, animate and inanimate? While confined to her room, she thus wrote to a friend:

"Speak not of dreaded death. I wooed the stern archer as a friend, and yet he passed me by, and passing, pierced some happy hearts that loved to live. I might have borne the pain (perhaps, might), but oh! the dreary thought of living in vain! Year after year to come and go, and yet leave no trace that I had ever been, save added wrinkles on my mother's brow! To live, and yet not live; to die, and yet not die, to feel the restless thought, the wish to do, the yearning for some active life, forever struggling in my soul, and yet to be a captive in my prison cell, no power to save, and none to roll away the stone from that dark, living tomb, and set me free."

In her volume of poems published in 1864, soon after her death, is one entitled "The Angel's Visit," descriptive of her cure by the invisible power, and of her development as a speaker and a teacher of a new gospel. It contains the anguish of this sufferer. As she lay in pain and anguish the cry went forth from her soul:

"And are there none to 'roll-away' the stone, from sepulchres to-day? No angels bright amid this gloom, To enter now my living tomb, And touch my form and bid me rise, And make this earth a paradise? From living death to set me free— A 'Resurrection' unto Thee!"

Surely and truly was the prayer of her soul answered; slowly but surely she was brought back to life and health through her own medial powers. Cheered by loving friends and angel voices the prayer of her soul was answered, and with it came a new duty and a new compact with the angel world. The voices told her she must go forth among strangers as a preacher of a new faith. Did she shrink from the duty thus imposed? Nay! With a heart full of faith, love and gratitude this woman gladly accepted the charge. We hear some times in the Christian pulpits men say they were called to preach the gospel; if ever mortal was divinely ordained to break the bread of life to starving souls this sister was so called, and her authority emanated from the very throne of God himself, for verily she was "at-one-ment" with him.

Miss Sprague gave her first public discourse at South Reading, Vt., July 18th, 1854, and from that time until her death, July 6th, 1862, she spoke almost every evening, besides filling her Sunday appointments. Nearly everywhere churches were opened to her, and the people listened with rapt attention to her inspired utterances. Another has well said of her:

"In her public ministrations she was earnest yet liberal, zealous but tolerant. With a large vein of mysticism in her composition; she would have the truths of religion made clear to the understanding also. She left a name upon which detractors sought in vain to find a blot, and though much admired, she had too much good sense to be spoiled by flattery. Beginning life a victim of poverty, in youth a child of suffering, she was lastly in adult years a dispenser to grateful minds."

Never can I forget the lofty inspiration that marked her public utterances. She had a winning presence, pure, high, and holy. Men and women would listen for hours as the burning inspiration came forth from her soul to humanity. The first lecture she gave in Burlington, Vt., was on the "Atonement." She was the first woman who had ever spoken in that intensely orthodox city; and curiously brought men and women of all faiths and no faith to hear. It was on a Sunday evening; the large hall was densely crowded, and all through the lecture one could have heard a pin drop. What an exposé of the absurdity of the Christian plan of salvation was that discourse; with what scorn did this inspired evangel denounce the dogma that by Christ's sufferings on the cross, sinful men and women could be saved. The new gospel was one of personal responsibility and of personal accountability, and no Christ, no God, could atone for the wrong committed by another; the sinner must save himself by repentance, right living, and right doing.

I have given a quite full account of Miss Sprague's development and the commencement of her life as a medium and public teacher, for the purpose of example and encouragement to those of our faith now in the field, and to follow after us. The example of her life, her earnest, faithful and loyal work for the spiritual world, should be as a beacon light to aid others to aspire to be equally as loving, earnest and worthy defenders and champions of our faith.

It has been my good fortune to know many other good mediums who were true to their calling, and to have been blessed by their friendship. Some of them are living to-day, poor, unhonored and neglected, but they have received the pearl of great price, and while the honors and emoluments of this world have been few, the blessings they have been able to dispense to ignorant, sinful and hungry souls have been priceless.

When the earth life of such mediums has ceased, and they have passed to the higher home, they do not forget those still battling for the right. Many a medium has felt the presence of the glorified spirit, Achsa W. Sprague; and many who make no claims as mediums but were honored by her friendship, feel her presence in their homes, and it comes like a divine benediction inspiring them to better lives, higher and nobler purposes, strengthening good resolutions and aiding to the highest aspirations. The purposes of such risen spirits in the eternal home are outlined in these beautiful poems, "My Spirit Home" and "I Still Live," given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Borden and published in the volume, "Poems of the Inner Life."

And thus through this other sister who, too, has so nobly amid trials and sufferings faithfully done earnest and effective work,

Miss Sprague sings with the same loving and earnest spirit as in earth-life:

"I lived O, ye who loved me!
Your faith was not in vain!
Back through the shadowy valley
I come to you again."

"Safe in the love that guides me,
With fearless feet I tread—
My home is with the angels—
O, say not I am dead."

No, dear sister and friend! Our prayers reach out to you and all such as you in the "Home of the Hereafter," that your spirit may continue to bless our homes by its presence and teaching; leading us from sin and selfishness towards the spirit of truth, which, attained, brings us into that divine brotherhood of which poets have sung in all ages.

MRS. F. O. HYZER.

This sister and friend has been a public teacher for spiritual truth for over a quarter of a century. Sometimes she, too, is asked how she became a medium; and like that of Mrs. Brigham, it is but a simple story. Away back in the "fifties" she came from the West to the old home in a quiet country town in Vermont. She found her parents, sisters and friends had "gone crazy" on Spiritualism. She was a delicate creature, suffering from hemorrhages of the lungs; but had life and force enough to hurl anathemas at her friends who had become infatuated with this new craze. Her friends held circles in the home. She would have nothing to do with them. Finally the old dear mother made an appeal. She had through spirit sources received a prescription for this daughter who apparently was fast sinking with that dread disease, consumption. No! She "would not touch it." Again and again did the dear mother urge it as a special favor to her personally. Finally Mrs. Hyzer took the hopeful draught and became unconscious. She was entranced; and her work as a medium and public teacher dated from that hour.

How earnestly, faithfully and conscientiously she obeyed the scripture injunction to go out unto all the world and preach the gospel, some of her more intimate friends know. The world does not and never can know what trials, sorrows and sufferings this delicate, sensitive woman has had to endure. But these trials, burdens and sorrows seemed but to give the spirit more power and strength to do the will of her spirit band. When I first made Mrs. Hyzer's acquaintance in Vermont in 1857, it seemed as if a breath would send her to the other life; but that slight and frail form encased a spirit of iron will, great endurance and large spirituality, and Mrs. H. is to-day a living evidence of the power of spirit over matter. What she lives on, those who have entertained her in their homes cannot tell. She will come to the table with the rest, perhaps eat a mouthful of stale bread, and possibly a little fruit, drink a little water, and go to the hall or church, and for an hour and a half to two hours a constant stream of inspiration will flow out to the listening audience. When the voice comes calling her to "come up higher," can it be possible she is to lose interest in the cause? No! her influence will be left with us. I have sometimes thought that when the change comes, that there will be no death. The worn out body will be dropped, but she will be with us still a living personality.

The development of another of our public teachers was as marked as those of the mediums whom I have mentioned. I refer to that of

MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH.

This lecturer has a large circle of friends throughout New England, who listen to incisive lessons given through her mediumship, pertaining to religious life and practical work to be done here and now. When in her teens and living with her mother in the City of Lansingburg, N. Y., if I mistake not, Gen. E. F. Ballard, a veteran Spiritualist and even then in the earlier days (for it was in the "fifties") a close observer of psychic phenomena, became interested in the development of Miss Fannie Davis, who remained in a trance state for forty-five consecutive days. Her mother and General Ballard had faith that the intelligent powers would bring the young girl back to life and health. Miss Davis was conscious of what was going on about her, but could not speak or move a hand or stir of her own volition. Patiently did the friends watch by her bedside, and when her powers were restored, she was ready for her public work. She is now heard all too seldom to satisfy her friends.

I think the most casual readers can see as they read these outlines of the experience and public work of our teachers, a design and purpose. Among the mediums who have been called to the work of healing, no one has commanded the esteem and respect of his friends and patients more than

DR. CHARLES B. KENNEY.

Of the long list of men and women who have been used for healing no one has been more successful; nor has any person known to the writer had such a long list of patients among educated and conservative people, as has Dr. Kenney. Among his patients are members of all learned professions, attracted to him by his quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly ways. Dr. K. is in the prime of life, about 40 years of age. The first manifestation of this power or "control" in his case dates back to the time when he was fifteen years of age. His friends, not understanding the matter, thought he had "fit." He was married at 20 years of age, and removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., but still continued to have the "fits" at intervals. About this time he fortunately met a Mr. Merrill, an intelligent

Spiritualist, who saw at once that he was influenced by spirits and proposed a circle, which after some objections on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, was agreed to. Soon Mr. Kenney had one of his attacks, and Mr. Merrill saw there was a spirit trying to get control. In a few minutes Dr. K., under control, got up and embraced Mr. Merrill and exclaimed with manifestations of joy, "Me Indian; me come out woods." He said nothing more, and it appeared as if he had learned and committed to memory these words, using them as the means to make known his presence. Mr. Merrill's wife was at this time suffering from an internal disease, pronounced cancer by several physicians, and none of them gave her any encouragement. Mr. Kenney was controlled to approach Mrs. Merrill, who was not inclined to permit it, but upon the assurance of her husband that he would not harm her, she allowed him to place his hands upon her, while he at the same time indicated by signs that he desired to cure her. Here "Old John," the spirit-control of Dr. Kenney, commenced his first treatment of diseases by laying on of hands. The cure in this case was effected in two months, and to-day the lady is living in good health, and cheerfully testifies to the efficacy of the treatment.

The spirit claims to have been a Winnebago Indian, and in the sixteen or more years that he has controlled Dr. K. it is said he never has been known to make a statement in regard to a patient but what subsequent events have fully verified.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

I lay in a darkened room in April, 1883, almost totally blind, with the assurance from the most successful oculist in Brooklyn, after an hour's scientific examination of my eyes, he could give me no encouragement that I would ever have the use of them again. If ever a man was in a mental hell I was for five days; and then the good angels sent Dr. Eugene Crowell to me. He said he believed Dr. Kenney could help, if not entirely cure me. This was on Sunday afternoon, and Dr. Kenney had so many patients at that time that he could not reach me until the Tuesday evening following. My heart bounded with joy when he came into that darkened room. I had met Mr. and Mrs. Kenney at Dr. Crowell's home, but I knew nothing of his powers except from Dr. Crowell and others. Dr. K. had only been in the room a moment when a choking or guttural sound was heard; he became unconscious, squatted down as the Indians do and offered a prayer to the "Great spirit to give him power to heal the brave." Mrs. Nichols who was present watched him carefully, for the eyes are delicate organs to touch. She said afterwards that she saw the control knew what he was about, and was content. He manipulated my eyes, and back of head where the nerves centre. "Old John," the spirit-control, as he was about to leave said, "Brave you are very bad; tell 'body' [his designation for Dr. K.] Thursday."

Dr. K. is entirely unconscious and what may be said and done he has to learn afterwards from those present.

Dr. K. came again Thursday, and when "Old John" got control he said, after his prayer to the Great Spirit: "Brave, you are better. We will help you." The spirit's diagnosis of my case was entirely different from that of the oculist who had sixteen years of extensive practice in our city. At this treatment the subtle yet powerful remedial agent was diffused from head to feet, and I felt much stronger. "Old John" said the optic nerve of the left eye was nearly destroyed, but that they could save my right eye. In eight visits I received no much benefit that I was able to go to Vermont, Mrs. Nichols accompanying me. Now after three years I can see with my left eye fairly well, but cannot read in the evening. Gnaulit affects them, and if I attend a lecture I have to keep my eyes closed; but all the spirit of "Old John," through this wonderful healer, Dr. Kenney, promised, has been performed, and I shall ever be grateful to the band of spirits of which "Old John" is the mouth-piece, for the benefit received. At some of the treatments, another spirit was present whom "Old John" called "Big Bear," and they would consult together, speaking in the Indian language I presume.

In Dr. Eugene Crowell's large work in two volumes, entitled, "Modern Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity Identical," a work full of interest and a very valuable contribution to the spiritual literature of our country, is a full account of Dr. Kenney's powers.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A few years ago there was temporarily residing in Brooklyn, a lady in whose presence remarkable physical manifestations would occur. She was the daughter of a physician of ability and character, married and residing in New Jersey. The Doctor had in former years been a physician of extensive practice in Louisville, Ky. While residing in Louisville, he was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and in a little volume which he published at the time, had denounced it as the sum of all villainies. In her presence raps and strange sounds would be heard, tables and other objects would be tipped, and musical instruments float about the room and be played upon. Independent spirit writing with short messages was given. What was seemed the most remarkable feature of these séances was that the lady appeared indifferent as to what took place, and would give no outward or visible sign that she was the medium. One evening I went to the Doctor's home with an old friend and veteran

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystic.

A Series of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 3.

BY C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

Man's handbook: Mind, whose operations are infinitely subtle, is the imperishable cause of all apparent forms.

Book of Ecclesiastical: All the works of the Most High, they are two and two, one against the other.

"THE FATHER AND THE MOTHER POWER OF THE WORLD."

The present heading is only another form for the philosophical doctrine of *Duality in Nature*, but we prefer the phrase chosen as more in harmony with the mystic's methods of thought, and shall devote this and the next paper to an exposition of this subject. It will save much repetition later on, and is most important for a study of the Mystic's cosmogony.

The failure of all Western philosophy and theological speculation to furnish a principle sufficiently universal—from which to derive all phenomena, those of matter and spirit, is patent to all students.

When we make this sweeping assertion, we, of course, exclude all the Mystics, and such men as Paracelsus, and Giordano Bruno. The first are strong Monists in spite of their dualistic language. Paracelsus found a soul in all things, or at least something "conformable to the soul." Giordano Bruno transforms matter and mind back to a common source. We exclude them because we do not wish to force a place for any of them in un-congenial company. They have no true place in systematic histories of philosophy; they have been branded as "Pantheists" or given only a passing notice. We accept the inevitable, but Eternity shall show that the true philosophy sprang from the Wisdom-Religion of the Ancients and was in time of human degeneracy preserved by the Mystics of the "Pantheists," and by them alone. When current "philosophies" shall have exhausted—and they are very near the end—all their logical forms and mechanical schemes, they, no more worthy to be called sons of Truth, shall return to the *Universal Form*, "to be sent into the fields to feed swine." Then the mystic philosophers and "theosophists" shall be the teachers of the world.

The truth is this: "The perfect seeth unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity," and recognize that "The World is an idea of the Self-existent." "The World, like a ray of light, is not and cannot be separated from the Sun of the Substance of the Mighty God," but is a "Beam of His grandeur." These statements from the *Desatir* are sufficiently general to stand as universal expressions for the Monism of the Mystics, both of the East and the West. They teach not simply a *oneness of composition*, but a *oneness of nature*. There can be no real difference between the idea of Spinoza's doctrine of identity and the idea of the *Unity of the Mystics*. Only the forms of expression differ.

But that which we here speak so boldly and bring forth into the daylight of the nineteenth century, used to be an *esoteric doctrine*, a teaching for the few only. Has the world now grown to an understanding of this mystery? Far from it! The mystic doctrine of *Union with the Supreme* is still an esoteric truth and will ever remain so, except to those who learn it by "restraint of the passions" and by "spiritual meditations." This being so, we have not profaned the holy truth by our speech, and having asserted the essential unity of things, we may now devote the balance of these papers to what we have called

THE FATHER AND MOTHER POWER

of nature, and towards the close, once more, come back to the question of unity, by quoting Krishna's speech in "the Ocean of Love" (*Bhagavad-Gita*, chap. 10), pointing to the *Krishna avatar* as the *unitive power of all art and life*.

For a mind, so disposed, it is easy to see, that Nature everywhere exists under dual forms; such a mind readily recognizes the truth of the statement made in the Book of Ecclesiastical: "All the works of the Most High, they are two and two, one against the other." Such a mind quickly discerns that Nature does not attain any end by a direct effort. She does it only by a combination of Opposites. Hence we may truly say, that "Nature is a system of nuptials," and we can demonstrate it as a fact, that every manifestation of life throughout creation—forms a beautiful duality in unity, or to use other language, the whole life of nature and all her manifestations are the result of the co-operative play of opposite forces.

It is this co-operative play of reciprocal principles of creation, that largely occupy the study of the Alchemists, and on which the Great Science rests.

It underlies nearly all cosmogonies, that have risen on mystic ground or have sprung from esoteric studies. The Hindu cosmogonies, that seem so grotesque to a Western mind, represent the origin of the world as a result of the "breathing out" of the Supreme, and its decay as a "breathing in." All the classical theories, of most interest to us, are either explications of the World's life and death as a "flux" and a "reflux" of life energy, or as a "thought," that ceases to be, the very next moment. Ever creating, and ever destroying, with but a short interval of apparent real existence! These are the conditions! It seems the World was meant to be nothing but a momentary extension of the Supreme Being. Life and Death consume each other in an endless and eternal circle, beautifully represented by the serpent biting its own tail, so frequently seen among mystic symbols.

It is this co-operative play of reciprocal principles, that underlies the mystic doctrine of Conjugal Love and "Marriage." Without the marital conjunction of the two, no new "life" could rise and though the transiency of this state is implied in the symbol of the serpent biting its own tail, nevertheless inside the same symbol are represented two interlaced triangles—figures, which nature nowhere produces—and which typify Mind, or, that which is inside Nature and is the ruler.

Let us point out a few more facts, easy of observation. If we begin with the *Inorganic Substances*, we find, with the exception of the fundamental substances, which the Chemists call simple, the entire material, out of which is made the crust of the earth, including the

ingredients of animals and plants, owe their existence to the co-operation of opposites, a co-operation of infinite variety and complication. And this is an important fact, not to be regarded lightly: these substances very rarely exist isolated or in their original state, let me call it *celibate condition*. So rarely do gold, silver, phosphorus, sulphur, and oxygen exist in isolated condition, that separate names are used to indicate them when thus found; we say for instance *virgin-gold*, *virgin-copper*, etc.

Consider Heat. It is the result of a process of generation between two, either chemical or mechanical opposites. Let us leave out of consideration the chemical process and look upon the mechanical. The sunbeams, we think hot, yea burning, but they are not. Existing for themselves they do not warm, nor burn. Eternal snow lies upon the lofty peaks of the greatest mountains—forever unmoved, by the embrace of the god of the upper air, as you ascend. Why? Because of the absence of atmosphere! It is only by penetration and by an interaction (i. e. co-operation) with the atmosphere that heat is produced.

As it is with Heat, so it is with Light. The Sun is not Light itself, but the father of light. The atmosphere is the mother and light owes its existence to the co-operation of these two, the Sun and the Atmosphere.

This leads us to Color. What would Life be without Heat and Light? Nothing, I dare say! Life would not be worth living, many would say. Would it heat, nor light, nor color exist in a free state. They are all the result of the co-operation of two opposites. Color, has light for father and the various forms of matter for mother.

Man himself is constituted on opposites, body and spirit, and it becomes his chief ethical object to harmonize these two. Upon the doctrine of man as a created spirit in vital union with a material body, depends nearly all the doctrines of Christianity, and the most interesting studies in Biblical Psychology have been made to show the laws of their co-ordination and co-operative intercourse. The "Heathens," long before the Christian Doctors, have made valuable contributions to this subject. Some of them solved the problem of opposites by representing man as the form in which Nature—the *anima mundi*—comes to self-consciousness. Others brought harmony about by regarding man as the highest manifestation of the Universal Principle. Others, again, made man the representative of the union of the two opposites, universal reason and living energy. Whatever criticisms may be passed upon the work of Pagan or Christian, the fact remains and is most interesting to us, that they all recognized the problem of opposites and the necessity to bring them into co-operative union.

The man and the woman in co-operation make *Man universal (homo)*. So much has, however, already been said on this subject and the principle of their union, that we can leave it untouched in its spiritual aspect and endeavor to show it, in what Swedenborg would call the *celestial (love) sense*. The same relationship exists between man's love-nature and truth-nature, and between the woman and man, as forms the bonds between Seraphic and Cherubic spirits. In the esoteric sense of creation the man and the woman find their prototypes in those angelic hosts.

The following on the Heavenly Hosts is taken from Cole's notes and commentaries on Dionysius, the Areopagite:

"First after the Trinity come the Seraphic Spirits, all flaming and on fire, full of the Deity they have received, and perfect. The word Seraphin signifies fire. They are loving beings of the highest order, rejoicing most sweetly in the divine beauty. In the contemplation of his blessedness they love, worship and adore. Next after them, in the second place, are the Cherubic Spirits; most glorious beings of light, shining in nature, beyond what can be conceived; with the multitudinous wisdom of God; they may be called *loving Wisdoms*, as those first (the Seraphins) may be called *wisdom Lovers*. But in the first, inasmuch as they are nearer to God, the very sun of truth, this exists in a far greater degree. Therefore that which in them is named love, in those next after them (the Cherubins) all things are in a less degree; and they, as compared with the first, appear to be only Lights. Therefore they have the appellation of knowledge. Such, then, is the difference between these Orders; namely, that in the latter is knowledge proceeding from love; in the former is love proceeding from knowledge. In the latter, love is knowledge; in the former, knowledge is love. For in the angels an intensity of knowledge is love; a less intense love is knowledge. Do not imagine either that the highest angels have not knowledge, or that the second in rank do not love; but consider that the latter have knowledge accompanied by love, the former love accompanied by knowledge. The converse also that in this difference and personal attribute, so to speak, there is a certain compensation and equality; to the effect that, just as the first subsist by their fire of love, so the second by their light of knowledge; and the one represents the wisdom of God, as the others do his love.

The difference between Love and Knowledge, between the man and the woman is determined by their distance from the Love-Centre. Identical in essence, they shine more or less brightly according to their inner fire, and the ready obedience with which they fulfill the duties of their office as messengers of the Most High.

We find this principle of duality and mutual inter-dependence, in the very elements of language: the hard and sturdy consonants represent the one side, the sweet and musical vowels the other. The consonant needs the vowel in order to be expressed and an isolated vowel is hardly more than a thoughtless utterance. They need one another. Two sounds, at least, are necessary to give form to human speech: The divine name needs three sounds.

Again, if we examine into the words of language, we find them distinguished into two great groups: *Nouns* and *Verbs*. Whatever may be said grammatically about the article, adjective, pronoun, etc., as groups, philosophically they all rank with nouns or verbs. It is impossible to make a sentence without the co-operation of these two, the noun and the verb. If we look further into the philosophy of language, we find the duality of Nature represented by the *Gender*: Masculine and Feminine. It is true, we have in the English language, for instance, a neuter gender, but we may be allowed to leave that out of consideration, since its introduction is so recent, and on the theory, that the state of primeval language knows no neuter. And this leads us naturally to the question of our concepts. All our conceptions are the result of an interaction of soul and sense, or spirit and soul, as the case may be, either the sense or the soul furnishing the impression, while the soul or the spirit gives the intelligent expression.

We might easily continue our illustrations throughout the whole field of nature, but must stop here. Enough has been brought forward for our purpose, which is simply to give weight to one mystic doctrine, that of opposites against another, that of unity. Opposites exist by necessity. They are set, the moment the Deity manifests itself, or steps out of its original self-centred being. All opposites are grounded in the immutable law of creation, which requires the combination of opposites for the purpose of bringing into manifestation and fruitfulness the love and wisdom of the Great Creator. Without opposites, the life which man receives momentarily from the eternal source of being, would be *transient*, like that of the brute creation, and thus there would be no reaction on the part of man upwards towards the Everlasting and Supreme.

Having enlarged more than was our intention upon the general principles of duality, we feel the need of limiting the use of our space. Hence we will pass by any extensive development of the Father-power of Life. It is probably better known than Mother Isis. Our next paper will therefore treat of "The Mother of the World."

(To be Continued.)

DEALING ON DREAMS.

John Sterling's Familiar Spirit.

The Strange Patron and Co-Partner of a New York Produce Broker—Winning a Fortune at Speculation Prompted by Visions.

(Chicago Herald's Long Branch Correspondent.)

"Don't know John Sterling? Then you must know him. There he is out on the porch. Come let me present you."

These words were said one week ago, and were prefatory to the beginning of one of the most interesting acquaintances imaginable. It is not often that a man of such peculiar crochets and inoffensive fancies is met in this world of commonplace people. He is now a Western merchant of prominence, of Scotch parentage, as his name indicates, and makes an annual summer tour to Europe. This year he has lingered here later than usual, because of the splendid series of races now being run at Monmouth Park. Not that he is a betting man. Far from it. He admires a fine horse, and the exhibition of good blood therein delights him. That is all. But it was not until last night that I really began to understand this man. He is a believer in omens—found his wife by one, made his fortune by others. No ancient Greek gave more heed to a premonition than does he. He confessed that he almost feared that he was becoming a Spiritualist. When I pressed him for the reasons that led him to accept the mysteries of such a belief he was silent a few moments, then he said, slowly:

"I will tell you. Whether it turns out a song or a sermon I leave to you. To me it has the elements of both. It is an event that has altered my whole life. Do you care to hear it?"

"I am all attention."

"Twelve years ago I was a member of the New York Produce Exchange. I was unmarried and led a lonely life in an uptown hotel. My friends were few. I had no sources of information as to the movements of grain or stocks. One day a man, whom I knew merely as a customer, came to my office and said: 'My health has broken down. Dr. Fordyce Barker has ordered me to go away where I can't possibly speculate. Now, I have made profits amounting to over \$50,000 through you during the past year. Though I have traded at half a dozen other houses I have invariably lost. I believe you're a lucky and an honest man. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Here is my certified check for \$50,000. I place it in your hands without any conditions. Yes, I will take your receipt, of course, and leave it among my papers, but I shall indorse on its back a declaration that in the event of my death your statement of account must be accepted by my executor without dispute. I do not wish to involve you in a law suit.'"

"Did you accept?"

"At first I declined," was the reply. "The proposition seemed rather strange. Had the man not been going away I wouldn't have hesitated. He insisted on leaving the check, and after he went away, promising to return later in the day for my answer, I went round to the old Beaver street Delmonico's for a bite of luncheon. I was in a brown study. More than ever impressed with the determination not to accept this trust from a comparative stranger, I seemed to feel an external influence urging me to do so. My judgment rebelled against such psychic dictation. Remember, now, I have been raised a Presbyterian, and know nothing about theosophy—do not pretend to know, for that matter. But I was at loggerheads with myself. That was the strangest meal I ever tried to eat. The place was crowded to suffocation, but at the little table I occupied near one of the windows the chair right across from mine remained unfilled. Several gentlemen came that way, as if to take it, but each apologized, and passed on. This soon began to annoy me. Suddenly, it flashed upon me that the controlling influence came from the chair opposite to me. Whether you believe it or not, I did not drink any liquor for a week, and was perfectly rational. I walked hurriedly back to my office, saying all the way, 'I will not.' But when I got there I went to the ledger and with my own hand reopened an account with my former customer. The money was placed to his credit, and when he came, about 3:30, he took my receipt, made the peculiar indorsement thereon, and shaking me warmly by the hand, merely said:

"I felt sure you would oblige me."

"He left without giving me any address to which I could write to him. His home had been at the New York Hotel, but when I stopped there several days afterward and asked for him the clerk replied that the guest I sought had gone abroad. This preface has proved a long story, but it is essential to understanding what has since followed. I will not tire you with an account of the three years that succeeded. I began to have a peculiar series of dreams. This mysterious customer of mine began to appear to me in my sleep—not every night, but sometimes at intervals of several nights. The market was very feverish, and I was cautious. The scene of the drama was always my office. My absent customer would enter in his grave way and say: 'Buy a thousand barrels of pork; sell 5,000 bushels of wheat.' Occasionally he'd give an order for railroad stocks. This went on for two or three weeks before I began to be impressed with the fact that these suggestions in nearly every instance would have resulted in profit. So impressed was I with the dreams at last that I followed the counsel one day, and bought all the I could of the day's take. Not on my customer's account, remember, but my own. I was not dishonest in this. I said to myself calmly, that I never

could explain a purchase by saying that I had made it at the instigation of a dream. I would have been laughed at and treated as an impostor and cheat. But, do you know, that last showed me a profit of \$18,000 in two weeks' time! The success both surprised and vexed me. Whom did the profits belong to? After some thought I decided to divide them, and accordingly placed the half, less my regular commission, to the account of my absent customer.

"The next time I saw the man he said: 'Don't be afraid; do as I tell you.' To shorten the story—a written record of which, spread upon my books, will stand the examination of any expert—this account showed a balance to credit at the end of three years of over \$300,000. Though the successes were remarkable, I made three or four bad losses, two of them, owing to an unmistakable misunderstanding of the orders. I know you are skeptical. But I went to bed every night with a note-book on a table near at hand. I could wake directly after the dream was ended and enter the order into the book. There I'd find it next morning. Attention to this trust had already told seriously on my other business. My health was not so good, either. Sometimes I worried about myself, fearing that I was really losing my reason. Not a word in writing had I ever received from my absent customer. Finally I invested this large fund in the best bonds and mortgages I could find, inclosed them in a large envelope with a letter setting out the facts and deposited the whole with a trust company. I went to my old home in Belfast. My health rapidly recovered. I had no more dreams. But among my early associates I missed one face that I was specially anxious to see. No, not a woman's face. My school-fellow, Andrew Bruce, had, in the absence of a brother, been all that a brother could be to me. He was a physician, and at that time was a specialist at the Morningdale asylum, near Edinburgh. I lost no time in running down to see him. He was a visiting physician and had a large city practice of his own. I happened to call just as he was entering his gig to make his daily visitation. He was delighted to see me and insisted that I go with him. He had many questions to ask me.

"It was my intention on reaching the institution to await his return in the office. He had agreed to that plan, when, acting on a sudden thought in his mind, he said: 'No, come along. You will not see anything disagreeable. Indeed, I am not sure that I cannot make use of you. We have a patient here from the States who often asks to see Americans if any call. Of course, we never gratify him, but you are a harmless fellow, and I don't think you will excite him. I want you to talk to him.'"

"And you consented?"

"Yes, I accompanied him," said Mr. Sterling, as his face grew solemn and his voice trembled. "We ascended a stairway to a bright room on the second floor and entered. Here was a man whom I was to entertain while the doctor made the rounds of the building. He was seated, looking out of the window, when we stepped inside.

"I have found an American at last, and a New Yorker at that," said the doctor, addressing the patient. Though I was not literally an American, he doubtless classed me as such knowing that I had assumed all the responsibilities of American citizenship. The patient rose to his feet quickly, turned, and, before I saw his face, extended his hand. My tongue refused to speak. There stood my customer—the man I had seen in dreams at least 100 times during the previous three years. He looked at me calmly, asked me to be seated, but evidently did not recognize my face. As he stepped apart from us, Dr. Bruce asked:

"Did you ever see him in New York?"

"Yes, occasionally," I managed to stammer.

"He has a strange phase of insanity," said the physician, growing confidential. "He thinks his broker in New York is trading in stocks and bonds for him, and that he is ordering what to buy and sell. Curious, isn't it? Why, he has a book in there in which he enters up all his transactions. I'll see if I can't get a look at it for you. Come over this way with me."

"The patient seemed strangely indifferent. He had seated himself on his cot and buried his face in his hands. Occasionally he'd partially look up, not at me, but in a vacant kind of way, as if trying to remember something. I was in a grave quandary as to what I ought to do. Would it be wise to declare myself? Might not the humiliation destroy all hopes of recovery? But the doctor had the book open, and I could at least think while I pretended to be looking at it. Great God! what did I see! There was 'our'—I always said 'our'—deal in wheat. There was the order for Lake Shore. In the notebook, in my pocket, were some of 'our' last transactions. 'I'd compare them. They nearly tallied. Some were different in amount. No, I don't pretend to account for that day more than anything else in this story. You don't believe it? You're candid? But I don't complain. Seeing that I was interested, the doctor slipped away without my knowledge. When I found him gone I was covered with shame. Unconsciously I had done a contemptible thing. My deserted and lost confidant, who had trusted me implicitly, had detected me prying into his personal books and secrets. There was only one thing to do in order to regain my self-respect. I'd tell him who I was, let the consequences be what they might. I pulled a chair up to the bedside, where he still sat with his head resting in his palms, supported by the elbows on his knees. I slowly disengaged one of his hands, and, giving it a warm, affectionate grip, I called him by name. The effect was magical. He sat up straight as an arrow and we rose to our feet together, as if by the same impulse. He clasped me in a way that almost made me shake in my boots. I asked him if he remembered me. No answer. But gradually a look of intelligence came over his face. His arms dropped to his side and he said in a gentle voice:

"Why, Sterling, when did you come? I feared we never should meet again."

"Then we sat down and talked for an hour over his absence. He had traveled about Europe for several months, but finding that he had irrational moments he had gone to Edinburgh and deposited a sufficient balance with a banker to maintain him under treatment for several years. He had generally been able to draw his own checks. One source of amusement, he said, had been to playfully imagining what he could have made by buying this or that stock, or taking a 'flier' in produce. Not that he knew anything about the market or whether it was going down or up. There was the book. He offered to show it to me. Will you believe me when I assure you that I couldn't tell even this man in his madness that I had speculated systematically on my dreams? I merely said to him that I had more than outstripped his money, and that it was drawing good interest. But when my friend the

doctor came he found the most wonderful change in his patient. He was, apparently, more rational than I was. We had changed places. I was the dazed person of the twain. Had he taken my hand, said farewell, and left me behind, I certainly would have been mentally powerless to interpose even a protest. Dr. Bruce noticed the remarkable change. He slapped me on the back, saying:

"Come on, old fellow."

"I roused myself, shook off the strange mental lethargy under which I suffered, and left my old friend and his familiar spirit behind. But he was only kept under restraint for a few weeks. He rapidly regained his mental powers, cheered by my constant companionship. I cured him, the doctor said. He returned by degrees to the world, living for a week at the Cockburn Hotel, under the constant attention of Dr. Bruce, to make sure that his distemper would not return. We came across the ocean in the same steamer. He was placed in possession of his money and with it he intended to buy a quiet country place, where, with a widowed sister, he could end his days. But a hot day and a stroke of apoplexy ended all his plans. He died, and there was the usual contest over his will. I went West, married, and am doing a business that nets me \$40,000 to \$45,000 a year. It is enough, but I am a firmer believer in familiar spirits."

Summer Days at the Sea Side Camp.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The following extract from the Boston *Argus* was written and sent to me by a comparative stranger (the scholarly author whom I met for the first time on that memorable evening has for years been connected with several Boston papers):

A SPIRITUAL PARTY.

Last week some of the leading Spiritualists of East Boston met in the house of Mr. Weston Gray, No. 81 White street, to welcome Mrs. Susan Horn of Saratoga, who is the author of several works on Spiritualism. Mrs. Horn was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, a noted medium, and a resident of East Boston, introduced them to the company, after which she led in sacred songs and played on the organ. She is a delightful singer and an accomplished conversationalist. After the music she read a communication received from the world of spirits, showing the interest taken in her labors for the welfare of others and the spread of Spiritualism. Next she was entranced and taken in control by White Wave, an Indian, who had something to say to most of the company. He considered himself merely an agent to voice the opinions of others, because he could control the medium more easily. Mrs. Horn was next controlled by the spirit of a French Canadian girl, who was very genial, and gave each of the company a floral designation. Mrs. Lovering sang an Italian song, which brought the spirit of an Italian lady to Mrs. Horn and spoke through her. She was very unhappy. Her husband died in Paris and left her with four small children. She taught music and Italian to support them, but grief at the loss of her husband undermined her health and she died, leaving her children to the cold charity of the world. It was their destitute condition that made her unhappy, though surrounded by scenes of matchless beauty. Her husband, too, shared her anxiety. Never having cultivated faith beyond the formal doctrines of the church, she had not yet learned to put her trust in God. She was a Roman Catholic in earth life and tried to live a good life, but was too fond of pleasure to derive much comfort from religion. She wished to live and did not want to die. Her remarks were deliberate and full of intense feeling. She made plain that the external beauties of heaven had little or no influence on a "mind diseased." Peace of mind alone constituted heaven. Mrs. Horn, the author and medium, is a lady of pleasing address, of a thoughtful turn of mind and free from all affectation. She and her mother have visited Boston for the first time and speak of it and the friends they have met in high terms. Mrs. Horn is at work upon another book, which will be ready for the press in a few months.

Our party left Boston the next day for Onset, that beautiful spiritual village by the sea, of which we had heard so much said, but never before seen. To the dweller among the mountains, the sea has a peculiar fascination, and we greeted with feelings of joy the briny odor from the lovely bay, with its many white sailed yachts floating on its bosom. Although the hotels and cottages were full, we fortunately found a comfortable room in the "Glen Cove House," an attractive looking building with picturesque towers facing the bay and Wicket Island. Here Mr. Williams, the gentlemanly proprietor, did every thing possible for our comfort, and I must say that the air of order and refinement that prevailed in the house, was quite superior to anything we had yet seen in camp hotels. The table was excellent and as well served as those of our best Saratoga hotels.

"Mediums' Meeting" and "Facts Meeting" occurred during the week, and were largely attended. All the professional and materializing mediums were busy, but though public circles are interesting they cannot reach the heart as private circles do. We held some two of these private circles at Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield's Woodbine Cottage, overlooking the sea. Here we met the genial President Col. Crockett and lady, Mrs. Lovering sang sweetly some of her inspired songs, and the Italian lady visited us again, and spoke of the lovely bay of Naples, to which Onset bore a faint resemblance, but it was even more favored than that historic bay, for it attracted thousands of spirit guests, being devoted to advancing the grand cause of Spiritualism. What appropriate flower names the spirit Jeanie gave to the friends in that harmonious circle. The wisdom and simplicity of this beloved little spirit is always a new revelation to us.

So we came away from Onset Camp, feeling better Spiritualists than ever, for we had become so discouraged by reports of fraudulent mediumship that we had been looking favorably toward the cool aisles of mother church, and had felt like crawling back to her altar of repose; but now after a short season among earnest workers, we are ready to again take up reform's unwearied up.

SUSAN G. HORN.

27 Park Place, Saratoga, N. Y.

A carbuncle caused the death of Jeremiah P. Robinson of New York, whose wealth is estimated as high as \$15,000,000.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.
6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 1 CENT. SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles, to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 4, 1886.

Going From One Sect to Another Does Not Change the Character of the Universe.

During the past dozen or score of years Chicago has been the scene of many church changes. The inter-ecclasiastical relations have become more cordial, the interchange of pulpits has been marked by a spirit of finer fraternity, the people have caught this splendid Christian contagion, and, as suggested by the Old Testament riddle, out of the very strength of denominational differences has been developed the sweetness of the brotherhood of the race. It has grown into a fact, also, the translation—to use the Scotch phrase—of a minister from one fold to another has come to be so natural as works following faith, or the collection before the sermon.

When Robert Collier came to Chicago, somewhere about 30 years ago, he had just left the ranks of the Evangelical church, in which he had labored in the Keystone State. In all his long ministry in Unity church he never ceased to look back with veneration upon the Methodist church and to express for it a tender regard. His namesake, Robert Laird Collier, was also a Unitarian by adoption, having, it used to be said, preached one year to a Methodist congregation on the west side of Wabash avenue and the next to a Unitarian society across the way. Bishop Cheney—in those days plain Dr. Cheney—was an ardent and efficient rector in the Protestant Episcopal church, when a controversy with the late Bishop Whitehouse precipitated, perhaps, the founding by Bishop Cummings, Dr. Cheney, and others of the Reformed Episcopal church.

The departure of Professor Swing from the Presbyterian Church and the movement resulting in the organization of Central Church are too well remembered to require more than mere mention. Another case affecting local Presbyterianism was that of the Rev. Dr. McKaig, who preached in the neighborhood of the present Fifth Presbyterian Church, some of whose present members will vividly recall him and his sermon on "Lot." He remained here for some little time and then returned to the Pacific coast, where he preached for a Unitarian society. The Rev. N. F. Ravlin, pastor of the old Fifth (or Berean) Baptist Church, as the successor of the famous Dr. Nathaniel Colver, became a Free-will Baptist, and for a time held services of a popular character in the West End Opera House. Another Baptist clergyman was the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, a graduate of the Chicago University, who became a Unitarian and preached for a while away down near Thirtieth street and one of the avenues.

Bishop Samuel Fallows, rector of St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, was a distinguished member of the Methodist ministry and a prominent educator before taking orders in the Reformed Episcopal Church. The indirect successor of Robert Collier was George C. Mills, who had been a Congregationalist, and who is now a member of the theatrical profession. The Rev. Dr. William Alvin Bartlett, now a Presbyterian pastor at the National capital, was once pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church of this city. The name and course of Dr. H. W. Thomas are sufficiently familiar that to mention him is to recall his career as a Methodist pastor and subsequently. The ministry of the Rev. W. F. Crafts as pastor of Trinity Methodist Church of this city will refresh the memories of many who reside in the South Division, and it need not be suggested that he is now a Congregationalist.

These are not all, but simply some of the better known instances in Chicago of ministers leaving one denomination to enter another. It may be added as something of coincidence that Bishop McLaren, to whom the Rev. T. H. Green applied for admission into

the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, himself came from Presbyterian stock, his father having been for nearly half a century a clergyman in that church, and dying in its faith and fold.

The above statement from the *Inter Ocean*, would have been complete if the writer—no doubt a philosophical one—had given from his standpoint the exact status of heaven, hell, and the providence of God, before and after the remarkable changes on the part of prominent ministers of the Gospel. The inquiring mind desires to know with absolute certainty whether a minister when he changes from one religious fold to another, subscribing to an entirely different code of belief, changes in the least the character of God's universe? Some ministers think that when they calmly walk out of one church into another, the whole heavens undergo a change. The Methodists have a fiercely burning, tempestuous hell for sinners; while the Unitarians have a respectable and genial summer resort where they are placed for future improvement. Now, when a distinguished and much venerated Unitarian stepped out of the Methodist Church, did he extinguish the raging fires of its sulphurous hell, modify the absolute character of its adventuresome, sin-loving devil, and reconstruct on an entirely new and novel basis, the nature of Divine Providence? If he didn't do that, what did he do? Wherein did he ameliorate the unfortunate condition of the vile sinner by rejecting Methodism and adopting Unitarianism? If in leaving the folds of the former church, he forgot to put out the fires of hell and kill the devil or improve his character, he should be held responsible to a great extent for all the misery hell and the devil have caused since? Thereon the *Inter Ocean*, usually sagacious and thoughtful, said not a word. Its financial editor should have been brought into requisition there, for he is an expert on change; if he failed, the sporting editor should have tackled the question, just for the fun of it, and if he proved himself inadequate for the task, then the astronomical editor, who deals in things celestial, should have been called upon. Accustomed to abstruse calculations, mathematical and otherwise, he would probably be able to throw some light as to the changes, if any, that take place in the Providence of God, when a minister turns an intellectual and moral somersault from one church to another. If in some respects hell, the devil, and the conditions of sinners are not improved by a minister changing his religion, what good is the change?

Each Methodist minister has a hell; Tom Paine, it is said, is confined therein. If, when one changes to Unitarianism or Universalism, does he haul Paine out of hell and put him into an agreeable summer resort of the celestial regions? Or does he thereby open the door of the infernal regions, and tell all the sinners to emigrate to a more favorable clime? The probability is, however, that the only change inaugurated when a minister amends his religion, steps out of one denomination into another, is wholly within himself, simply placing his conscience in a more agreeable position. Let each one be thankful, then, that when a minister adopts a new creed, the character of the universe is not changed thereby, nor is the providence of God modified in the least. The only really sensible change for a minister to make, is to adopt Spiritualism, which rests wholly on a scientific basis.

Pitiful Ignoring.

In the *Index* R. W. Ball says: The Spiritualists claim not only that there is a land of souls beyond the visible shore of death, but that they have communication with it, and that travelers are constantly returning from its bourne to the scenes and friends of their mortal lives. One real case of ghost would put the doctrine of immortality on a firm foundation, such as it does not rest on at present. Such a case would put a new aspect on the hereafter, so far as intelligent, rational people are concerned. For it is not so much the dread of something after death, in the shape of pestilence, fire, or the like, and crimes perpetrated in our days of nature as the dread of annihilation, or of falling into naught, which makes the contemplation of death unpleasant to such people. A continuance of conscious existence is what is wanted.

As familiar as the words *heaven, hell, and immortality* have become, through their constant repetition for ages in all the creeds of Christendom and heathendom, it goes without saying, to every reasonable person, that the whole subject of our alleged hereafter is a matter of the purest speculative opinion and conjecture. There is not an established fact or certitude to which we can cling in our vain endeavors to ascertain what fate awaits us after death. To be sure, there are colorful edicts of belief, which have been built up in barbaric ages, glimmering through the twilight which envelops this subject. But these structures, when scrutinized by the light of reason, are found to be nothing but unsubstantial fragments of dogma and baseless fabrics of illusion, the mirages and *fantasmas* of enthusiastic imaginations.

Mr. Ball is unfortunate in not having witnessed what he calls "one real case of ghost," that is, one real proof of the presence of those we call dead. It is his undoubted right to be skeptical, yet it is hardly reasonable to ignore, with cool assurance, the testimony of a host of living witnesses—men and women all the world over his equals in intelligence and critical care—who have been more fortunate than he has. His assertion that "it goes without saying to every reasonable person that the whole subject of our alleged hereafter is a matter of the purest speculative opinion and conjecture," rules out Alfred R. Wallace, Victor Hugo, William Lloyd Garrison, and many of their peers from the company of "reasonable persons," to which, of course, our modest Mr. Ball belongs. It would be difficult for complacent self-assurance to go farther, and no theological bigot could more impudently ignore the experiences and views of those who differed from him than does this materialistic "liberal." Millions of Spiritualists have what, to them, is not conjecture but proof positive of a continuance of conscious existence, and

are constantly asking the people "to add to their faith knowledge" on this great question, but their methods and aims are too weak or puny to be recognized by this high-minded writer!

The honest opinion, fairly upheld, of Materialist or Spiritualist, is alike worthy of respect and recognition, but this pitiful ignoring of plain facts reveals a shallow conceit which harms and belittles only those possessed by it.

There is another view of this matter not to be overlooked. We are told of immortality as a familiar word, constantly reiterated in heathendom and Christendom, yet the unconsoling conclusion is reached, and announced with dogmatic assurance, that belief in the immortal life is a baseless illusion.

Have mankind, in all ages and under varied forms of religion, cherished an illusion still held inexpressibly dear and sacred by many of the greatest and noblest souls? Then are we "given over to believe a lie," the world is a cheat, the deepest and most lasting hope and desire of man is a falsehood, and that which is permanent is not excellent but delusive.

This cannot be. What the soul has always looked for is real, and Spiritualism verifies this lasting truth by outward proof, palpable to both the soul and the senses, of a real life beyond the grave.

A Savior Who Can't Turn Off the Gas.

A bright little girl, not long since, was urging her mother to go up-stairs and hear her say her prayers before retiring. Her mother, not finding it convenient, told her that Jesus could hear them just as well. "But mother," replied the little doubter, "Jesus can't turn off the gas." What Jesus, one of many reputed saviors, can actually accomplish in aiding humanity while contending with the vicissitudes of earth life, can not be determined with absolute certainty. If he can't turn off the gas, in obedience to the earnest wishes and prayers of a little girl, or anybody else, what is he capable of doing that can be so demonstrated that no one can doubt the truth thereof? His name lingers sweetly on the lips of prominent divines as they portray the transcendent loveliness and beauty of his character; but each one of them knows that he can't under any circumstances "turn off the gas," and what he is really able to accomplish in behalf of puny mortals, if anything at all, is so veiled in a misty mysterious mysticism, that it most still remain a grave matter of doubt. The bible would be stale and unprofitable without its pages being illumined with the wise sayings and remarkable adventures of this distinguished savior. Kersey Graves entertained the extravagant idea that he was successful in unweaving to an astonished world "Sixteen Crucified Saviors." If he had searched in the right channel, and with a correct comprehension of the subject, he could undoubtedly have surprised humanity with the discovery of at least 1,000,000 saviors; not crucified ones, perhaps, but those who had devoted their lives to the amelioration of suffering humanity.

It is not necessary to traverse the pages of any of the numerous and conflicting bibles, histories and manuscripts to find a savior distinguished for his piety, his transcendent virtues, his devotion to all that is pure, exalting and noble. In fact, saviors were exceedingly common in the past; there are thousands of them in existence to-day, exerting an influence that elevates humanity in the scale of existence. Senator Stanford has given away, it is said, \$75,000,000 of his \$45,000,000, for benevolent purposes. So far he is a savior—his munificence making a deep impression on the present century. One third of his fortune he has sacrificed to be devoted to the good of humanity. But, really, he is no more of a savior than the poor, honest "clod hopper," whose entire wealth is 60 mortal cents, and who gives 20 of it to appease the hunger of a miserable beggar; nor can he be regarded as refined a savior as the weary, suffering invalid, who divides his last morsel with a famishing brother.

The world needs a more accurate elucidation of what constitutes a savior, than is possessed by mortals at present. A savior that can't turn off the gas in cases of emergency, who can't feed the starving, cure the sick, or avert impending calamities, is of very little utility in this progressive age of the world. What humanity requires at the present time, is an exceptionally LIVE savior. The "Sixteen Crucified Saviors" of Kersey Graves are—nobody knows, exactly where! All of them, so far as heard from, are so inconsequential that they can not light the gas; to humanity they are of no more special importance at the present time, than the millions of other spirits in the celestial regions. The saviors that are needed in this progressive age, should be alive—decidedly so. The one that can, light the gas in cases of necessity, for poor, desponding souls; who can carry to those famishing with hunger something to appease the same; who teaches by example as well as precept; who talks less about God the Father, and more about the duty that mankind owes to each other; who will put his preaching into practical effect and make his presence felt—such a savior the times demand.

It is true beyond a shadow of doubt, that each one is a savior in just that proportion that he saves some one or makes sacrifices to promote the happiness of others, and sows seeds of harmony and pleasantness wherever he goes. The poor mother who toils at the wash tub—rub!—rub!—to save her darling children from want—is more truly and comprehensively a savior than the boasted philanthropist

who have accumulated great wealth by speculation and sharp practices, and then use the same to found a college or observatory. Garrison and Phillips, and Giles B. Stebbins and others who marched side by side with them in their efforts to emancipate the slave, were as grand saviors as any of those enumerated by the historians. The engineer who sacrificed his life that others might live, was a savior in the highest and grandest sense of that term.

The religious world should commence dealing with live saviors. The dead ones can not light the gas; they are comparatively useless to humanity. Those who continue to cling to dead saviors—those who lived eighteen hundred years, or more, ago, expecting to gain salvation thereby, will eventually realize their great mistake. The past has had its day. The dead cannot be factors of the present, only as spirits, and can only communicate to mortals through mediums. We can profit by their examples, if good, but we might as well pray to a shadow as to expect them to assume the responsibilities of the mortals of earth.

Christ died, it is said, that others might live; that is what the modern saviors are constantly doing also. If no one died, there would soon be no place for coming generations to occupy. The present is the great desideratum with mortals. It builds for the future, it prepares the way for the advancing host; and each one is a savior in just that proportion that he saves some one from hunger, sickness or error.

The Little Innocents.

The *Chicago Herald* gives an account of how "The Little Innocents" proceed in order to get in full readiness to "call a pastor." It sets forth that several prominent churches of the city have of late been left shepherdless, and been forced to look about for suitable material with which to fill their pulpits. Committees have thereupon been appointed, largely with plenary powers, who have taken their journey to other cities in search of a pastor. They generally have gone incognito, so far as their official business is concerned, and, registering separately or at different hotels, have by mere accident gone to the same church on Sunday. While there they take in carefully all the various details of minister and service. The size and apparent quality of the congregation, the vim and dash of the service, the physique and voice of the minister, his education; gestures and periods are all as carefully jotted down as judges' notes at a stock show. Service over they meet and compare notes. Then they organize a still hunt for facts and gossip. They inquire incidentally about his politics and society qualifications; about his methods of organizing work, and his popularity with various classes of community. They ascertain how much salary he receives, and then take the train back to Chicago. If the inquiry has been satisfactory they sit down and in the most apparent innocence write the distant clergyman that they have "heard" of his work and its success, and, raising his salary \$1,500, they call him, urging him to consider this as a direct summons of the Divine Providence.

Of course, the minister is disturbed. He has a pleasant home and is doing good. He has the confidence of his people and has made by years of continuous labor a place for himself in their homes and their hearts. They are shocked to think of their pastor's leaving. But the Chicago church begins to work and wire-pull; to have influential friends send favorable letters. After awhile it raises the salary another \$1,500, and finally succeeds in wresting a promise from the half-unwilling minister, who thereupon sorrowfully announces to his church that "the Lord has evidently called him to go forth from among them," etc., and ere long he packs up his belongings and becomes a citizen of great Chicago.

An Element of Goodness.

That there is an element of goodness in each one is illustrated by the account given by the *Bismarck Tribune*, of Charles Woods, a young man sentenced to be hanged and now incarcerated in the jail in that city. He is somewhat of a musician, and Sunday evening as the visitors entered the jail, he was playing a lively jig on a harmonica while two of his fellow prisoners were shortening the weary hours by dancing. Having finished the jig, the doomed musician looked wistfully out of his cell; the visitors thanked him for his music and asked for more. He responded promptly with the "Devil's Dream," to which the prisoners beat time with their feet and clapped their hands for a "second." This was followed by the "Mocking Bird," which was very artistically rendered, and as the visitors were about to compliment him, he placed the little instrument to his mouth, gazed toward the ceiling, and began a slower, softer air. This he played in tremulous, quivering music, the tones swelling and sighing like the voice of an imprisoned soul. The musician's gaze gradually moved away from the visitors, until his face could not be seen; his frame shivered and every nerve seemed vibrating with the beautiful music which he made. The small high notes piped with their treble; the heavy base rolled in, like the sobbing of a river of sorrow, while the minor keys spoke sadly, as the throbbings of an aching heart. Suddenly, softly, sadly, the music stole out through the iron bars into the quiet evening air; beside it the laughter of children seemed harsh, and the evening church bells discordant mockery. The doomed man within his dingy cell was playing "Home, Sweet Home," and as the visitors moved out into the open air his were not the only eyes that opened.

In our issue of August 7th a discourse was given by Rev. J. B. Jones: "What is it to be a Christian?" which is well worth thoughtful reading. A singular omission, however, is noteworthy. But a single direct allusion is made to the life beyond, and that only as condemning certain irrational opinions and not as expressing belief or disbelief. Once "a measureless faith in the future" is commended, yet we fail to learn that this future reaches beyond this earthly existence. With these slight exceptions no mention is made of the idea of a future life, no suggestion that it has ever been an element in human thought. God, Christ, Catholicism and Protestantism are spoken of plainly and repeatedly. We are told: "I believe so much in God that I scarcely believe in anything else," but silence reigns on the great theme of immortality; no thought is given to the larger and higher views of our daily duty which it gives; no word glows with the golden radiance of a faith which has brought light and strength to millions in all lands and in all ages; the historic fact that the idea of the immortal life has been more lasting than the granite hills, and lies at the root of all great religions, is silently passed by in a discourse dealing especially with religious ideas. A liberal clergyman, aiming to tell what Christianity is, while giving his own convictions frankly and decidedly on other subjects, has no word affirming his own faith in eternal life and growth for every soul!

GENERAL ITEMS.

Joseph S. Dean, the magnetic healer, has returned to the city, and is now located at No. 323 W. Van Buren street.

Mr. Alfred Smedley, of England, a most worthy gentleman and one who has done much for the cause of Spiritualism in England, called at our office this week. Mr. Smedley is travelling through America for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. F. E. Odell, Secretary, writes as follows from Metamora, Mich.: "The First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan will hold its first quarterly meeting of the fourth annual, at Capac, Mich., Sept. 4th and 5th, in the Baptist Church. Good speakers in attendance and all visitors entertained by the friends."

During the last thirty years the aggregate of the personal estates sworn to as belonging to deceased Bishops of the English Church was \$11,075,000. As forty have died during this period, the average wealth was \$276,875. At the same time there are thousands of brilliant and devoted men serving as curates, whose salaries are smaller than those of a lackey.

The *Hartford Times* says: "American scholarship loses one of its brightest examples, and Hartford one of its best citizens, in the death of the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. He died—not unexpectedly—before daylight on Sunday morning, August 22nd, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Mrs. Stowe, and their children, will have the kindly sympathy of the whole community, and of many in other places, in their bereavement."

J. M. Allen of Waterford, Pa., writes: "It has been suggested that my name has been in some way confounded in your mind with that of a certain Dr. Allen residing in Vineland, N. J. I am not in any way responsible for his opinions, and in no manner or degree in sympathy with any theory or practice other than the pure monogamic relation of one man with one woman, and that relation entered upon only in the expectation and belief that it shall be perpetual."

Judge E. S. Holbrook of Chicago, Ill., made us a friendly call last week. He has been on a tour recently through the Southern States to California, and is now on his return home by way of New England. He has visited with much pleasure several of the Spiritualist camp meetings, including Onset and Lake Pleasant, at which latter place he will remain until his return West. Judge Holbrook is looking hale and hearty, despite the years that are gathering around him. He has from earliest years been a friend to liberal thought, and began his practical acquaintance with psychological themes as a "magnetist," while a student at Amherst College, Mass., in 1838; when modern Spiritualism came he welcomed it earnestly, and has ever since been outspoken in its defense.—*Banner of Light*.

Dr. Hunt, Weller, Haight and Skeer, the first three personal friends and professional associates of the deceased, stood about the body of Dr. Frank L. Trowbridge at the morgue one day lately, says the *Tribune*, while the county physician was making the post-mortem examination. As the dead man's viscera passed under the hands and scalpel of Dr. Korst, his history and character were coolly discussed. He had been in bad health for a long time, and one of his friends had been treating him. There could be no denying the fact that he had used cocaine and morphine, first to relieve pain and then regularly. To his physician the dead man frequently spoke of having a painful premonition that he would be knocked down and killed, and told him that he was constantly annoyed by a frightfully realistic dream, in which he saw his own body upon the perforated operating-table, and his friends pondering over him in a post-mortem examination. The examination proved that every vital organ in the dead man's body was more or less diseased, and that his heart was enlarged, weakened, and undergoing fatty degeneration. The only marks upon his body were a couple of bruises upon the under side of his right arm and on top of his head, but the extremities were covered by innumerable

scars left by the point of a hypodermic syringe. In his report of the post-mortem, Dr. Bluthardt told of the dead man's diseased and weakened condition, and expressed the opinion that he came to his death from the shock of a blow or fall, which would not have caused death to any one in reasonable health, and in this all the doctors joined.

Dr. J. H. Randall, beside being engaged in lecturing on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, is practicing and teaching the science of Metaphysical healing, and can be addressed at 78 Seelye Avenue.

The Society of United Spiritualists hold meetings regularly every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., in a pleasant parlor-furnished hall on the second floor of 116 Fifth Avenue. The services consist of a short lecture, conference, and the exercise of the gifts of mediumship.

To the scientific Spiritualist, death loses all its old significance; it always has, always will follow birth, and like birth, is always the result of natural causes. The only new thing ushered into the world by birth is individuality; the only thing that leaves the world at death is individuality; as to whether individuality ceases to exist when it separates from the body, is an open question to all but the Spiritualist, so far as any reasonable theory goes.—*Light*.

A writer in the *Chicago Tribune* says: "A telegram from Elmira, N. Y., in yesterday's *Tribune* announced the suicide of the Rev. James C. Beecher, the youngest brother of the noted Brooklyn preacher. The dispatch assigned 'severe mental troubles for a number of years' as the cause of the act, but did not state how those troubles—resulting in dementia—originated. Mr. James Beecher, it is reported, on credible authority, believed—with his sister, Mrs. Isabella Hooker—that Henry Ward Beecher was guilty of the offense the alleged commission of which eventuated in the celebrated Brooklyn trial of eleven or twelve years ago. This belief so preyed upon James' mind that his reason became profoundly unsettled, and his mania finally assumed the form of conviction that he himself was the guilty party in the Tilton case, and was in danger of receiving severe punishment for his vicariously-assumed transgression."

"Corra Cooley, aged thirteen, eldest daughter of Simon Cooley of Knox county, Iowa, complained of not feeling well on one Friday-morning lately, and for that reason did not arise as usual. Nothing serious was thought of the matter, however, and not until Saturday noon did the family feel the least alarmed. At noon Saturday she told her father she wanted to see her grandmother, her own mother being dead; that she had been visited by an angel and was going to die. She then bade the family good bye one by one, and remarked to her father that she would be with him in spirit after death, and that if he was a good Christian man he would willingly give her up. Her grandmother was sent for and came. Soon after she folded her hands across her breast and in that condition passed away, apparently without a struggle. A physician had been sent for but did not arrive until her eyes had closed forever. The shock upon her father was such as to prostrate him, and for a time his life was despaired of. The funeral of the young lady was largely attended."

The *Buffalo Commercial* has an article in which it is set forth that the human family living to-day on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000 densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe, there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 300,000,000 have nothing that can be called a house, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole or 800,000,000.

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The weather still continues fine for the camp; the air, especially nights, a little cool, but bracing. The crowd increases in size day by day, and the interest in conference and at the lectures steadily grows.

On Thursday the 19th, J. Clegg Wright gave a magnificent discourse on "Human Culture." Beginning with the primitive savage, he followed the lines of history through Indo and Egyptian civilizations, the Hellenic period, the birth of Christ, the Reformation and the Medicean era to the present age, and defined the ruling thought of each period. Spiritualism, the culminating light of this century, brought mental and spiritual liberty, while it became prophetic of the art, science and religion of the future.

Mr. Wright is engaged to speak in Newton, Kansas, during six months, beginning Dec. 1st. It is well to have such speakers migrate toward the setting sun. The mental and physical correspond with the natural world, and there are broad and fertile prairies of thought and feeling to be plowed and seeded there, and thither the laborers are attracted. At the east the grain is already springing, mixed with tares and weeds too often, but growing still. The greatest work is needed there, where lie the great possibilities of the nation.

On Friday, Mrs. Emma S. Paul gave her second lecture, and on Saturday we heard for the first time here, Mr. J. J. Morse, of England. His topic, "Modern Spiritualism in relation to the Religious Thought of the 19th Century," it was eloquent and profound, the central thought being that religion and immortality were demonstrated through and by what are known as spiritual manifestations. After this lecture, as after all the others, the usual most remarkable tests were given from the platform by Mr. Slater.

The afternoon brought a tremendous crowd to see the fireworks advertised for the evening. They were the usual pyrotechnic display, roman candles, rockets, etc., and were exhibited from a float anchored a few hundred feet from the shore. The reflections in the water made them very beautiful, and everything went "merry as a marriage bell."

Sunday morning, 22nd, ushered in a day which will be remembered as that when the largest number of people assembled who have ever visited these grounds at any one time. Several old campers estimated there were fourteen or fifteen thousand present. Mrs. Amanda A. Spence of N. Y., was introduced by President Beals as the first trance speaker of this country. Mrs. Spence began by saying that away back in the fifties when she mounted the rostrum, the only women speakers were either in theaters or Quaker meetings. She said that previous religions had consisted of the formula of leaders and priests. In this country the religion of Free thought is protected by the constitution. Even Spiritualism has had its leaders; among the earliest was T. L. Harris, whose movement came to naught; the latest was that of A. J. Davis, which had the same ending. Spiritualism is progressive, without leaders or priests it is evolving the religion of the future.

The excellent afternoon lecture by Mr. J. J. Morse was kindly reported by S. B. Nichols, which report I mail to you separately from these informal notes. So also you will receive a report from the same hand on Mrs. Spence's lecture given on Tuesday afternoon, on "The first chapter of the Genesis of Human Development."

I must confess here that, needing rest of body and brain, your correspondent ran away to Elm Grove to spend Sunday with Mrs. Nellie Brigham. It was reposeful and pleasant beyond measure, to spend a little while in that home whose graces and graceful presiding deity is so generally and favorably known. To know a person well, we must be acquainted with him or her in private life. This home is one where spiritual culture has had its work of "sweetness and light," and to visit it is a blessing. Mrs. Temple, the mother of Mrs. Brigham, is indeed a "mother in Israel." Over eighty years of age, she is waiting patiently and peacefully for that summons which shall lead her to her heavenly home. I have rarely seen such interior light, illumining an earthly pathway, such intuitive comprehension of spiritual laws, or such sweet and child-like faith in Divine order and goodness. "When I go to sleep it is with perfect joy, when I awake it is still joy and trust and serene peace." What an example to others who have had so much more to be thankful for, and yet who grope and grovel along life's pathway, looking down, not up!

On Sunday night Mrs. Brigham gave a discourse, just at sunset, to seventy or eighty friends and neighbors, who assembled on the lawn, while she stood on the piazza. She drew her text from the scenes before us, and as these bright and hardy country people hung upon her words, and I learned that she rode near and far to attend funerals and speak at gatherings. I realized how great a power for good one frail little woman can be.

To return to the camp. Monday, the 23rd, was Children's day. Eighty-five were gathered in the auditorium, where a large number of grown-up children listened to their juniors, who gave very clever recitations and songs. They were then taken around the lake in rowboats and afterward regaled with a delicious lunch. The children's movement was begun by Mrs. M. B. Dillingham two years ago. She established here a Lyceum two years ago, with two bright boys as her first pupils.

On Wednesday, August 25th, the speaker of the afternoon was Albert E. Tiedale, the blind medium, who has only appeared upon the rostrum within the last two years. He speaks in an unconscious trance, without gestures but with what pietists call "unction" and fervor, and his brain is used with remarkable power and vigor. As he is yet young, there is a career of usefulness before him. His topic, "The Secret of Power," showed that he had found the secret, though we have no room for the points taken. Just before he began to speak Mrs. Emma Nickerson, lately of Detroit, was introduced to the audience. Several subjects were given her and she proceeded to improvise the words and music of a song from these themes, weaving them together with great dexterity and poetic and musical ability. Mrs. Nickerson has a physical and mental organization of combined sensitiveness and strength, well cultivated and developed, and we shall soon hear of her entrance upon some large field of work.

Among the mediums there is more than usual harmony, and a sense of mutual helpfulness. Of those giving tests from the platform, after conferences or lectures either by descriptions of departed friends or psychometric readings, are a number more or less widely known. Beside Maud Lord, Mr. Slater and Frank Baxter, who are employed by the Association, there are Mrs. S. B. Fales; Dr. Mills from Saratoga, the well-known seer who has exercised his gifts during thirty years; Arthur Hodges, who has made his seer

and appearance on the platform in his mediumship of nineteen years; James Copeland of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. B. Dillingham and Mrs. J. J. Clark. There are other excellent mediums and healers, including Dr. J. V. Mansfield; Charles T. Buffum; Mary E. Leathers, whose kindness and efficiency as a medical clairvoyant I have tested with happy results; Dr. Towse and Miss Jennie Rhind, the typical medium, beside many others whom I do not personally know. We have attended two circles at Arthur Hodges' tent, and are satisfied that in his powers of personating, describing and giving names, there are no superiors. He is a young man who can be implicitly relied upon. The transparency of his mediumship is in great degree owing to his freedom from mercenary motives, his gentleness and modesty. Mrs. Fales is a wonderful psychometrist and seer, and Mrs. Dillingham has very pure and beautiful influences. Mrs. Sweet, from Vermont, has been actively engaged in the field for thirty-seven years, and says she expects to tell she is translated. Carrie S. Thwing's remarkable gifts keep her fully occupied, but last, though not least, is Mrs. Flavia Thrall, of Poquonok, Ct. It is worth while to visit the camp if only to meet this noble woman, who has exercised her gifts of medical clairvoyance ever since she was fifteen years of age. A rounded, sympathetic nature, her very presence carries balm and blessing to many an afflicted family in the valley of the Connecticut.

Many entertainments for the benefit of the Association—or individuals have been held, and there have been numerous receptions, all of which are of local, rather than general interest. The first was tendered to Dr. Mansfield, who, by answering written questions at a dollar each, has raised over \$30 for the association. It was presided over by Judge Dalley, and the heart of the Doctor was cheered by music by the band, speeches and toasts. Mrs. Maud Lord has also given a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe and another brief speeches by her friends, the piquant "Ikabod" took the floor and well illustrated his wit and wisdom through Mrs. Thwing. Ikabod's prayer is "one of the best things ever addressed to" a Lake Pleasant audience to quote from an orthodox saying.

On Thursday afternoon another immense crowd in front of C. T. Buffum's cottage, showed the popularity of this young man in an afternoon reception. I am reminded that a correction is to be made concerning the first spiritual paper ever published in this country. The paper mentioned in my second notes, called the "Messenger of Light," was changed to the "Christian Spiritualist," by Horace Day of New York, who purchased the paper soon after its issue.

But to Mr. James Wilson of Bridgeport, Ct., belongs the credit of a still earlier journal. Mr. Wilson, who is one of the earliest and strongest converts to this belief, has just brought me a bound volume of the "Spirit Messenger," printed in 1850, with Apollis Munn and R. P. Ambler as editors.

And now I am also reminded of the small picnic which on Tuesday went from these grounds to meet a party at Shelburne Falls, or rather, a spot on the hillside, over two miles distance from that village. There is an "Indian rock" on the grounds of Mr. Maxam, which various media have testified was the rallying spot of many Indian tribes, generations ago. There are various corroborative evidences obtained by digging according to directions, and the place is so magnetized that every medium susceptible to Indian influence, gives strong token of that fact when standing on this rock.

This was witnessed on our arrival, when after greeting Nellie Brigham and other friends, and disposing of a beautiful lunch, we had short speeches from Dr. Buffum, Mrs. H. M. Rathbun of N. Y., to whom and to her good husband, Milton Rathbun, we are indebted for the picnic. Mr. Slater, who gave several remarkable tests to strangers present; from Mrs. W. A. Dunklee of the Boston Spiritual (Horticultural) Society; Mrs. Reynolds of Troy; from Mr. Maxam, Mrs. King and Mrs. Brigham. The music by Mrs. Mary B. Lovering of East Boston; Mr. Buffum and Mr. Slater, was greatly appreciated. Several Indian influences unmistakably manifested themselves. The occasion was so delightful that the party resolved itself into a "Maxam Indian-Rock Club," with an annual meeting in August at the same place, and as near the same date as possible.

The genial face of the editor of the *Banner*, Mr. Luther Colby, has become a pleasantly familiar feature at the camp. He seems to be enjoying his first visit at Lake Pleasant. He thinks the movement is in a healthier and better condition than ever before. My letter is so long that comments must be deferred till next week.

NOTES OF A LECTURE GIVEN AUGUST 22nd BY J. J. MORSE AT LAKE PLEASANT.

We find a great variety of opinions in this vast audience on Modern Spiritualism. These are based upon certain facts which we may designate as the foundation stones of the superstructure. In the brief space allowed to us we can but touch upon these alone. Spiritualism has claimed a wide range of theories, but it seems to us that a just conclusion could be reached by statements of what you know, and not what you believe. It has been said that it can never be an exact statement of thought; that it is a constantly growing faith, but so far as you have gone, there should be an exact statement, and you should be able to say, "On these things I stand." If these things are not clear to your own judgment there must be certain principles and fundamental facts, and if we have not these in all their spiritual beauty, it is but a rope of sand. We know, however, that it is a strong and everlasting cable of truth, based upon inspiration from an Infinite Deity, that can touch and bind every human soul to the All Father's love; but these must come down to absolute facts.

We invite you to the consideration of three cardinal points upon which modern Spiritualism must stand. We do not expect to carry conviction to the judgment of this vast concourse. All of you have your peculiar experiences, and if we speak the truth we may offend some by our plainness of speech.

What is the first foundation stone of modern Spiritualism? It is mediumship, and every spirit who would communicate with mortals is conscious of this. Modern Spiritualism did not originate mediumship at large. It is as old as humanity; the property of the savage as well as the cultured. It is the same in India, China and Judea, and the older nations of this earth have their historic facts dotted along the ages. We would place it as a function of human nature, a part and parcel of humanity. You must lift it out of the realm of ignorance and superstition, and from the domain of sentimentalism, and bring it down to a practical and a common understanding. There are plenty who say that it is a curse—a cup of sorrow; but mediumship means a great deal more than the gate-way between the two worlds.

What does mediumship rest upon? Does it rest on nervous disarrangement? If this were true we would say, have it cease. If aching hearts and souls cry out for relief, what does it matter if they are comforted by the exercise of mediumship? Its use, if properly guided, can be of great benefit. Study and bring it down to a square scientific fact.

If mediumship is the corner stone of spirit return, it must be intelligently used. If it injures, if it is demoralizing to the medium, cease to exercise the function. As honest men and women this is your first duty to cry halt. Bear in mind that mediumship when properly understood can bring to its aid the wisest and best souls in the spirit life, and if you are able to do this, you elevate your mediums. If by their lives and a want of a proper study of the laws and forces of mediumship they attract to you and them the low and the vile, sorrow and misery are brought to them.

You may think that you have in your presence a Plato or Socrates, but you have not the means of correctly judging. You may think we are harsh, and are not giving the medium any sympathy. Are they different from the rest of humanity? Would you establish a hierarchy in mediumship? Nay.

Mediums should strive to be pure, true and honest and live up to their highest aspirations and intuitions. It should be a psychological, physiological and scientific study. When the great army of mediums take up the cross of mediumship with the single eye to the truth, they will make a record that will shine in the future with a halo of living light. In harmony with nature, wisdom and truth. We give to all such as these due appreciation. Take your cloudiness out of Spiritualism, and its facts will remain. You take Spiritualism out of the religions of all the ages, and you have nothing left but the shell. See to it that all your best capabilities are used wisely in the exercise of your mediumship.

The next stone, the second stone of Modern Spiritualism, is spirit communion, and this must be utilized—and how? You are to understand that you are dealing with human beings who, while they have taken a step into another world and are clothed with Spiritual body; are possessed with the same traits of character and of moral responsibility and accountability as when here. Then, again, you must consider that the most intelligent of spirits are but a very little wiser than the same class of beings who are living here and now. You must realize that there are no dead, but men and women with loves and hates; with selfishness and deceit with those also who aspire to be noble, good and true. Many who have realized this fact of spirit communion think that they have got hold of the coat tails of God; disabuse your minds of this thought. Rascals who have gone to the spirit life would naturally play into the hands of rascals here. But you ask, are they all rascals and deceivers? No! but we would guard you against the pitfalls. This spirit communion brings you in rapport with the spiritual hosts, with your own spiritual friends, and it shows to you clearly and conclusively that they are not dead, and you are to deal with them precisely as if they were with you here and now, no better nor worse. The great majority who come are like the average of humanity; and when you have settled this second fact and laid down this stone of spirit communion, you ask, "what next?" The third stone is a demonstrated, individual immortality. The angel who comes to you, although she may claim all the wisdom of Socrates or Plato, may be a spiritual tramp. You must guard with great care and sacredness those whom you invite to your spiritual feast. You have much to do in that direction. No matter what the controls have to say, that they are ancient spirits, they cannot possibly know as much of the nineteenth century civilization as those who have lived with you in your age and time.

Your Spirit-world is a real substantive world, very much like this. Its people are not myths or shadows, but real people with real homes. If you have been interested in moral and social reforms here, in the industrial or political world, you will still be interested.

LOVE AND CHARITY.

W. F. EVANS IN MENTAL CURE.

The life of God is Love. His love is an infinite desire to impart his own good to others. The life of angels is a stream from this only fountain, and partakes of the properties of its source. If we open our hearts to receive the influx of the divine and heavenly life, it will be in us a desire and duty to impart the good, with which we are blessed, to all who are willing to receive it, and are amenable to it. Such is the true order of life; the normal state of every soul. It is evident we can never attain to the highest well-being of either soul or body, until we come into the divine order of our existence, and employ the activity with which we are endowed. According to the laws of the celestial life, we were made to impart, to be the media through which God's gifts could be transmitted to others. We are finite receptacles of the divine good and truth. We are not designed to absorb the divine rays, but to reflect them as well—to be each a center of radiation.

One of the most prominent organs of the brain is benevolence. The mental feeling, of which it is the outer instrument, is a desire to impart, to share our good with others. When this divine impulse is perverted in its action, our love terminates in itself, and we become the center of our universe. Selfishness is the fruitful root of more moral and physical evil and unhappiness, than any other cause. It is the perversion of the divinest instinct of human nature, a cessation of the pulsation of the central life within us. The only true and happy life on earth is that of love. Wisdom is divine. Truth is a ray from God. Science and philosophy are a spiritual treasure, and desirable possession. Wealth, official station and power are good in themselves. But the divinest thing in the universe is love, an all-absorbing charity. Blessed is the man in whose inner nature it is the supreme and governing principle, and who has consecrated himself to the good of universal being.

Disease is often only a taste of supreme selfishness. It is a law, universal and immutable, that by imparting we receive, and when we cease to impart we cease to receive, and the stream of our life begins to dry up at the fountain. The candle under a bushel soon becomes only a smoking wick. To communicate truth to another quickens our own intellectual life, and renders us receptive of more than we give. Make the heart of something outside your own being to leap for joy. Attune your soul in harmony with the love Divine. Live to love, and then you will delight to live, and health will glow and thrill in every organic structure. Find some one whose condition is unhappy like your own. Lift up your hand and your

heart, and pull down a blessing upon his head. The best prescription that man or angel can give to relieve your soul-misery, and the correspondent abnormal, physiological state is, Be like Jesus, and every one's best friend. Seek to make everybody and everything happy. The good you intend to others will come to you in divine measure, more than you give.

Educated and Experienced.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., who have a thorough knowledge of pharmacy, and many years practical experience in the business. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as a thoroughly pure, honest, and reliable medicine.

Rheumatism and the Gout, cease their twinges, if the affected part is daily washed with Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.

In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption and Wasting in Children. Is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form and prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 12, 1885.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap cleans and beautifies, kills German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, etc. Kills Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

The Turner Society of Chicago will run an Excursion to Louisville via the Monon Route (L. & N. & C. Ry.) Sept. 4th, 1886. Fare for the round trip will be \$8.00.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Clairevoyant Examinations Free.

Enclose lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette Streets, Syracuse, New York.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal

Is on sale at five cents per copy by the following newsdealers in San Francisco, Cal.:

Cooper, 746 Market Street. Goldsmith, 1003 1/2 Market Street, and 3 Eddy St. Scott, 22 Third Street, and at Stand corner Market and Kearney Streets.

At Washington, D. C. S. M. Baldwin & Co., 207 4 1/2 St., near corner Pa Ave.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 42nd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M. No vacation for hot weather.

PLANK W. JONES, Conductor. Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Mrs. T. B. Sturkey, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. B. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Perdue, Secretary; R. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. E. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

We Sell Direct to Families.

By sending us your name and address (where you live) and enclosing double the price of every bottle you wish to send this Little Wonder & Cancer Cure, we will send you a box of 12 bottles. Send for catalogue to MARCHAL & SMITH, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

CANCER

CURED BY DR. KING-LEWY, who has successfully treated in Europe, N. Y., and elsewhere, all cases of the last 30 years. Write for Circular, W. F. F. KINGSLEY, M. D., Rome, N. Y.

NEVER SQUEEZE A LEMON.

By so doing you force out the pungent oil of the rind, and the bitter juice of the seeds. By using our



you get only the juice of the lemon but you get all of it, and you get it much quicker than you can with the expensive and cumbersome Lemon Squeezer. The drill is light and handy, and costs only 10 cents by mail to receive. A Remedy for Aged and Younger people. Thousands can be sold at Florida and Fairs. Just the thing for travelers. Send for sample and terms.

PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph Street, - Chicago, Ill.

Spiritualism at the Church Congress.

The price of this admirable pamphlet is as follows: 100 copies by express, \$2.00 by mail, \$2.75; 50 copies by express, \$1.00 by mail, \$1.75; 25 copies by mail, \$1.00; 10 copies by mail, 50 cents; 5 copies, 25 cents; single copies, 10 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE RECORD OF A MINISTERING ANGEL.

—BY—

MRS. MARY J. CLARE.

The pages of this book are written with the view of lifting and hearts out of despair into the sunny regions of hope and courage and faith.

Cloth bound, pp. 280. Price: 50c; postage 5 cents extra.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

HOW TO MAGNETIZE.

—BY—

JAMES VICTOR WILSON.

This is a work of more than ordinary merit. It contains every valuable matter on the subject of Magnetism or Mesmerism, and the practical laws relating thereto, presented in a concise and practical manner, so that any one who follows its directions can become a powerful magnetizer, and read the mind of any person. Price 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

People Who Are Always Restless

World's Hottest

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Spiritualism.

Shakespeare (1564) says: "Ye woods and w

100

Volney P. Slocum, M. D.

The Bible Hell.

Old-Books.

Two large sharks have been seen within a day two in the Hudson, off Sing Sing, which is having deterrent effect on the "small boy" who has been having great enjoyment thus far this summer frequent plunges into the river. A couple of years ago two large sharks were captured in the Hudson off the Strand works.

Parochial vs. Public Schools.

Words and Things.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

The steady increase of attendance and interest here exceeds the expectations of Casadaga's most

Cassadaga, Aug. 23d. E. W. T.

Mistakes About Boston.

M. H. Ashcraft writes: I have received so much comfort and consolation from your paper that I do not like to be without it.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

generations of the people.

(Continued from First Page.)

Spiritualist, Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt. We found there, Messrs. Wm. R. and Thomas S. Tice, of our city. They had been having a few circles to see if they could get paraffine casts of spirit hands, and on that evening the hot paraffine was on the range in the basement. After the usual manifestations had occurred, the long dining-table was extended, a leaf in its centre was taken out, and a pall of cold water and the pall of hot paraffine brought up and put on the floor in the centre, and we sat around the table. I had been directed to change my seat in the circle and to sit at the left of the medium, my right hand resting on her left hand. Mr. Wm. R. Tice sat at my left. If I remember rightly, there were five persons present beside the family, making in all nine persons. As soon as the light was extinguished spirit hands seemed to be all over me, and the touches were not gentle by any means. The hands would clasp my legs and arms, touch me on head and back. I felt them unbuttoning my shoes. My stockings were the ordinary half-hose, and were fastened in front; the pins were taken out by these spirit hands and placed between the fingers of my right hand, with heads down. They began to wash or bathe my right foot with cold water. As they were doing this I remarked that "my feet did not need washing, as I had taken a bath the night before."

The next thing for them to do was to take a cast of my foot, giving it several coatings of the stuff. When the séance was over it took the mother of the medium nearly half an hour to scrape the stuff off with a knife. Had it not been for the natural warmth of the body, I should have had a perfect cast of my foot made by invisible hands. In the pall of water was some fifty or more fingers; some almost perfect, others crude and jagged. I brought some home with me, and kept them until, after many months, they crumbled to pieces.

While I sat by the medium her hands did not move or shake in the least; she seemed as deeply interested as any of the rest. One of my socks was found on the top of a picture frame, high above the reach of any one present; my shoes in different parts of the room. It is nearly two years since I have had an opportunity to sit with this medium, but I believe that she gave some sittings last winter at Judge Bailey's home, which were even more remarkable than what I had witnessed.

Of course it is impossible to note my experiences with the very many mediums that I have known, in a newspaper article, or to give an account of their powers. I think I have already written enough to show that all mediums who are honest and sincere will be cared for, guided and protected. I know many have learned to love their controls or guides very much.

"All this is fair and rosy as you tell it," says the inquirer, "but can you not also tell us what you know of

EVIL, MALICIOUS AND MISCHIEVOUS SPIRITS?"

Certainly, I know there are some who delight to come back to earth to mislead; who come with high-sounding names and are always making great promises that are never fulfilled. I think mediums themselves are largely to blame for this deception. Many of them, and this was especially so in the earlier days, desired to have some name for a control who had figured in history, and there are always spirits mischievous enough to assume the name of Pontius Pilate, Julius Cæsar, George Washington, or Tom, Dick and Harry, even if they generally give truthful and valuable communications. In the earlier days we had such an experience in the home of a family by the name of Comstock living at the time, 1852 or 1853, at Shelburn Point, Vt. The daughter had been brought to our home bolstered up in a carriage by her mother, a few days after Mrs. Nichols became a medium. Through her media powers the young woman was restored to health, after she had been given up to die by the ablest physicians at home and abroad. After her restoration to health we would occasionally drive down to their home, some eight miles, and stay over night, and when we did we usually held a circle. The young lady had a brother who died in California a short time before. What purported to be his spirit came to warn the young lady of the habits of a young man with whom she was engaged to be married and to whom she was married later on. The information was valuable and of much benefit to the recipient, but things were given which led some present to doubt if it were the spirit of "Orville Comstock," her brother. So I said to him one evening, "I am convinced that you are not the spirit of Orville Comstock. We wish to have you inform us if you are taught to deceive in the Spirit-world; if so, we do not wish to have any more to do with Spiritualism." After considerable pressing he said he came for a good purpose; that he could get in rapport with the young man to whom the lady was engaged, and that the information and the warning he had been able to give were of much importance to her. He gave his name as a young man who had formerly worked on the farm and knew the brother and sister well; as also the young man whom she was to marry, and said they would accept as the truth what he gave them if they thought it came from brother Orville, but not from him. He promised that in all future communications, he would use his own name, which he did. Immediately another spirit controlled the medium and expressed great joy and thankfulness that the promise had been made by the previous spirit control, asserting that she was the mother of the young man who had assumed the name of Orville Comstock; and that he could take his first step of advancement in the Spirit-world from his making the promise to us. It certainly was a valuable lesson, and has saved me from many a mistake in dealing with spirits through mediums.

A MALICIOUS SPIRIT REFORMED.

"But," says an inquirer, "in your experiences have you ever known an evil or malicious spirit to use a medium?" Certainly, and the following experience has been of great value to me. One evening at least thirty years ago, our door bell rang. On opening it I found a lady and a little girl of six to eight summers. The lady seemed very much embarrassed. She said she resided at Northfield, Vt., some 50 miles from Burlington, where we then resided; that her little girl was bewitched or possessed of a devil, and at times would wear like a pirate, would use the most obscene language; and this venom was all directed to the lady's father on whose farm they lived. The child was wasting away and apparently would soon die if relief did not come. They were not Spiritualists, but as a last resort went to a spirit circle and were told to go to Burlington, Vt., to the residence of S. B. Nichols, whose wife was a medium, and the devil would be cast out. She said, "How will I know where to find them?" They told her that when she got to the depot a carriage would be waiting. She should tell the driver to take her to the residence of S. B. Nichols. On arriving at

the depot in the early evening she found the carriage, and we know the rest. We invited her to remain over night, and said that after tea we would have a circle and see what we could learn about the matter. As soon as our circle was formed the same evil influence took possession of Mrs. Nichols, and for an hour a stream of oaths and blasphemy rolled from her lips directed to me. The control said I was interfering with his business, and "Damn her, I will kill her." I said, "No, you are not to do any such thing. This little girl never could have wronged you or any one else."

"No," said he, "but I want to get even with the old man." The spirit declared that it was none of my business; that I was not his judge.

"No," I replied, "but you are certainly not benefiting yourself in the least; on the contrary the very course you are pursuing will prevent your advancement, and you do not hurt the old man at all. Tell me why you have such feelings."

He answered that he had worked on the farm giving his name, which the lady recalled, and said that the old man had cheated him, and he would get even with him even if he had to kill the child.

I said, "No, you are going to promise me here and now that you will leave the child and not trouble her any more. We shall be glad to have you come and use this medium, and if you wish to write any communications to your friends, you can do so, and we will gladly forward them."

It was a long while before he would make the promise, but by kindness, gentle words and firmness the promise was finally obtained. Immediately the guides of the medium resumed their control, made passes over the child, wrote a simple prescription, and our circle broke up. With thankful hearts for this new life lesson in mediumship we retired for the night. In the morning the child seemed quite bright and much better. The mother went home with a grateful heart and in about a month wrote us that the child was restored to complete health, and had no more trouble with the evil spirit. This spirit for quite a while came and used the medium's hand, and I venture to say that on her entrance to spirit life, no spirit gave her a more joyous welcome than did this one whom she had by her mediumship assisted to rise from this low condition. In all Mrs. Nichols's media experiences these two were the only instances where a deceiving spirit or an evil influence were permitted to use her organism.

"How did you avoid it?" will be asked.

Never did we hold a circle or sit to give a message to a caller but a prayer went forth from her soul that whatever might be given would be for the best good of the recipient; and during the eighteen years of her mediumship she saw and described at least three thousand spirits so that they were fully recognized by their earth friends. She passed through various forms of mediumship—writing, diagnosing disease by clairvoyance, healing by the touch, seeing and discerning spirits, seeing and describing localities in spirit life. To all seekers this was freely given, "without money and without price." An Angel of Mercy in the earth life, may God in his wisdom grant that I may be able to so live now that when my work is finished here, I may dwell in the outer court of the heavenly mansion where her spirit is basking in the glorious sunlight of God's eternal love and wisdom.

All earnest, sincere and conscientious mediums here have a sad lot at the best, constantly giving to others, but seldom, if ever, receiving messages for themselves. Much of this could be avoided and the lives of these sensitive made happier, did we better understand the laws governing mediumship. This should be a constant and serious study for us all.

THE EVIL OF HOLDING CIRCLES TOO OFTEN OR TOO LONG.

Mediums often receive serious injury by sitting too often, and holding too long sessions of their circles. This is more frequently the case in private circles, and where the medium and members are comparatively ignorant of the simple rules and regulations which can be easily understood and enforced. I found this was so at the circle of one of our best public mediums who is now doing in a quiet and unostentatious way, a great deal of good. I was invited to visit this circle by friends, and finally one evening I went to her home. I found a circle, a promiscuous one. People were allowed to come in, stay a few minutes and leave. Others would come in late. I remonstrated with the spirits for allowing such things. The medium was entranced and I gave the spirits a good scolding—much to the astonishment of the lady's husband and other persons present. The husband said that at this time they knew but little about Spiritualism; that they were members of the Methodist Church, and thanked me for the advice given to him and the spirits. A change for the better took place; the circle was limited to one hour or thereabout, and no person admitted after it was formed for the evening.

Circles should be held at regular appointed times; all members should sit in stated places and no stranger should be admitted to the regular circle until the medium is well developed, no matter what phase of mediumship. Be content to accept whatever form of mediumship seems best. If you are a tapping medium, aspire to be the very best for that phase of phenomena. If you are to write, don't ask that some great person or figure in history shall control you. If you do you will probably be troubled with St. Paul, Lord Bacon, Socrates, Washington, Lincoln, etc. Politely inform them that you would prefer to have them stay away until those whom you know and loved here on earth can come. It may seem rude and unkind, but there are times at spirit circles when firmness is a cardinal virtue. If it will rid you for all time of mischievous spirits who would get hold of your sensitivities and control them.

Some 34 years ago, before I was a Spiritualist, I had an experience of this sort. A writing medium was invited to our house, and at the circle, among other spirits who came, was one who signed the name, "Benjamin Franklin." The communication was directed to me, purporting to come from "Poor Richard." The signature was an exact fac simile of Franklin's autograph, as seen on revolutionary documents. I said he was to be with me and had selected me as one who will aid his work here on earth. I said in reply: "You are Old Ben. Franklin of historic fame?"

"Yes."

I replied, "I don't believe it, and I wish you would not come again until I ask to hear from you. I want to know if my own relatives and friends live, and until I know this fact beyond question. I do not care to hear from any one, no matter how great."

That was a good while ago; a generation has come and gone, and he has not troubled me again, nor has any other spirit who has figured in the world's history.

Another great danger to mediums is sitting too long. To do so, is positively criminal. A friend, Capt. D., who has since passed to spirit life, had a daughter, an excellent private medium. They had held their customary circle at the usual house, and it was closed; communications had been given to one person who desired the medium to sit longer. Capt. D. had left the circle, his daughter was controlled by an evil or demonic spirit, and for two hours she wrestled with that unseen but malevolent spirit for the control of the medium, exerting the whole will power and force of his nature to restore the medium; he finally succeeded, and brought her back to her normal condition. Her guides said that in her weak and exhausted state, it was a positive injury for her to be thus used; a severe lesson was this. I venture to say that at her circles the Spirit Father is now ever near to guard and protect her.

EVILS TO BE AVOIDED.

Another serious evil to be avoided in mediumship is that of asking or expecting that spirits can find for you a gold mine or a fortune. While there are instances when spirits have been able to advise persons in regard to financial matters, and they may be able to impress one to follow a right path, still I firmly believe that is not their province, nor the object for which communication between the two worlds was established. We should remember that the spirits out of mortal form have but made one step in advance of us, and within are neither all wise nor all powerful. If they can show us the way wherein we can grow better husbands and wives, sisters, sons and daughters, truer friends, better citizens, and aid us to secure the right road for development, we should be content. While wealth is desirable, the poorest man in the world is he who has money and nothing else. In all the years I have been a Spiritualist, I never have consulted spirits as to how I could make haste to be rich, and in these late years I would not ask even if I thought this knowledge could be given to me.

CONCLUSIONS.

"On the whole," asks the inquirer, "is mediumship desirable as a means for spiritual growth and advancement? Most certainly it is! As a means for communication with the Spirit-world it has made many a home a heaven on earth. It has unfolded, rounded out, and developed the spiritual natures of thousands who but for this blessing would have borne many an anguish and sorrow in gloom and sadness. I would not advise any one to make mediumship a profession. If circumstances and development of media power compels you, as it has many, to give up everything else, and you are compelled to follow the avocation, be honest and just to all. If you are a public medium, aspire so to live that you will be honored and respected. If any come to you for sittings and you feel an aversion or reluctance to sit for them, do not under any circumstances do so, it is right that you should have this impression, and heed it. Do not sit when you are not in good condition to give the best which your mediumship is capable, no matter how much of a disappointment to those who come. If you would keep your mediumship pure, avoid promiscuous circles.

We have at this day a vast number of sensitives in the United States, susceptible to marked spirit influence, and a large proportion can become excellent mediums if they are willing to make the effort. You inquire, "How can the object be accomplished?" If you would become a medium, find a few friends who are harmonious and congenial, and make an arrangement to sit, at first say, twice a week; have regular hours; be prompt and insist that all members of your circle be present regularly. In beginning, do not sit for development over half an hour. If among you are any who can sing, enliven your circle by music; be earnest and reverent; send out your prayers and aspirations that your own loved ones, who have passed to the shining shore, may be permitted to come, and that some one in your circle may be used as the intermediary between the two worlds. Have but little conversation until after your circle is over. Do all this and the chances are that some one of you will be influenced at the first or second circle. Whatever comes, accept it as the best that can be given under the circumstances and the material at hand will allow. If it is rap, well and good. If one of you can see or hear spirits, so much the better. If nothing comes after a month's patient effort, try if you can get one or two more persons to join with you and possibly drop out some who have sat. I sat for six months alone with my wife for her development, and during that time we had no visible or outward sign; but we had been promised that the blessing would come to her, and one morning while at breakfast, alone in our little home, her right arm began to be influenced as she was drinking her coffee. I said, "You are going to write." I got paper and pencil, and she wrote mechanically in the hand writing of several of her friends who had passed to the Spirit-world.

HOMES AND SCHOOLS FOR MEDIUMS.

There should be an effort made, and the preliminary steps inaugurated at Lake Pleasant, Onset, Ossage and Parkland this year, for permanent homes for mediums, who have been worn out in the cause. Subscriptions should be solicited among our people who have means in abundance, to help the matter. These homes and schools for mediums should be large and airy, and competent, loving, faithful teachers should be secured, and the work begun at once. Were the Spiritualists in America one-tenth as earnest, consistent and faithful as their orthodox brethren, there would, even now be fifty such homes established. Oh! my co-workers in this cause, we need more earnestness, more intelligent organized and co-operative work. Will it ever come? I fear not. A large proportion of those who claim to be Spiritualists, would prefer to spend a dollar or two three or four times a week to be imposed upon and humbugged by some charlatan of trickster with "dash and blood" materializations. They should be consigned to oblivion, and the camel swallows and the credulous be compelled to take back seats in the spiritual kingdom, and the papers that advertise and endorse such burlesques on true mediumship, should be ignored. This article has grown to much larger proportions than I intended, and will tax the good nature of the editor who is to print it; and the subject is so vast, so important, to the welfare of every investigator and to every Spiritualist, that I pray most earnestly that other and abler minds may consider the subject, and that through the discussion, mediumship may be elevated and the avenues from the world of spirits may be multiplied a thousand fold.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A young colored man of Buffalo is making money by giving most remarkable performances. He holds his mouth open, taps his skull with a bear mallet, and thus plays tunes in tones not unlike those of the xylophone. He seems not only to have a wooden head but an empty one also.

KILLING THE DEVIL.

A Curious Custom Annually Observed by the Mic-Mac Indians.

What all the preachers of Christendom have yet failed to accomplish is yearly done by the Indians of the Restigouche country—at least to their own satisfaction. St. Anne's Day every year they kill "the devil," an achievement which would be greatly to their credit were it not that the adversary seems to come to life again every twelve months. At St. Anne's mission, opposite the town, writes a Campbellton, N. B., correspondent of the Boston Herald, there gathered yesterday a most motley and curious crowd. The steamer, Admiral, came up from Dalhousie, bringing some hundreds of French and Indians from along the lower Quebec coast as far as Gaspe. All the Mic-Macs were on foot, for St. Anne's Day is one of the great days of their year.

Over muddy roads, past scores of calmly wallowing or nursing swine and piglets, the parti-colored throng poured on toward the Mission church. Smoked glass was essential to the comfortable contemplation of the squaws. They wore neither hats nor bonnets, but each dusky head was covered with the brightest of bright bandanas. Handkerchiefs of varying shades of red glowed everywhere in the sunshine, giving the effect of a poppy bed, when several squaws met or sat or squatted together upon the grass. Skirts and jackets of brilliant hues put the sober costumes of white sisters to shame, and even the men rejoiced now in red dandy shirts, again in showy scarfs and gaudy jewelry, or hats decorated with bright salmon flies.

Presently up swaggered some young Indians, decidedly of the hoodlum type, carrying guns and pistols, weapons which would delight an antiquarian. They were flintlocks and muskets which probably dated from Queen Anne. One rusty barrel was joined to a home-made stock which had apparently been chopped out of a spruce log. All this warlike array meant the assailing and utter destruction of the adversary, or, as the Mic-Macs have it, "killing Mondon." Mondon being the evil one. In the olden time a silver ball was thought necessary for the shooting of witches or of animals protected by magic, but the Mic-Macs consider the ammunition of the shops effective against his Satanic Majesty himself.

Now and then some red-skinned youth, emerging from his cabin, discharged his gun in the air, and the scene was assuming a Fourth of July aspect, when a message came from the priest forbidding firing for the present on account of the crowd, the number of horses tied along the road, and the consequent risk of accident, so the devil was repressed for a time, but after the ceremonies in the church were concluded the Indians celebrated in their own fashion.

The destruction of Mondon is not a difficult matter according to the Mic-Macs. They appear to hold that the devil is hovering in the air somewhere above them. Not knowing exactly where he may be, they take pains to fire in every direction, riddling the air to every point of the compass. The favorite way for shooting him is for two or more Indians to cross the barrels of their guns, pointing upward and fire at the same time. They reason that if the devil dodges one discharge he may blunder into the way of another. The fact that the devil remains disembodied does not seem to make him proof against earthly powder and shot, and so the Mic-Macs load and fire as rapidly as possible in the laudable desire of hitting the adversary on the wing.

There is something rather fascinating in the idea of wing shooting at this kind of game, and I earnestly hope that the uproarious burning of ammunition will not without a successful result. This curious custom of "killing the devil" is of course not practiced with the implicit faith of former years. But the Fourth of July uproar continues. One feature of the day has fallen completely into abeyance, that of feasting upon roasted dog. It was usual with the Mic-Macs, as with many Indian tribes, to honor this occasion and other festivals by a banquet of dog; but for many years the dog has been banished from the board. The feast is still held, or rather there were two, one for the visiting priests, another for the Indians.



MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., Chicago and St. Louis.

MT. CARROLL SEMINARY

(Carroll Co., Ill.) Incorporated, with its Musical Conservatory, in 1842. Never had an equal. Never been funded or patronized. Its Faculty and its System is original and helps many worthy girls in preparation for universities, tuition and use of books free to students meeting certain requirements, as explained in the "Orator." Send for a copy.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PAD

Absorbs all impurities from the blood. Inexpensive and restores the whole system.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PADS

Diagnose, Malaria, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, etc.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PADS

Regulate the Stomach and Bowels, improve the Appetite, correct Constipation.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PAD

Prevents the Stomach, Cholera, Typhoid and other Fevers.

All Druggists.—Or sent on receipt of Price, \$2.00.

HOLMAN PAD CO., 120 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable wholly or in part to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM, This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS, it is a Perfect Nutrient in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia, and in all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by Druggists—25c. 50c. \$1.00.

Is a valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHMOND & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FREE! New Book of Fancy Works with 100 Illustrations. 250 new patterns. 100 Special Offers. 200 Picture Bulletin. 400 sets of story paper, all for 4c. postage.

NATIONAL BAZAR, 7 W. Broadway, N.Y.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW

The Fall Term will begin Sept. 2nd. For circular address H. SOUTH, Chicago, Ill.

The PARAGON HAIR PIN

IT IS POSITIVELY NON-SLIPPING. Sent by mail on receipt of 5c. in stamps. To Retail. CO. (Limited) PHILADELPHIA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM the popular favorite for dressing the hair, restoring color when lost, and preventing dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

T. J. Dodge, Magnetic Healer. 5000 treated at his



Mineral Springs, Hamilton, Ill. Patients and Boarders. Big Cures. Able physicians. Magnetic paper one week. 1c. Movement Cure. Hot Water Cure. Health Teacher free.

CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harness, effectually, and rapidly cure obesity without semi-starvation dieting. See European Med. Oct. 24, 1884, says: "Its effect is not merely to reduce the amount of fat, but by affecting the source of obesity to induce a radical cure of the disease. Mr. E. makes no charge whatever. Any person rich or poor, can obtain his free, gratis, by sending six cents to cover postage, to W. C. WILKINSON, Esq., Webster House, Store Street, Bedford-Hg., London, Eng."

FOR SALE—FLORIDA LANDS—For \$50 I furnish 40-acre tracts of reserved school, seminary and other lands, with titles direct from state or government to any country. Send six cents for Florida map, information pamphlet, circulars and land plots. H. W. WILKINSON, Florida Commissioner, Louisville, Ky.

LUNDBORG'S

Perfume

EDENIA.

LUNDBORG'S

Rhenish Cologne.

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity send your name, and address, to the manufacturer, J. LUNDBORG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

ALL WOOL.

\$5 Every Color. Honest Made.

SIZE 4 YEARS TO 14.

HARVEY'S

CELEBRATED Five Dollar Suits. Send P. O. Order AND TRY ONE.

84 and 86 State St., CHICAGO.



Every organ. Solidly made. Tones unexcelled. Elegant finish. 7 years popularity.

Illustrated catalogues sent free.

ESTLEY ORGAN CO., Brantford, Ont.

ESTLEY & CAMP, 100 and 100 State St., Chicago, Ill.

ESTLEY & CAMP, 918 and 918 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

ESTLEY ORGAN CO., Atlanta, Georgia.

A THRILLING WARNING.

Man Traps of the City.

By THOS. E. GREEN.

Mothers—place this book in the hands of your son.

It treats of The Tiger and His Den.

Cups of Flame.

The Scarlet Sin.

Embezzlement.

The Devil's Printing Press.

As. 6c. 10c. 15c. 25c.

A book that is sensational, not from excited rhetoric or bold claims of speech, but from the facts that show how many have been saved from the pen of the writer. It is a book of timely warnings, where sinners are shown the path of their most dreaded enemy, and where they have been surrounded by the perils of the literature of the day, and warned in its true light, not as a life, though without its de-light, but as a warning of death, now and in future life to be observed.—Western Christian Advocate.

Price, post paid.

Cloth bound, 75 cts. Paper bound, 50 cts.

DANIEL AMBROSE, Pub'r, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLI.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

No. 3

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—The Religion of Beauty. A Curious Mound.
- SECOND PAGE.—Brief Replies to Queries, Criticisms, etc. Significance of the Psychic Wav. Out with the Tide, Fairy Lore.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Late September Magazine. Book Reviews. Where are the Builders? Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—Woman's Hour.—The Spiritual Era. The Earthquake—Capers on the Ball. The Rev. Calvin E. Snow. Rev. N. F. Ravin—Ex-Baptist. Calvary Baptist Church. Cremations at Pere la Chaise. Predominance of Death. General Items.
- FIFTH PAGE.—An Electrical Wonder. The New Theology. Notes on Lake Pleasant. Canadian Camp Meeting. General News. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—The Funeral. What Does It Mean?—A Story from Ohio with a Decidedly Ghostly Flavor. Statuism or Artistic Trade? Faith in Things Seen. Denials of Dr. Volney P. Stocum. Mrs. Besse. Notes from Nemaha Camp Meeting. Abstract of a Lecture by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence at Lake Pleasant, August 24th. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Mind Legendre. Missionary Theology. Spiritual Evidence. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Philosophy of Religion.—From the Standpoint of the Mystic. Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

A Trance Address by the Control of Mr. J. Clerk Wright.

Delivered at the Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The noble Roman said that "beauty consisted in the combination of multitude in unity," and this view of it was sanctioned by the excellent Coleridge. The skeleton outline of a building is not beautiful. The anatomy of a picture is not beautiful. Beauty consists in the putting in of the proper light and shade in fit and agreeable unity. When Sir Joshua Reynolds had limned the outlines of a beautiful face, secured the graceful curves and angles, the expression of the eye, the silent pose of the lips, his picture was not beautiful. Beauty had to come after in the gentle touches, putting in the colors and rounding out the form. In his time there was real and fashionable beauty, consisting of spilling the delicate graces of nature by caricatures. Gentlemen wore their wigs and ladies of quality put dots upon their faces. Maids of honor would have died if they could not have put on their dots; and gold laced gentlemen in waiting would have thought the world was coming to an end if they could not have had their wigs. Their follies have gone their way and given place to other whims and absurdities, which will have their day, then die, too. But these ridiculous practices did not add to the charms of nature. Beauty consisted not in these things.

Nature is the eternal standard of the essence and quality of beauty. When we depart from nature we go wrong. Nature is the final authority. But all men do not see nature from the same plane of sight; and, indeed, how can we all see the same things in nature. Organization, association and education have the controlling power in regulating our perception of beauty. Thomas Carlyle has made use of a saying like this, "that what the eye sees in an object the eye brings to it." Ladies of America wear rings upon their dapper fingers, but some ladies, in different parts of the world, put them in their noses. The ebony children of Africa adore thick lips, but the esthetic dude of London and New York worships thin ones. It is the same with intellectual beauty. One scholar will fly off into ecstasies with the sublime poetry of Tennyson; another with caustic sarcasm will pronounce the same production execrable rubbish. Few young men at twenty will like the subtle poetry of Shelley, but at 50 the standard of beauty will have changed, and Shelley will be read with pleasure.

Old men, ripe with the experiences of life, can appreciate the sublime thoughts set forth in the ancient psalms of David. Before such works as these can be appreciated at all, the eye must bring something to them of a like nature. Moore is the poet of love. A man can read Moore with a relish when he is in the hay-time of his courtship. Our circumstances affect our perception of beauty. Beauty in religion is under the same laws. How we sometimes condemn and denounce a religion which differs from our own. Our standard we apply to another whose eye has other things in it and sees other things and necessities in it which we see not. Millions of men cannot spiritually stand the work of this world without the religious props to support them. They must have something to lean upon. The weakest men want a Savior and a God to help them through this world. The intellectual and strong minded men can go themselves with the help of the least illusion. Beauty is illusion. When that illusion is destroyed the beauty is gone. We have seen young men and women marry. The

rapture and transport have been great. When the illusion of love is over, then have they and their poor affairs been hurled into chaos fatally? That is a poor, pitiable soul, when the illusion of love has fled from it. Better let a man die truly than live when the illusions of life have fled. What are that man's religion and faith worth in the pulpit when his illusion of spiritual beauty is gone? As soon as a man finds a hole in his faith he is not worth much after that as a teacher of it. A man pursuing the subject of Spiritualism and thinking of fraud all the time will never feel that angels are hovering round. There is no beauty higher than that of an angel, no illusion more sublime. The footsteps of a loving angel are sacred. A hostile critic cannot see beauty there; he does not feel the illusion.

I have seen men with stout nerves weep when the spirit of a mother has come to them. Tears of sincerity are holy. When Lloyd Garrison felt the illusion of liberty, he had no doubt; doubt would have killed him. When a young man sees the pimple upon the nose of the one he loves, young man, thy love is in a sickly condition, go and hang thyself forthwith. The critic is in thee, and thou wilt lose soon verily all that love which thou hast. Get out of it and save thy happiness. Thou unbelieving Spiritualist, thy condition is not a good condition. The critic is in thee; the illusion must come, and then thou wilt be happy and the circle room will be a heaven.

Why does the Church of Rome grow so fast in the earth? It puts down its roots deep in the soil of humanity. Religion is the illusion of beauty. A Roman Catholic never allows a child to doubt. He feeds the illusion. He never argues. Why did William Pitt say that Butler's Analogy of Religion had raised more doubt than it had settled? Because it appealed to reason, and reason breaks the illusion of faith. Reason and religion kill each other. A logical parson is of no use. A Salvation Army captain is of no use. Moody can do more for God than 1,000 logicians, trained in the profound dialectics of theology. He feeds the illusion and debate stirs the waters of the intellect. The power of Methodism is its feeling. God is illusion.

The painter, the warrior, and the ruler have their own illusions. The power of the czar of Russia is not formed of soldiers' bayonets—not of strong, fortified places, guns and skilled officers; he has a power more subtle and dominant than these. Were these all he had he would not be much. There is that power which is known as prestige; the power of success; the reverence of victory which often in the emergencies of progress has led the nations on to success. The name of a statesman will sometimes provoke the enthusiasm of the people so that any national effort can be accomplished, any victory made secure, and any undertaking, however exacting and arduous, conducted with success. This is the effect of the illusion of genius and worship.

The memorable splendor of Roman Catholic worship inherited from the pagan piety of antiquity, transmitted with little change to this day, appeals to the imagination of the faithful with the irresistible demand of a divine power. Poetry, music, painting and sculpture combine to enlarge and exalt the sentiment of devotion. The senses are led captive; the mind is awakened to the sublimest spiritual emotion, and the logical faculty is swallowed up in the fireworks of devotion and faith. The power of the priest becomes primal and supreme, and the affairs of religion the first considerations of life. That religion of which he is the custodian and the anointed ambassador is from God; the voice of God is heard in the worship of the church; seen in Christian devotion, acts of charity and self-denial. It is blasphemy of the deepest kind to deny his power. This power extends over the personal life to such a degree that the most interior and private affairs come within the cognizance of the priest. The allurements of the spiritual world usurp the entire thought of the Christian; he belongs not to this world. Countries which have been long subject to the sway of the Roman Catholic Church show symptoms of material backwardness and decay, while the Protestant nations have made great progress in trade, commerce and agriculture. Roman Catholic countries have been steadily treading in the footsteps of antiquity, and have successfully kept back the spirit of progress. This is a terrible indictment to lay down at the door of the oldest Christian Church in the world, yet such is the fact; and the danger of the present is that this church may yet reconquer these Protestant nations and again enthroned the faith of darkness.

That the high culture of the nineteenth century is not safe is a thought that fills the mind with dread and alarm. History does not always accurately repeat itself, yet we see that the brilliant civilizations of the past have decayed; that the sword of the usurper, the religion of the conqueror, the manners of a victorious nation, and an inferior civilization have proved too strong for the refined and elegant forms of more advanced and cultured peoples. Brutality and force have often ridden down the gentle and more conscientious peoples. The coarser texture of Roman power subdued the classic spirit of Greece; the barbarians of the northern tribes pierced successfully the demarcations of the Roman world and subverted the greatest empire the sun ever went down upon. Yet even in the glory of arms and brilliant deeds in the field, the eloquence of the senate and the philosophy of the schools for a time feebly survived to grow with greater lustre in the

remoter ages. While the form of nations changed and revolutions destroyed much of the contemporary thought and genius, enough has survived to cover them with glory as they set in the western sky of time. The beauty of the antique lives in art, literature, philosophy and religion. It stands powerful in the spirit of time. Old institutions are put aside with difficulty. We loathe to part with that which has grown up with our greatness, even though it may have retarded the growth, put back the consummation of liberty, and sustained for years the rigors and corruptions of earlier times. The hand of the reformer is raised to destroy and uproot, and plant the seeds of better ideas and institutions. He does not destroy the power and unity of time, but he adjusts the growth of the exterior to the interior development. Geographical changes in the earth's form, the constant rise and fall of nations, the rise of commerce and inventions, and the onward march of the human race, must mean the readjustment of the equilibrium of mental power. It may be for a time at Athens, Rome, Paris, London or Chicago; it ever regulates its focus according to the existing conditions. The permanency of the beautiful is sustained. This persistency of the illusion is the most remarkable thing about the whole of human progress. At one time it is Democracy; then it is Monarchy; then it is Feudalism; then it is Federal Republicanism. These forms of liberty and justice men are pursuing as keenly as ever. The beautiful never dies. But it has not by any means always the same power over men. There are times when it rises to a grandeur beyond expression, which we call the heroic. The lover becomes Romeo; the philosopher becomes Rousseau, and the fanatic becomes Peter the hermit. All are the subjects of illusion; but they are in earnest, all of them.

A religion is powerful when it is believed. It need not be essentially true; it may be false; it will be a power if men believe it. That is beautiful which we think is so. We are all right so long as we are there under that illusion. What an illusion was that which Napoleon threw upon France! The glory of the soldier, the tepted field; the rattle of artillery, the powder-begrimed tinsel, broken accoutrements, fields of dead, and the intoxication of victory. It meant something to these people of France. Napoleon thought it meant something. There was something else in it beside the brutality of murder. Men fought for some supreme earnestness, some attainable happiness,—what you at this day, under these environments, but dimly guess at. France was not France after the charm of her magician had left her. St. Helena was the falling of the curtain on the drama of Feudalism. The oligarchy of Louis IV. has forever vanished; the beauty of old France had departed, and a new France had been born. The France of the nineteenth is unlike the France of the eighteenth century. The ideal of beauty has changed. Who in those chaotic times could tell the character of the work they were doing? Who could see the end of it? They were all of them in the dark, but they were in earnest; they believed; earnestness and belief can make a hero, a martyr, and a Savior.

Those legions of France under the magnetism of their Captain, saw some illusion before them. When that grand army was encamped on the heights of Bologne Sur Mer it was intoxicated with some ideal power—subjective vigor trying to get an expression. If those men had had their souls aglow with justice, reason and love, they would not have been there; they would have been at other work than that of following the great chief-tain of the age. On those heights they stood, and with open eyes looked toward England. The masses were at work building forts of defence to that shallow and difficult port at each side of the entrance to the harbor; men were drilling; the shrill voice of the officer was resounding in the ears of a brave army. The glory of the French arms was gathered there under the eye of the great General, a galaxy of military genius! A sorry time for the world when it sees the like again. These men had all some sort of ideal—the thought of the beautiful stirring them. It might be the looting of the City of London, or the plunder and conquest of England. It was a complex idea in unity which stirred the men there. The magic of the name of Napoleon was never more powerful. Before him was the white cliffs of England, at his feet the great flotilla; around him his grand army, he himself the fountain of honor. Was ever illusion greater than this? So long as that illusion was perfect, who could touch Napoleon? Who could make him tremble? Two hundred thousand hearts would have leaped to do him service. When that illusion was broken he could be carried away to St. Helena to die. His power and ideal had lost beauty; devotion, of course, followed, and he was left alone, the chagrined child of law, to mourn—to die. Napoleon himself there had been no change perceptible. Who said what was Napoleon? Napoleon at Austerlitz was voicing the power of human affairs. St. Helena saw Napoleon. A corporal then would hardly admit him greater than himself. The illusion had gone.

In the time of Geoffrey Chaucer, the Christian church had some sort of unity and repose. The great ecclesiastical houses had the admiration and love of the people. The monkish orders were respected and were powerful. The monasteries provoked the awe of the peasant and the veneration of the nobility. The aura of God hovered about them; and their walls were sacred. In the age of Henry the VIII. the awe and veneration had departed. The engines of Henry were at

work destroying the walls which had stood for centuries, and his pen consecrated their lands. A century earlier had this been done, who would have suffered it? That illusion of beauty is gone, and they are not any longer tolerable on the face of merry England. Men saw the folly of such institutions; light had come, and the riddance of drones was highly desirable. When those monastic walls had fallen down, the people stood nearer to God than they had ever stood before. Liberty often makes a tyrant her servant. One illusion had gone, and another had come. Will no truth stand forever? That problem is greater than man. Are we not prone to make our little illusions eternal; but a blast suddenly comes and where are they?

The illusion of religious beauty stood at its highest point when the Roman Catholic Church had conquered all its foes and planted its foot upon the neck of every state. That illusion was the greatest the world has ever had in the reign of history. The belief in an eternal Creator of the universe exalted faith to its highest point. It could never get higher than that. It could never get further away from Democracy. A supreme God put to death in faith other gods. God is the perfect illusion. A religion must have some sort of god. He must be to it, its fountain of honor. The church of the Dark Ages put him at the head of human affairs. The church represented him through its priesthood. He ruled the intellects and hearts of men. Who could find any fault with the rule of a perfect authority, so infinitely wise and so infinitely good? If God came and was selected by some American caucus and nominated for President, the opposite party would vote against him to a man. It was not so in those Dark Ages. Men believed in God. He was the unbroken illusion. The world wanted a perfect ruler then, and it needs one just as bad now. But what man amongst you at this time of day will say or attempt to justify the political wisdom of the church at that time. To do the will of the Most High is still the aim of devotion. But in a Republic it is not of much account. Republican government must be atheistic government. Men are trying in this age to make the religion of Christianity and Democracy agree, but it will no more agree than genesis and geology. When God was the head of the spiritual and political powers of Europe, never was justice worse administered and the principles of liberty so imperfect. All good students of history know that.

Take this illusion, and for a moment think of it,—that a king was appointed a ruler by God. He held authority by the unassailable tenure of Divine right. To oppose him meant punishment in this life and damnation in the next—a double despotism made firm under the lash of abject devotion. That illusion is as dead as negro slavery. There is another illusion which haunts some minds amongst our friends. They are working for the cause of humanity now to be paid for it in the Spirit-world. Their spiritual ethics is a perfect ledger account, audited and balanced. It appears in the idea of future rewards and punishments. "If you will be good you shall go into a high sphere at death; such teaching is as illusive as that of the doctrine of heaven and hell believed in by Christians. The idea of master and servant pervades the spirit of these thoughts. God is master, man is servant. Man is not the servant of God, because he cannot know him. He cannot ever know his master. They never meet to make a contract. Man can only come into contact with nature." That man who makes the most of his stewardship, will get the highest reward in the Spirit-world. It is simply perpetuating Christianity in another form. Then there is the illusion of moral responsibility to the Divine power. This is a great and powerful belief yet—"the moral power of God." I must admit here that, under certain conditions, this old belief is effective, and on the whole tends to keep the undeveloped mind in subjection to the wise restraints of religion, though it may be impossible to give a scientific reason for teaching that there is a moral Governor of this universe. In the course of human affairs it has often made life more tolerable; tempered with generosity the despot's brutalized nature, and enforced patience upon downtrodden peoples who have been taught by their faith to look upon the possibilities of compensation for the wrongs and sufferings in this world in the personal exaltation and glory in the world which is to come. This speculation helps the weak and unfortunate. Yet, a strong intellect feels that nature shows no such moral ruler. Wrongs are not always righted; poverty is more prevalent than riches; suffering than pleasure. There are more diseased bodies than healthy ones. The laws of nature are more broken than observed. Man comes into the world ignorant and has not always suitable conditions for getting knowledge. Some are conditioned in ignorance, and become a prey to the cunning and ability of their superiors. This world does not give an equal chance to all; yet the belief that there is an infinitely good parent at the head of this world's affairs has put consolation into many a bitter fortune. We would like to believe this to be the fact, but scientifically we can find no such tender parent and sympathetic guardian of the world.

The people have been taught that God is good; priests and nobles know that he is so. Behind the noble has stood the church. Behind the church has stood the God, and under all in abject slavery has lain the people. The church has scotched the education of the people; it has thwarted the high purpose of literature. Science has languished and been crushed by its bigotry. Faith has tended to

fear and weakness. Under the mild and charitable influence of piety the enterprise of virtue has been neglected, statesmanship converted into hypocrisy, and schools of speculative divinity have usurped the place of schools of useful and solid learning. Agriculture has been neglected and dwindled down to the lowest stage, and liberty itself has hardly been visible in the state. Look at Spain, Italy and Ireland. In these countries religion has been the irrepressible pestilence. In them can be found the purest devotion. The people follow the dictates of the church. The priest is omnipotent. Piety nowhere in the world has more accomplished subjects.

In those countries where liberty and free thought exist, the reverse of this state of things is seen. The Protestant nations are in the van because they have more liberty and less church. America with its republican institutions marches at the head of human progress. In those countries where the church has been supreme, God has given them the fewest blessings of life. There the people have dragged on a weary existence without the true glory of manhood. Faith and piety have done it all. This picture is not overdrawn; it is not a caricature; it is not a malevolent grouping of the passions of history. I have not saturated my eloquence with the invectives of the age of Elizabeth. I sum up the epitome of the law of cause and effect as shown in history.—Faith takes from man the light and use of reason, and chains his understanding.

That phase of religious beauty and power seen in pure moral culture and refined sympathy of the heart, is too important to pass without a word. Gentleness and love, devotion and holiness, benevolence and humanity, are looked upon as weaknesses in a state of society little removed from brutality. India has long had a religion which has excelled all others in the extreme mildness of its virtue and the completeness of its devotion. The people have lived upon rice from necessity, and called it the best food for mortals, and with religious punctiliousness despised the flesh-eating habits of neighboring nations; but India lies overthrown at the feet of a flesh-eating nation. Ireland cannot build Home Rule upon a potato. What is easily produced tends to degeneracy and national idleness and discontent. Virtue without courage is like a man without a backbone. Courage without religion and virtue is brutal. The man and the nation must go to the wall without courage.

The religion of beauty requires the courage of Oliver Cromwell, the philanthropy of Peter Cooper, the devotion of Saint Hilda, the elevated temperament of Melancthon, the justice of Lucretia Mott, the love of David and Jonathan, and the sublime heroism of Socrates. If we could extract all the weaknesses out of these persons and roll them into one we could incarnate the religion of beauty.

The religion of beauty has nothing in common with the religion founded upon myth. It aims at wisdom as the highest power; it glorifies that. Wisdom comprehends the eternal fitness of things. The man who is the wisest is the truly great man in humanity. Not the man at the head of the church, not the President of the United States; even these men are not by any means the greatest men in the world to day. The wisest man walking this earth may have no badge, no gilt lace, and no office, may be the least man troubling the active thought of the world in this era. The wisest man is the voice of God. He is better than all mankind put together. The united capacity of humanity put together could not produce a Shakespeare. He was overtopping humanity then when he was sending on their way such ideals as Hamlet. The voice of God is the voice of the wisest man.

The religion of beauty is complete when experience and inspiration have revealed all the operations of natural law. The Spirit-world will then be known to man.

Without perfect wisdom man will have an ache, a void, a want. The dead live. It is enough. I can be courageous, charitable, magnanimous, devoted, loving and honest, because the dawn of another existence has come untainted with sin from behind the hills of the spiritual East. It voices with sublime energy the awful silence of the vanished ages. Immortal man, a mystery, a God! The religion of beauty is the sum of man's progressive accomplishments in all worlds, past and present. Enter into it. Wisdom is its door, its savior, and its God.

A Curious Mound.

On the crest of the eastern bank at Woolfolk's Bend, on the Chattahoochee River, in Georgia, one of those curious mounds left by the mound builders stands. There has just been taken from it, beside the human remains, by a Columbus, Ga., antiquarian, some fine samples of pottery, most of which is of unique design, with some attempt at decoration. The largest perfect vessel is, in shape, something like a carboy, with shorter neck and mouth more flaring. Though the base is globular, it is so fashioned or weighted that, turn it as you will, right side up with care it bobs serenely. On one side of the smaller pots a copper disk was snugly fitted as a cover, and in it were a number of beads, suggesting the possibility that it had once served some ancient belief of ancient days as a jewelry case. Other pieces in design resemble the modern encaustic, and others still are shaped as the regulation pot of this day. He also secured several Indian pipes, four stone flutes, two stone axes or wedges, medicine stones and innumerable arrow heads, etc.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Brief Replies to Queries, Criticisms, etc.

The Mythical Adam and Eve.—Biblical Monogamy.—Muhammadan Legends of Adam.—Astrology as a Debased Pseudo-Science.—Alleged Derivation of Knowledge from Encyclopedias.—"Vituperation" versus Truth.—Justice to Theological Opponents.

BY WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

1. In reply to the query whether I believe that Adam and Eve were a veritable man and woman, the first human pair on the earth, I would state that I am an evolutionist and cannot possibly accept the truth of the biblical narrative on this and many other points; and I fall to see wherein, in my article on the Adam and Eve legends, I implied my belief in the Genesis narrative. I simply stated the evident meaning of the Bible story, without, however, endorsing its truth, the same as I should have done had the legend been found in the Yeda, the Quran, or the Book of Mormon. The entire book of Genesis is legendary and mythical, almost if not completely destitute of what may properly be termed historical verity; and in the four remaining books ascribed to Moses, and in the book of Joshua, there is really very little genuine history. In the book of Judges we find some ancient fragments of historical tradition, and in the books of Samuel we stand upon solid historical ground, to some extent; though even here a large portion of the narratives is unreliable and legendary. Such are the demonstrations of the historic-critical biblical science of to-day, as expounded by Kuenen, Wellhausen, Robertson Smith, Tiele, and the other masters in rational biblical criticism and research.

2. Not only does the Bible teach the descent of the human race from an original monogamous pair, but it the second time derives all humanity from monogamous relations in the narrative of the deluge. It asserts that the whole human family is the offspring of Noah and his one wife, and of Noah's three sons and their three wives—four monogamous unions. Genesis vii. 13, says that Noah and his three sons, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons, entered the ark. Verses 14-16 also tell us that two and two of all flesh on the earth, in the animal kingdom, male and female, went into the ark. Therefore, according to this writer or these writers (there being more than one hand discoverable in the composition of the narratives of the deluge), all the animals on the earth, including man, are the offspring of monogamous unions—of matings in pairs.

3. As all authorities assert that all the legends connecting Adam with Ceylon are Muhammadan in origin, with which the Hindus and Singalese have no connection, it is clear that these Arabic legends dating only from the Middle Ages, and based primarily upon the Hebrew Bible narratives, which Muhammad accepted as true and incorporated in his religion, can lend no weight to the alleged story of a Hindu or Singalese Adam and Eve. Adam's Peak and Adam's Bridge were first so-called by the Arabs and were named in honor of the Hebrew Adam, whom the Arabs accept as the father of mankind, there being no such thing as a Hindu or Singalese Adam. It was unnecessary for me to speak of all the Arabic legends about Adam in Ceylon, such as his standing on one foot a thousand years, and the so-called Adam's Bridge, which the Arabs so named because, in their legend, it was used by Adam to cross to the continent after his expulsion from Ceylon. Had I named them, my position would have been strengthened thereby, as they are all Arabic, not Hindu in origin, and totally foreign to the Hindu Scriptures.

4. The falsity of the pseudo-science of astrology has been settled for all time by the concurrent voice of the scientific wisdom of the world. It flourished during the Dark Ages, when ignorance and superstition held sovereign sway; but the assured truths of modern astronomical science, together with the growth of common sense and enlightened reason in the world, have killed it; and it has been quietly laid away in the thickly-crowded mausoleum entombing the exploded superstitions, fables, follies, and pseudo-sciences of past ages. There astrology peacefully sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Never more on this planet can its vagaries and assumptions engage the attention of the intelligent or the wise. The dead shall not be disturbed. *Requiescat in pace!*

To seriously debate the truth or falsity of astrology in the nineteenth century would be about as great an anachronism as to debate the truth of the old Chaldean mythology, from which astrology sprang and upon which it was based. The fundamental conclusions and the basic principles of astrology are derived from the theories entertained by the ancient Akkadians concerning the nature and attributes of some of their principal gods—imaginary beings, with imaginary attributes; and upon these imaginary characteristics of imaginary beings was the imaginary science of astrology reared. And in this age of the world it would be as pertinent and of as much utility to debate the truth of Akkadian mythology as a whole, as the truth of that part of the said mythology which has been called astrology. I doubt if a single scientific mind in this world would seriously consider the idea of holding a debate, with a professional astrologer, on the truth of astrology. The idea would be laughed at, held in derision. It is useless to further kill (so to speak) that which is already dead, dead, dead! For me to engage in debate on this question, with a professional astrologer—with one who gains a livelihood, in part at least, by casting horoscopes, and who is regarded, whether rightly or wrongly, by virtually the whole of the enlightened world, as living by charity (this is not "vituperation," but a self-evident fact),—for me to thus debate would render me the laughing-stock of nearly everybody cognizant of the matter, and I should be generally thought to have lost what little common sense I might at one time have possessed. "I have never made any claims to great scholarship, and in comparison with the really learned men and women of our time, I regard myself as only a 'smatterer.'" The little knowledge I may have acquired by study and research is as nothing compared with the vast ocean of intelligence over which I have not sailed. As for the scanty scraps of knowledge I may possess, I think my various writings sufficiently attest their verity, and I think that it is not necessary to debate on such a subject of astrology (a spurious science (?) not taught in any school in Christendom I believe, and a knowledge of which is not considered a necessary part of our education) in order to demonstrate the extent of my scholastic acquirements. I readily admit that professional astrologers know much more than I do of the technicalities and minutiae of the collection of jargon and rubbish by which they earn a subsistence. These details form no part of true learning, and I have never claimed to have any extended knowledge thereof. It is a useless expenditure of time and brain-labor to load up the mind with such worthless refuse.

5. The several times repeated insinuation, that the facts contained in my writings are derived principally from encyclopedias, is unjust, and, it would seem to me, that to any careful reader of my articles, it is manifestly erroneous. Upon examination it will be found, that only an extremely small part of what I write is based on encyclopedias; and almost if not quite every case, that which I quote from such works is merely confirmation of information or facts derived from other sources, which other sources I state as well. As we often find encyclopedias an epitomized or condensed statement of that which is given at length in other books, I sometimes quote the condensed statements from the former, as being more suitable for a newspaper article than the fuller accounts in other works,—at the same time referring to the other books, as I did in the matter of Adam's Peak. I hardly think it necessary to orally debate astrology to prove that I am not dependent on encyclopedias for my knowledge. For several years I orally debated at nearly every session of the Leavenworth, Kan., Academy of Science, with clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and scientists of various kinds; and at the termination of my connection with the Academy it passed resolutions in which it "most cordially" recommended me "to scientific and literary persons everywhere as an able thinker, a ripe scholar, and an earnest, studious, and industrious worker." The Leavenworth Daily Times also said: "The removal of Prof. Coleman will be a serious loss to literary and scientific circles in Leavenworth. He is an active thinker, an able and fluent writer, and a man of broad and varied information. His absence will be a serious loss to the Academy of Science." As I have nearly 3,000 volumes in my private library, besides access to the public libraries of San Francisco, it is unlikely that I should be largely dependent upon encyclopedias.

6. The "vituperation" found many times in my writings is as a rule the simple truth somewhat plainly and forcibly expressed. When parties garble or otherwise misrepresent facts, I usually so assert in unmistakable language; at the same time demonstrating the truth of what I say by verbatim, accurate citations from the garbler, etc., and from the best authorities. And yet, because I tell the truth concerning these misrepresentations and literary forgeries, I am severely criticised as vituperative and abusive. Falshood and misrepresentation merit censure and exposure, and the right established, if a person knowingly misrepresents, he is the one to be blamed, not the lover of truth, who exposes his falsehood in its true colors. The only true policy is to be straightforward, upright and downright, to speak and defend the truth, and oppose and expose error and falsehood, at all times. Above all things else in the universe, be true to the truth!

However, owing to the remonstrances of both friends and foes, in deprecation of the severity of criticism in which I indulge in my expositions of error and untruth, I shall hereafter endeavor to modify my style of criticism,—write in a milder and softer key, avoiding the too free use of superlatives and other epithets. Though, in so doing, there will doubtless be an improvement as regards the style of expression, yet I fear that thereby a suppression of portions of the truth will be necessitated; that is, provided the future subjects of criticism be of a similar character to those of the past, which, let us hope, may not be the case.

7. It is a little surprising that, because I essay to be just to the bible, Jesus, and Christianity, and defend them from false attacks, I should be continually criticised as if I were an orthodox Christian by those who know that I am not a Christian in any sense. Is it an impossibility for these extreme anti-Christians to conceive of such a *façade* as justice to an opponent? I have been for nearly 30 years an opponent and critic of Christianity; nevertheless I am charged with trying to make the bible the oldest book in the world (although it is known that I proved in my controversy with Br. J. P. Newman that the bible is not the oldest of books). I am charged with believing the truth of the bible accounts of creation, including the "rib story" (although I have repeatedly stated my utter disbelief in the biblical legends). I am charged with trying to bolster up the Bible God (although the title of one of my tracts is "The Bible God Disproved by Nature"), and I am charged with Jesus-worship (although I have often freely criticised the defects, mistakes, etc., of Jesus, and have written a whole book against Christian Spiritualism). What I shall ever oppose, and what every honest person should oppose, is the use of falsehood and unjust criticism against Christianity, Jesus, the Jews, and the Bible. I do not believe in attacking error by error and falsehood. Use facts and fair, legitimate criticism or else keep silent. What I have written has been in the interest of historical truth, not in favor of the Christian religion in which I do not believe, nor of the Bible, which I regard as an imperfect, fallible human production, like other books, nor of Jesus, of whom I am not a follower, and the doctrines of whom I look upon as a mixture of truth and error, like those of other men. Although I am what is called an infidel in theology, I am not infidel to truth and justice as regards Jesus, the Jews, the Bible, and Christianity; and I shall always defend them as readily from false attacks as I do freethinking, Spiritualism, Buddhism, or any other "ism." The truth about the Jews or the Bible is just as precious as that about the movements of the heavenly bodies or about the phenomena of clairvoyance, psychography, etc. Truth is impersonal. Truth is truth, everywhere and on all subjects.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Significance of the Psychic Wave.

These Forces Little Understood.

That analogous conditions, corresponding to the physical, exist, and are the true causes of the physical, will not be denied when the mind and body are properly unfolded. Those whose experiences and life-work have been confined entirely to the side of the universe, reflected through the senses, do not perceive that there is another universe, and that which they have been studying is but its counterpart. The schools and colleges give instructions only upon one side of the universe, and intimate that there is another side, hence when one speaks of "psychic waves," "psychic force," the words convey no ideas because not understood. One becomes open to unjust criticism, such as "cranky," "crazy," etc., from the one-sided culture which is termed education. These waves of unseen force would continue to move without discovery, if the conservatism of schools and colleges could prevent.

A DESIRE TO ADD KNOWLEDGE TO FAITH.
I will assume that my readers are of that class who desire to learn and, therefore, I

shall endeavor to present what thoughts I have, as I am only on the threshold of the doorway entering into a vast field of unknown knowledge. It is well known that there exist "hot and cold" waves sweeping down upon us in the various seasons of the year. We are made aware of their approach twenty-four hours in advance. These physical waves of temperature are susceptible of a general classification into "cold and hot." They also can be accounted for, as to causes, and from whence they come very accurately. That these waves of varying temperature have existed since the advent of our globe, cannot be doubted. It is, however, but a short time since the mind possessed any definite knowledge of them. Meteorological science is an infant awaiting teachers to unfold it. First the physical, then the spiritual; that is, the knowledge of the physical comes first, and as the mind expands the spiritual opens up to view.

Psychic waves of force exist as surely as the heat waves, the cold waves, the electrical or magnetic waves. They are as susceptible of classification as the physical. They have their origins, their lines of movement and rate of speed, varied by environments. They have effects which are beneficial or injurious to the inhabitants of earth. Their advent from supernal spheres will be predicted as our knowledge of them increases. The methods by which they are generated are already known to those who have studied psychic science.

CLASSIFICATION.

In the attempt at classification, crudeness will mark the effort. A general division may consist of two classes founded upon the source from which these psychic waves come—terrestrial and celestial psychic waves. A further subdivision may be made based upon the effects produced in intense action. Since the essence of all force is invisible, there must be a third division denominated the "Over-Soul" psychic wave.

THE PROOF OF THEIR EXISTENCE.

The proof should have preceded logically the classification, but I assume their existence, and as I proceed in the unfolding of the topic, the proof will become apparent to all, who can or may know of the truth or falsity of my theme. Since the brain of man is a double organ, having a double function, physical and psychic, it, therefore, generates psychic waves of force, so I denominate that the terrestrial. Again, celestial psychic waves have their origin in the great reservoir of disembodied life (assuming that death does not end all), and now you have my reasons for so classifying.

EFFECTS OF THESE PSYCHIC WAVES OF FORCE.

The effects are modified by health, disease, temperament and education. The susceptibility of persons to heat and cold varies infinitely, so, too, the susceptibility of receiving or resisting the psychic waves of force, varies in different persons. The power is increased in intensity as the number of persons increase, who come under the psychic influence. Instance a general election for President in our own country—how intense and widespread the psychic interest taken; often reason and judgment are lost sight of entirely. Revival meetings illustrate the intensity of the psychic force, and also its transferableness, the whole community being "converted" for a time, at least.

All reform movements have their psychic origin in celestial spheres, and as these waves proceed earthward they influence the most susceptible and worthy, who at once act; by whom the force is transferred to the community, thence to the nation. Instance the abolition of slavery in the United States.

The great spiritualistic movement, another reform wave, reached earth's inhabitants through purity and innocence—a sacred lesson for us all. Another great wave from celestial sources manifests itself in the curing of the seemingly incurable. Evidence the facts that have been evolved within a period of a year or two, whereby the attention of medical men and others have been drawn to the remarkable cures which have been done under various names—"Faith Cure," "Prayer Cure," etc.

I deplore my lack of knowledge of these psychic forces, for I believe that in them will be found a solution for many questions now obscure.

In the physical world we have cyclones, tornadoes and whirlwinds accompanied by lightning and thunder. These displays of the elements often do vast and serious damage to life and property. We will find like states in the psychic world. Anger represents the flash of lightning and the thunder tone. These psychic states are transferable, hence many a home is not fit to live in! Murder is often the effect of intense psychic force subordinating all others. A mob reflects the tornado in its destructive effects. "Strikes" indicate what concerted plans can do in disseminating the psychic force over vast territories.

KNOWLEDGE OF THESE PSYCHIC FORCES ESSENTIAL.

Why? We have reached a period in growth when it will be impossible for any further progress towards stability in government, education, medicine, sociology, and religion, unless a knowledge of these forces is reached. Our government is at a period of great danger, which will not be bridged over unless more light is used by those who control the various departments of the same. What has this to do with psychic waves of force? Let me see if I can get clearly before you what I mean and the relations you and I sustain to the earth. The earth, with the solar system is constantly undergoing refining processes. These refinements toward a higher civilization are not attained without great sacrifice of human life. These potent influences of civilization have changed the temperaments, and thereby the sensitiveness of earth's dwellers has increased, making all more susceptible to terrestrial and celestial influences. Diseases have changed type; remedies formerly used have no beneficial effects; the solution is found as above. Now "strikes" and political corruptions have their psychic influences predominating in our country, which must result disastrously. Again, as the struggle through which the masses must go for subsistence grows more desperate, greater will be the confusion and danger. It should be understood, then, that all political gatherings or legislative assemblies should be controlled by harmonic states, should quietly disband. Why? A continued warfare to carry corrupt measures generates discordant psychic waves of force, which do not cease to act so long as the causes exist which gave them activity. The danger is in the transfer law, upon the principle that, to poison the source of the stream the same is diffused throughout the whole length and breadth of the same, becoming destructive to every living thing. The remedy will be found for our defective, half-educating system of education when the other side of the universe is looked into. I desire to do what I can to direct man to it.

Port William, O.

L. EMERICK.

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

The Ebb which Sets In and "Takes a Soul."

One of the most striking and dramatic death-bed scenes ever sketched by the master hand of Charles Dickens is that of the old Blunderstone carrier, Barks, in "David Copperfield," which, if not the most powerful of Dickens' creations, and occasionally a little garrulous, undoubtedly possesses a Rembrandt perspective and a felicity of imaginative touch exceeded by no other. From a boy of ten my remembrance of the picture of the rough old Yarmouth fisherman, whispering behind his huge, horny, caloused, uncouth hand: "He's going out with the tide," has possessed the peculiar reality of something actually remembered from visual contact, instead of the mere vividness that inheres to the remembrance of scenes more or less graphically described. If physiologists are correct in ascribing to the retina of the eye a memory of its own, independent of the mere cerebral recollections of impressions, the explanation of this fact is obvious. Recollections of scenes, faces or situations, which date from previous visual impression, and depend upon the faculty of the retina for reproducing images, are necessarily imbued with a certain photographic vividness and fidelity, to which the recollection of ideal pictures produced by reflex action but dimly approximates. Biographers say that Goethe and Shelley were gifted with a rare faculty of secondary vision, not shared by any common humanity, which enables them at will, by mere effort, of the memory to reproduce upon the retina of the eye impressions that had once been projected upon that delicate membrane, and thence transmitted to the brain—a faculty whose influence can be traced in their literature, in a certain pictorial quality imparted to scenes purely imaginary, as well as in a certain graphic tone of imagery and description.

Not many handlers of the pen, however, poets or mere romancers, gifted with secondary vision or not, have ever acquired the wizardry of touching their descriptions with the simple and direct reality of optical impression. Such magic of the pen pertains only to masters, and to them only in their highest moods—moments of supreme command of plastic materials such as the reader may wade through pages of common-place to discover in the best writers. All the works of Dickens contain scarcely a score of such passages; and no other British writer, except Mr. Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke," and George Eliot in "Silas Marner," the least of her creations in bulk, the finest and most artistic in reality, has ever touched, in evanescent glimpses even, this supreme summit of descriptive excellence.

The simple, direct, artistic picturesqueness that appears in the narrative of the death of Barks—as if the writer were describing from life—is thus, then, probably due to his familiarity with a superstition common to maritime population, that the souls of dying men pass away with the tide—out—out—far out to sea. The touch of mystery with which the superstition is imbued, was of a kind to quicken the active, sympathetic imagination of Dickens; and the result appears in the wizard death-bed picture evoked by that conjurer with the pen.

But is this weird belief about the souls of dying men going out with the tide—which I find as deep-seated and strong with the shrewd, hard-headed, horny-handed fishermen of this old New England town (Madison, Conn.) as Dickens did, no doubt, with the boatmen of old Yarmouth—merely a groundless, but very natural, superstition of sea-going races, or is it a fact that for some reason not yet fathomed by science, the sick, old and enfeebled are more apt to die at ebb-tide than when the tide is rising? I remember, apropos of the foregoing, the medical superintendent of one of the largest and finest asylums for the insane in this country once remarked to me, speaking of the ancient notion of the moon exercising a potent influence on the nervous system of man, that the cycle of recurrent phases through which the mind of a madman periodically passes seldom or never varies from the limit of one month—that is, coincides substantially with the moon's aspects. The learned expert did not pretend to explain why or how this coincidence occurs—only that such is the fact, and that the ancients denoted it in their derivation of the word lunatic. In a similar manner, speaking with a prominent physician in this section of the State of Connecticut, whose practice embraces the three-shore towns of Guilford, Madison and Clinton, with a large fishing and coast population, the old whim that men are prone to die at ebb-tide than at other hours of the day crops out from a source that entitles it to consideration.

"For more than thirty years," said the gray-bearded old doctor, who gravely made this statement, as the result of his own personal observation, "I have lived and observed among the rough, hardy souls hereabout; and for more than fifty, my father before me gathered facts and wisdom from practice. I often ride thirty miles of a day along the coast; and I have stood by hundreds of deathbeds of fishermen and farmers, old and young, during the last quarter of a century; but I can hardly recall a single instance of a person dying of disease who did not pass away while the tide was ebbing. It is a fact that, in critical cases, I never feel concerned about leaving the patient for an hour or two when the tide is coming in; but when it is receding, and particularly in the later stages of the ebb, I always stay by, if I can, until the turn comes. You'll scarcely credit it, perhaps; but the daily record of the tides is the most important part of the almanac to me in my practice. If a patient who is very low lives to see the current turn from ebb to flow, I know the case is safe till the ebb sets in again. Then, take care!—for death wins. You remember the old saw in rhyme:

"When the tide comes in, death waits for dole;
When the tide ebbs, it takes the soul."

"Well, it has also proved so in my practice."

Of course, the weather-beaten old practitioner did not wish to be understood as implying that the tidal movement itself is in any way concerned in this tendency to fatality. Nor was he in possession of any definite theory, his own, or generally accepted by the profession, of the cause or causes to whose agency the observed fatality of ebb-tide is due.

"It is simply a fact of my experience," he said, "that patients die at ebb tide; and that the remaining hours of the day are hours of comparative immunity from death, except by accident. The tower of Siloam is liable to fall at any hour of the day, high tide or low. One fact I may give you that possibly bears upon the scientific solution of the question; and that is that the barometrical pressure varies rhythmically with the ebb and flow of the tide. But the relation of the two phenomena is as yet undetermined. Indeed, I am not sure that any observer but myself has noticed its existence."

By way of illustrating his subject, the old

doctor went on to tell a story in some particulars parallel to that of Barks. This young man was very skeptical as to the basis in fact of the ancient notion, and so addressed himself for three years to the verification of the alleged relation, by ascertaining the hour and minute of every death that came under his notice, and comparing this datum with the tidal movement. Some four years ago the young skeptic commenced his record with a view to verify or disprove the world-old hypothesis. During three years of careful observation and inquiry he amassed a record of fifty-one deaths. Only two of these occurred when the tide was rising, and these two were deaths from fatal accident. At the age of twenty-four, the young scientist himself was stricken down by typhoid fever, and eventually succumbed to the disease, after lying for many days on the very verge of dissolution.

On his death-bed he sent for his brother in New York City, but the latter was, unfortunately, so circumstanced that it was impossible to respond immediately to the summons, and delayed a day after the receipt of the message. On the closing afternoon of his life, hour after hour, till the last incoming wave had deposited its riddles of the sea, the dying man waited in patience, exclaiming now and then, or rather sighing, as the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room, like a gigantic coffin with figures and hands, told off the seconds with a monotonous tick-tack, tick-tack of its tribes.

"I'm afraid Walley won't get here till after the tide turns! Mother, what time is it?" And still the tall, old clock, whose exactly circular, silver frosted dial resembled one of the cyclopean faces in some old Hellenic bas-relief, went on telling of the seconds with the same relentless tick-tack that Hawthorne has described with such symbolical significance in the "Scarlet Letter"; the last incoming wave broke on the louseness of the sound shore; and the ebb set in that "takes a soul." The dying man lost hope as the fated moment went by and Walley did not come.

"Walley won't get here, mother, till I'm gone," he murmured, wearily. "I shall be dead before the tide turns again!" The prediction was verified. He went out with the tide, as Barks did in the wonderful etching of Dickens, and as the souls of many more have done before and since. The longed-for and waited-for Walley arrived less than an hour after the last outgoing wave had receded—but too late. The tide of life had ebbed forever; its last pulsating wave had receded from the enfeebled brain.

So ended the old doctor's story whose parallel I have listened to many times in the folk-lore of this primitive community—stories of the old and young, the grave and gay, whose souls, like that of Barks, had gone out with the tide.

"Mind you," reiterated the grim old practitioner, "I proffer no explanation of the fact. But fact it is, sir, and no superstitious fancy of sea-going population, that the pulses of the living human heart rise and fall with the tidal movement of the sea. Form your own theory of the phenomenon. Within the last five years, in a district embracing sixty square miles or so by the sea, I have noted the hour and minute of no less than ninety-three deaths in my own immediate practice, and every soul of them has all gone out with the tide, save four who died suddenly by fatal accident. It is a riddle—a mystery. But I who have sat with my fingers on the wrist of many a feeble patient, and notice the pulse rise and strengthen, or sink and banish with the turning of the tide, know that it is fact."—Francis Gerry Fairfield, in Albany Argus.

Fairy Lore.

I have been to some pains, says a writer in the Philadelphia News, to gather from various sources the names by which the fairies have been known in various countries and at various times. The extent of the list may surprise you. I will repeat it to you: Fairies, elves, elfinfolks, fays, urchins, oopies, elms, elms, elms, dwarfs, trolls, norns, nixes, kobolds, duendes, brownies, neeks, stromkars, fates, little wights, undines, nixes, salamanders, goblins, hob-goblins, pookas, banshees, kelpies, pixies, moss people, good people, good neighbors, men of peace, wild women, white ladies, peris, djinns, genii, and gnomes. You notice, of course, that I use the word fairy in its broadest sense, placing in this category all presumably dispossessed spirits which once inhabited human bodies, but are not yet considered meet to dwell with the "saints in light." In nurses' tales the fairy is almost invariably a personification of Providence, but in the wider domain of romantic literature the term is applicable to a large class of mythological spirits known by the various names I have mentioned.

Dwarfs and elves were little people who figure much in Scandinavian literature, the former being often violent and malignant and the latter sportive, mischievous, but useful and visible only to children born on Sundays. The kobolds were the domestic fairies of Germany, similar to the kelpies of Scotland and the nixes of Norway. They were all skilled in music and dancing, and were fond of frolics by moonlight. Necks and stromkars inhabited the rivers and lakes of Northern Europe, and were similar to the mermaid and mermaids of a less remote superstition. The nixes are also of this class, and figure largely in German folk-lore. Previous to the death of a person by drowning they can be seen—so the legends say—dancing on the face of the water. The female bears the semblance of a beautiful maiden, and she conveys mortals to a beautiful subaqueous abode where they meet the male, who has green teeth and always wears a green hat. Fates are Italian fairies. The duende, or trasgo, is the most frequently mentioned Spanish fairy. The "white ladies" were Norman fairies.

Here is an ancient description of the dress of the fairies: "They wear a red conical cap; a mantle of green cloth lined with wild flowers; green pantaloons, buttoned with bows of silk, and silver shoes. They carry quivers of arrow-songs, and bows made of the ribs of a man buried where 'three lairs' lands meet; their arrows are made of bog-wood, tipped with white flints and dipped in the dew of hemlock; they ride on steeds whose hoofs would not 'dash the dew from the cup of a harebell.'"

Polish is easily added if the foundations are strong; but no amount of gilding will be of use if your timber is not sound.—L. M. ALCOIT.

Hornford's Acid Phosphate, A GOOD THING.

Dr. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years, I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

O warring nations set apart
By rivalries of gain and greed,
Once more the stars sing in the sky
The song you soon or late must heed.
Peace and good will again it rings
From sunny steps to tropic seas,
Sheathe stubborn swords, and live henceforth
In love and peace and unity.

O clashing factions in the State,
The time comes round that sounds recall;
Lay by your battered arms, and seek
Good in the common good of all.

Let poverty, oppression, wrong,
Be heard, be seen, above your jars;
The Right will live, though parties die,
And Truth will stand, though fall the stars.

O hostile sects of Christ's own Church,
Let wars of creeds and rituals die;
Sing peace; and let a waiting world
Will join the inspiring symphony
Stretch forth thy hands of blessings where
The poor, the sick, the starving need
All help and comfort; to the word
And the immeasurable deed.

—Hettie Tena Grinnold.

The following extract from *The Sybil*, a magazine published at Elmira College, N.Y., tells its own story in regard to industries for women:

"The greatest obstacle woman has to encounter in her efforts to be self-supporting, is public opinion. The so-called genteel occupations are crowded at starvation wages, while many fields in which woman is eminently fitted to shine, are left with little or no competition, for the sole reason that polite (?) society withholds its sanction. This popular prejudice, which makes the position of a sensitive and refined workingwoman so painful, might be in a great degree removed, if women of means and social position would give the right hand of fellowship to respectable women who are striving by honest means to gain a livelihood....

"Insurance business is another in which women have been known to be very successful, and there is no reason why women should not engage in it, especially as it does not require as much previous preparation as many employments.

"Many women have been very successful in the culinary department, acquiring a wide reputation for their skill and often establishing a prosperous business. Several instances in Elmira, Williamsport, Canisteo, and vicinity, were cited by the girls as having come within the circle of their observation. An anecdote was related of a young woman who, by canning fruit for sale, earned sufficient money to send her brother through college. Women may be very successful as florists or as gardeners, in raising early vegetables for market; in raising chickens with the aid of the incubator, and in selling eggs; in dairy work and in similar occupations.

"An incident was told of a young lady whose father had been president of a coal mine, and who, after his death, carried on the business of the mine with entire success. The question was asked, 'Why are not women often employed in buying goods for mercantile houses?' They are certainly acknowledged to have superior taste in selection."

AN OPENING FOR ENTERPRISING YOUNG WOMEN.

The *Sun* says:
"There are a great many physicians and surgeons from the United States in South America, and they usually, if worthily, have a more extensive clientele than the natives. There is an excellent field for female physicians here, and it is at present unoccupied. In most of the countries a physician is not permitted to see a lady patient except in the presence of her husband, and many women die for lack of attention. The social laws are inflexible in this respect, and many women will suffer torments rather than expose themselves to criticism by receiving treatment from male practitioners. No woman, except she be of the common laboring class, will visit the office of a physician, and as fees for attendance at their homes are very high, many suffer and die from neglect based upon motives of modesty and economy. There is only one lady physician in South America that I know of, and she is practicing with great success in Guatemala. Others might secure equal advantages in Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Chili, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil; but it would be necessary for them to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language and secure favorable introductions before hanging out their shingles.

"These introductions might be obtained through the American consuls and legations, or from merchants of social and commercial standing. There is a strong prejudice against the professional employment of native women, but the American ladies who have come to South America as teachers have not only been cordially received, but in many cases have been lionized. In many of the aristocratic families American girls are employed as governesses, and are treated with great deference. Mrs. Barrios, the widow of the late president of Guatemala, had three New York ladies in her family, one as a companion for herself and the other two employed in the nursery. In Peru, Chili, Argentina, and other countries French and English governesses are very common, and in fact there are none other employed, as the native girls will not accept such positions, and would not be employed because of their lack of education.

"Ex-President Sarmiento, the founder of the public school system in the Argentine Republic, is the leading advocate of the higher education of women in South America, having gained his advanced ideas while Minister to the United States. He is an intimate friend and regular correspondent of Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and other prominent women in the United States, and has imbibed from them the theories of the equality of sex which their lives have been spent in demonstrating. Through his instrumentality some forty American girls, graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, and other institutions, have been employed under ten years' contracts by the Argentine Government, in the normal schools and female seminaries of this country, and their success has been phenomenal.

"These teachers receive salaries varying from one hundred dollars to one hundred and sixty dollars per month and are placed in positions, social as well as professional, which they could not hope to acquire at home. In every instance they have conducted themselves with the most commendable dignity, and although some of the economists in Congress and in the newspapers are grumbling over the large salaries they receive, they are treated with the greatest distinction, and are entertained by the Government in a manner that our own educational authorities might well imitate.

"Not long ago the Papal Nuncio, the Ambassador of the Holy See to the Argentine Republic, attempted to interfere with the management of a school over which a New England girl presided, accusing her of instilling Protestant ideas in the minds of her pupils. She declined to be dictated to by him, and he denounced her from the pulpit of the cathedral. The school-madam brought the matter to the attention of the Minister of Education, who made an investigation of the case, which resulted in the Papal Nuncio receiving his passport, with a polite but firm invitation to leave the country. He resisted, and attempted to bulldoze the Government, but his attitude only hastened his departure, and now the Holy See is not represented at the capital of Argentina."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

That excellent periodical, *The Woman's Magazine*, edited by Esther T. Hoosh of Brattleboro, Vt., has, in a late number, a sketch of the life of Rev. Clara M. Blaboe, under the title of "A Teacher of Ethical Culture."

Clara Babcock was the daughter of a liberal Unitarian minister, who lived near Boston at the time of her birth, at which place she devoted herself to missionary work before she was ten years of age. After that she studied music for several years, but as her highest attraction was for ethical growth and the perfecting of human life, the ministry seemed to be her vocation. Accordingly she entered Harvard Divinity school in 1875, and passed through the regular course, including the final examination. As no degree can be conferred on a woman, she lacked that seal of successful study. During her last year there, thirty fellow students petitioned that Miss Babcock should be allowed all the privileges of the school which were open to them, a petition which was vetoed by Pres. Eliot. The students, however, were most kind and courteous, despite the red-tape which kept their peer from her rightful position. Hebrew was an optional study; all declined to pursue it except Miss Babcock, who continued it alone.

She soon after sailed for Europe, where she became the wife of the Rev. Herman Blaboe, a Universalist minister of Minnesota. She sometimes occupied the pulpit with him, before his death in 1879. Soon after this affliction, Mrs. Blaboe became a regularly ordained pastor of an society at Dorchester, Mass., by acclamation of Unitarians.

"She subsequently founded a Free Religious Society, disconnected with any other denomination, and out of this grew the Society for Ethical Culture, in connection with which her name is best known. She has been sustained by such radical clergymen as Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. K. Applebee, whose status as leaders of advanced thought is well known to readers of the *JOURNAL*. Here her ministrations have been eminently successful and inspiring.

A short time ago, Mrs. Blaboe opened a small day school in Dorchester, in which is introduced all newer and better methods of educating the young. Music is made of great importance in school training, and moral development occupies a great deal of time and thought on the part of the teacher.

Mrs. Blaboe is apparently a noble example of woman's work in ethics, exhibited in a practical and conscientious manner.

Late September Magazines.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) It is due to accident that the two full-page portraits of Liszt and the account of a Summer with Liszt in Weimar, should appear in the *Century* so soon after his death. Amateur Ballooning, and The Balloon Experiences of a Timid Photographer, are curious and amusing. Two illustrated articles of artistic and scientific interest are, a Glance at the Arts of Persia, and The Zoological Station at Naples. The Minister's Charge: The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and A Pistol-shot, are entertaining. In the War Series a fertile subject is introduced by General Alfred Pleasson's Successes and Failures of Chancellorsville, and prominent officers write upon various other subjects of the war. Poems and illustrations add much to complete a most excellent number.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The frontispiece for September illustrates a Mexican poem, which accompanies it, entitled *Los Campaneros*. The story, When Book Meets Book, can be read by both children and parents with good effect. Hon. S. S. Cox, U. S. Minister to Turkey, contributes an article upon L'Enfant Terrible Turk. Following is a dainty Irish ballad. Some Indian Children is another interesting article on travel. Mrs. Sherwood writes of Royal Girls and Royal Courts, and Mrs. Fremont relates pleasant incidents of the Austrian Empress and the Tyrol. There is much more to interest the reader in the serials, poems, short stories and fine illustrations.

THE FORUM. (New York.) The September number of this popular monthly opens with an article entitled *Industrial War*, by Prof. W. J. Sumner. This is followed by Confessions of a Baptist; How I was Educated, by President S. C. Bartlett; The Waste by Fire, by Clifford Thomson; Civilization and Suicide; The New York Alderman; Is Life Worth Saving? by Dr. Chas. L. Dana; Modern Smuggling; The Turning of the Worm; Jay Gould, by George Alfred Townsend, and The Temperance Trillembe, by Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Toward Sunset; Coming Home; Woman, the Moulder of Man's Destiny; Frontier Retribution; Summer Poems; The Model Wife; Publisher's Department, Etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston.) The children will find many short stories and illustrations to amuse them this month.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (New York.) The usual amount of useful and timely articles are found in the August issue of this monthly.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE CAROL. A Collection of Religious Songs for the Sunday School and the Home. By Chas. W. Wendle, D. D. Cincinnati, Ohio: The John Church Co. Price, 35 cents.

This work is well calculated to fill the place for which it is designed, as stated in its title. For Sunday schools and religious gatherings it is a good selection set to suitable music. While the author shows a commendable touch of liberality in his selection, he does not introduce enough of our finest spiritual compositions to meet the wants or taste of a large class of spiritual believers, who cannot longer endorse the views of orthodox theology with its sacred songs. However, it is a meritorious work and will doubtless find a large sale and exactly fill the niche for which it is designed.

CELESTIAL SONNETS. A Collection of New and Original Songs and Hymns of Peace and Progress. Designed for Public Gatherings, Home, Circles, Religious, Spiritual, Temperance, Social and Camp Meetings, etc. By R. M. Lawrence, M. D., Hartford, Ct.: Published by the Author. Price, 50 cents. This is a book of 128 pages of song and music. The measure and rhythm of the original words is smooth and beautiful, and the music fluent and melodious. It should be in the hands of children in all their gatherings as well as in the assemblies of those of maturer years. It will bear close and long acquaintance.

KANT'S ETHICS. A Critical Exposition. By Noah Porter, President of Yale College. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This work constitutes one of Griggs' Series of Philosophical Classics and affords one of the best expositions of Kant's Ethics it would be possible to present in so concise a form. While not exhaustive in every detail it is sufficiently comprehensive to grasp his system as a whole and forcibly present a critical view of the ideas of the author. We fully concur with Dr. Porter in his conclusions with regard to Kant's philosophy. "That the critical philosophy, in order to exert its best influence, needs to be thoroughly interpreted, and critically discussed." In the book before us this work has been well done.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
Where are the Builders?

BY G. W. COOK.

Behold! I saw, in my vision, an angel of heaven clad in white, with a white staff in her hand. In her countenance, in her actions, in her whole person there was written unutterable sadness, but not despair. She was walking about the ruins of what was once a great temple, but had now scarcely "one stone left upon another." The ruined temple was the religion of the past, Authority, crumbling to decay. In sadness, she searched, testing here and there a stone with her staff, to see if it could be used in the rebuilding. Now and then, as she went along, she exclaimed in a yearning voice that moved my soul to its very depths: "Where are the builders?" But no builders came. One after another, the soundest and fairest looking stones were rejected after a careful testing by her white staff (Truth), until she had completed the four of the ruin. Sadly, she shook her head as she moved on, and perceived that if all nothing was worthy to be rebuilt. The temple for the "worship of imaginary beings" has fallen. It will never be rebuilt. It is going to decay. The temple wherein will be ceaseless "Work, for Humanity" must be built. In the words of the angel, "Where are the builders?" Science and Philosophy are delving in the ample fields of nature for the materials. Then the angel-world sends forth its workers for their discovery. Much has already been found, which, when tested by the white staff of truth, proves to be "such as is fitted for the temple." Where are the builders?

The corn crop of Kansas this year is very much less than that of last year. And yet, says the *Topeka Capitalist*, the yield is estimated at 120,000,000 bushels, or 12,000,000,000 ears of corn, each measuring twelve inches in length. This crop, if strung upon a twine in the manner that beads are strung upon a thread, would make a string of corn 2,727,272 miles in length, and would encircle the earth ninety-one times. If laid side by side this string would make a solid floor 2 1/2 inches in thickness and 225 feet wide, running entirely around the earth at the equator.

The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

At a recent meeting of the Montana Bar Association a paper was read by a leading attorney on "The Revolver as a Means of Making Difficult Collections."—*Estimate* (D. T.) Bell.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists, 25¢ a bottle for 6¢. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

BATES WAIST

A complete substitute for corset, chemise and corset cover. Worn and admired by J. W. Howe, E. R. Hart, F. E. Willard, J. M. Alcott, E. S. Foster, Mary A. and many others. Dr. Stokess, in *TOXICOLOGY*, says: "It supports the skirt, affords no restriction, and stays the form better than any corset." "A woman desiring health and comfort should have a Bates Waist." Send trust and best measure. Price \$1.75; Trimmed, \$2.50. Circulars and list of health books free.

SANITARY FUR CO., 163 La Salle St., Chicago.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS!

SHOULDER BRACE
And Suspender combined. Expands the chest, corrects the position, prevents round shoulders. A perfect Shirt-Suspender for Ladies. No harness—simple—unlike all others. All sizes for Men, Women, Boys, and Girls. Cheapest and only Reliable Shoulder Brace. Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of \$1 per pair, plain and figured, or \$1.50 silk-faced. Send chest measure around the body. Address KNICKERBOCKER BRACE CO., Easton, Pa. N. A. JOURNAL, Proprietor.

MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS
TRADE MARK
FOOD

The only perfect substitute for Mother's milk. Indispensable in Cholera Infantum and Teething. A pre-digested food for Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Scour, and other Perfect Nutrients in all Nursing Diseases. Requires no cooking. Our Book, *The Care of Feeding of Infants*, sent free. Address: DOLBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

PARALYSIS

The scientific use of Electricity in all forms of Paralysis, Chronic Rheumatism, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms, Neuralgia, Hysteria, and all other Nervous Disorders. By Dr. J. C. Watson, M.D., New York. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Address: DR. J. C. WATSON, 111 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

No Ammonia, Lime or Alum.

SCENE IN FRANCE
GATHERING GRAPES FOR MAKING CREAM OF TARTAR

DR PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

ALBANY BOATS--People's Line.
Leave Pier 41 N. E. foot of Canal St., daily (Sunday excepted), 6 p. m., connecting at Albany for all points North and West. The boats of this line are large and safe, and are furnished with every convenience.

MARY POWELL.
When you visit New York take a trip UP THE BEAUTIFUL HUDSON. The fast steamer MARY POWELL, leaves foot of Centre St., at 8:15 p. m., daily (except Sunday), stopping at Cranston's, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, etc. Return by West Shore or Hudson River Railroad.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive a copy of a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to move money right away from anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free.
TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

FOR SALE--FLORIDA LANDS. For \$60 I will sell you 40 acres of land, with title direct from state or government in any county. Send six cents for Florida map, information pamphlet, circulars and land plots. H. W. WILKES, Florida Commissioner, Louisville, Ky.

WATERBURY FREE!
Send window shade, or tablecloth, to any one who will get 5 subscribers for the best 10¢, a year plan in the world. Address: AGRICULTURIST, Racine, Wis.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Taste of Candy. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90¢ best will sell. Address: JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OUR RURAL HOMES.

UNPARALLELED OFFER!

\$2.00 for only 50 cents
IN ORDER TO INCREASE OUR CIRCULATION TO 50,000 at once, we make this great offer. Johnson's Poultry Book for Poultry and Profit, price 25¢. Kendall's Book of Horses and their Diseases, price 25¢. \$1.00 worth of choice Garden Seeds, including best packages of the best varieties and Our Rural Homes one year for 50¢. We desire to have our paper reach the homes of all interested farmers and make this inducement for our coming volume.

Address: OUR RURAL HOMES, Huron, Mich.

NEXT WORLD INTERVIEWED.

BY MRS. S. G. HOEN.

Author of "Strange Visitors."

The contents of this work is composed of Messages from the spirit-world through the medium, Mrs. Hoem, and they are from some of the most illustrious men and women, as the following will show: Prince Albert; Judge Edmunds; Horace Greeley; Lord Lytton; Abraham Lincoln; Hieroglyphs; Victor Emmanuel, etc., etc.

Cloth bound, pp. 258, price \$1.50.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

PRE-NATAL CULTURE.

Being Suggestions to Parents Relative to Systematic Methods of Moulding the Tendencies of Offspring before Birth.

By A. E. NEWTON.

"The best work ever written on the subject. Everybody should own, read, and be guided by the valuable suggestions."—Mrs. Dr. WINGOLD, EDITOR OF THE ALPHEA.

Price, paper, 25 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

BEYOND THE SUNRISE.

OBSERVATIONS BY TWO TRAVELERS.

Two curious and fascinating book which has already excited interest, treats of Dreams, Premonitions, Visions, Psychology, Clairvoyance, Theosophy, and kindred themes. "No more interesting book has ever appeared on these subjects."—*One Independent*. "Charming incidents and personalities."—*Times* (London). "It will give you a new and inspiring view of the world."—*San Francisco Post*. "It gives you the very story of apparitions into the region of spirits and others. There are chapters of real power and beauty."—*The Continent*.

Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. Postage free.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FIFTH EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. In cases where there has been no reason for not now receiving a cure, but at once for a tonic and a Free Letter of my life-long study. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will give you.

Address: DR. H. G. ROOT, 131 Pearl St., New York.

CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harmoniously, effectively, and rapidly cure obesity without semi-starvation dieting. Dr. E. H. Peckham, Oct. 24, 1884, says: "Its effect is not merely to reduce the amount of fat, but by affecting the source of obesity to induce a radical cure of the disease. Mr. H. makes no charge whatever. Any person, rich or poor, can obtain his work, gratis, by sending six cents to cover postage, to F. C. HUNTER, S. E. C., Western House, Store Street, Bedford Sq., London, Eng."

Mental Gymnastics;

OR,
MEMORY CULTURE.

By ADAM MILLER, M. D.

A practical and easy system by which any person, older or young, can train themselves to memorize anything they choose.

THE CLERGY, Their Sermons;
THE STUDENT, His Lessons;
THE BUSINESS MAN, Items of Business.

The author of this work was put to the severest public test, a few days ago, by reporters of all the leading Chicago daily papers. The complimentary notices which appeared the following day showed how well he stood the test.

The author, an old man, claims to have a memory more to be trusted by training under this system than even while he was young.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

We cordially commend it to all persons of failing memory as the best book obtainable on that subject.—*Frederick*.

Most ingenious; enables any one, who familiarizes himself with the system, to carry an immense mass of digested information, ready for production on demand. By experiment we have tested the author's mnemonic resources, and been moved by them to wonder.—*Adonch*.

The author's method aids us in getting control at will of the organs unconsciously employed in acts of what may be called spontaneous recollection. It is ingenious and simple.—*Chicago Times*.

This work, with written instructions by the author, will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00.

Address: DANIEL AMBROSE, Publisher,

45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

A TREATISE ON THE HORSE



AND HIS DISEASES,

By DR. J. E. KENDALL.

This book contains an Index of Diseases which gives the symptoms, causes and the best treatment of each. A Table giving all the principal drugs used for a horse with the ordinary dose, effects and cautions when a poison. A Table with an illustration of the horse's teeth at different ages, with value for testing the age of a horse. A valuable collection of recipes, and many other interesting facts.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF NON-PROFESSIONAL HORSE-OWNERS

The book is illustrated showing the different stages of each disease, when it is of GREAT VALUE in truly testing the nature of the disease. One of the very best receipts in any book is worth the price asked for it.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. POST-PAY.

DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 R. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO
By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.
One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.
" " 6 months, \$1.25.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.
All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 11, 1886.

Woman's Hour—The Spiritual Era.

Not by chance or accident is this great uprising of womanhood. With the dawn of a higher spiritual dispensation comes an awakening of the best women to a new and higher sense of duty and responsibility, such as was hardly possible in the past. We all catch the first breath of a new atmosphere, more ethereal than of old; quickening and uplifting spiritual influences are felt; there are

"Angels on the slanting rays,
Voicing from the opening skies."

Woman's fine nature, subtle and receptive, rich in spiritual wealth, cannot but be enlarged and stirred to new life. She feels the power of her own personality and aspires to do more and to be more. She would not lose any wealth of affection, but would be larger-natured and more self-poised. So college doors are open for her culture and a quickening influence stirs the dull faculties of her brother students, while their miserable self-conceit is taken away. Work and self-help open to her on every side; her first steps in new paths are sometimes tottering and uncertain, but she soon walks with firm and buoyant tread. A sense of duty and responsibility grows, a feeling deepens that she must help in the world's work, and that it will be imperfect without her help. A sense of justice grows too. If she suffers the penalty of the law, she must help to frame that law, and shape its penalty, hence the call for woman's suffrage. She has taken her place in our literature and weeded out its coarse vulgarity, while enriching and increasing its value and power. The best women begin to see, with the best men, that it is not good for man to be alone, but that men and women must act together, and that the world needs the inspiring spiritual influence of woman.

Spiritualism is an opening and a culture of the spiritual faculties to all who thoughtfully take it up; it is a pulsing tide of spiritual life from the open gates of heaven. Hence it follows that woman takes her place with man in that field to act and speak as his equal co-worker, without any discussion or agitation—none were needed, for intuition is deeper than argument. The great spiritual movement is for woman; its genius and spirit open all doors for her. All the world breathes the new air, and so help comes to her from every quarter, and, best of all, she is inspired to help herself as never before. No reports of any society of cultivated men in our land are so rich in wise thought, couched in strong and fine words, as are the annual reports of the meetings of the Society for the Advancement of Women, which gives us the addresses at their annual congresses.

Everywhere, women are thinking with new and contagious earnestness, and their thoughts are going out to be read. A late number of the Forum has an article on "Woman's duty to Woman" by Ella C. Lapham—a young lady so situated that she could, if she chose, lead a life of elegant and superficial idleness and selfish ease. But she has the precious heritage of good blood, reaching back to her Quaker grandfathers who shared the inspiration of Spiritualism, and she has breathed the new atmosphere, so that larger opportunity means to her more duty. If she has received much she must give much, and writes in this spirit. Of the mother's duty to the daughter she says: "The love is short-sighted which sends the daughter to a school where she learns a little of many things but much of nothing. The tenderness is unwise which shields the daughter from all household cares, under the plea that it will be time enough when she has a home of her own. Thousands of dollars may be lavished on her. But, after all, has she acquired a trade, a profession?" Be useful and self-reliant rather than a lovely toy and a frail dependent, is the lesson.

Miss Lapham says: "The times cry out for scholars who will study for the love of learning; who will create an atmosphere in which low literature will die, and who will develop in others the love of the grand and the beautiful, for scientists who will follow nature into her inmost laboratories, and grasp her secrets for the alleviation of suffering and the progress of man; for large-brained philanthropists who will turn the light of science and philosophy upon the unsolved problems of labor, charities and reform. Whoever hopes to do any good in this world must look up and reach up. . . . Between the worker who prepares the daily food and the worker who opens to her larger opportunities, will arise a better understanding and a bond of sympathy and trust."

These words from this educated young woman show how women are thinking today. She would wed wisdom and philanthropy, would have life full of high aims diligently pursued, and not purposeless and aimless, elegantly frivolous for the rich and weakly silly for the poor.

The more such fruit the ripening age brings us the better.

The Earthquake—Capers on the Rail.

An associated press dispatch from Charleston gives an account of the experiences on a passenger train during the earthquake. The graphic writer says the rails in places were bent "in reverse curves, most of them taking the shape of a single and others of a double letter S placed longitudinally." The train, says the dispatch, was filled with hundreds of excursionists returning from the mountains. They were all gay and happy, laughing, when all of a sudden the frightful shock came. The reporter then gives the particulars "in the language of one of the excursionists." Here is a part of it:

The utmost confusion prevailed; women and children shrieked with dismay, and the bravest hearts quailed in momentary expectation of a more terrible catastrophe. Rev. Ellison Capers, who was on board and he lost no time in conveying, as best he could in the agony of the moment, the best advice and counsel he could offer. The train was then taken back in the direction of Johnson, and on the way back the work of the earthquake was terrible. The train had actually passed over one of those serpentine curves already described, and it is the simple truth to state that every soul on board was saved solely through the interposition of a divine Providence.

It is quite apparent from the above that Rev. Capers was not so exhausted by his efforts as to render him incapable of supplying the reporter with a history of the incident.

This is the only instance the JOURNAL has noticed in accounts from the stricken region, where "divine Providence" interposed a saving hand.

Is it not somewhat singular that while the great earthquake of August 31st, was busy shaking up matters at a fearful rate in South Carolina, the solitary case of interposition of Divine Providence should be where the "Rev. Ellison Capers" was on board a train when the shock reached it?

But the more one investigates this subject the more singular it becomes. One is forced to inquire what mysterious influence brought about this special interposition? Was it because the Rev. Ellison Capers was on the train? Or, was it on account of the unusual plenty of the telegraphic news reporter? Or did the gaiety, laughter and happiness of the excursionists contribute to that end? It is of vital importance that the solution of this question be reached in order that hereafter people may know how to shape matters to have "interposition of divine Providence," whenever occasions occur where such interference would serve their convenience.

And as the problem becomes more complex we are compelled to ask, who is this "divine Providence" who so readily interposed to save this special train and its favored occupants? Was it the same "Providence" who quietly folded his arms and stood listlessly by in Charleston, while the city was being destroyed, many of its inhabitants killed, and many more bruised, mutilated and maimed, and over one-half its population rendered homeless? Was it the "Providence" who formerly taught the people to "buy bondsmen and bondmaids of the heathen," to be servants unto them and their children forever? Was it the "Providence" who thus permitted the daughter to be ruthlessly torn from her mother's arms and sold upon the auction block for any use or purpose? Was it the same "Providence" to whom Confederates prayed for success in their frantic effort to destroy the Union in order to uphold the "sacred institution" of slavery, and who turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and gave assistance to the side that could muster the largest battalions and the heaviest artillery? Was it the same "divine Providence" who kills the innocent babe in its mother's lap, and saves the wicked wretch for a long life of crime? Who was this "divine Providence" so glibly spoken of by this "associated press reporter"? We have searched in vain to find him. The inexorable law of cause and effect has entirely failed to reveal him. Is he some Rip Van Winkle who only wakes up at long intervals to listen to the sweet talk of the Rev. Ellison Capers and by his presence at the "meeting" mysteriously saves the train from being wrecked? Was it the best advice and counsel the Rev. Ellison Capers could offer, which he was "conveying as best he could in the agony of the moment" that kept this "divine Providence" on the train—to "interpose" for its safety, while frantic mothers, frightened children, and struggling men in Charleston, were shrieking from fright, or groaning from injury and imploring his aid unheard or unheeded by him? Was this the same "divine Providence" whom the sacred poet tells us "rides upon the storm" and guides his cyclonic

chariot to the destruction of towns and hamlets and the slaughter of their inhabitants; who lashes, with his stormy whip, old ocean into fury and sends the goodly ship freighted with human souls to the bottom?

The Bible tells us, "God is no respecter of persons." This, then, would do away with the idea that it was He who "interposed" to save this special train on account of "Rev. Ellison Capers being aboard;" while entirely unprotected by this particular "divine Providence," mothers in Charleston were ruthlessly torn from their nursing babes and hurled to destruction, and fathers snatched by death from their dependent and disconsolate families. If this "divine Providence" is such a respecter of persons as represented in the press dispatch, is he not some pagan god who stepped in at that particular time to show what he could do in one place and leave undone in another?

In this particular case one is in the same predicament as a party similarly situated in Bible times, who exclaimed—"The ways of Providence are inscrutable and past finding out."

After all, the "old lady" has perhaps expressed the idea as tersely as possible. "I was taught," said she, "to 'trust in Providence' and I allers did till one day when I was goin' down hill with the old mare and the wagon, when the breechin' broke and I found that Providence wouldn't take care of me, so I jumped out and took care of myself." The ancient proverb truly says, "The gods help those who help themselves."

While the best science and skill cannot always prevent a catastrophe, it will go very far in that direction, and is certain to accomplish more than all blind trust in the fanatical idea of "special interposition of divine Providence."

The JOURNAL has profound faith in a wise, beneficent, Supreme Intelligence, called God; it would on no account appear irreverent or treat so stupendous a theme otherwise than soberly. But the JOURNAL has no respect for a preacher who will advertise his own prowess and his favorable standing with his God as does Rev. Capers.

Had a Spiritualist been on board the train and reported that a band of powerful spirits, foreseeing the effect of the earthquake, had combined to save the passengers and keep the wheels on the track, the statement would have been hooted by Capers, Talmage & Co., and denounced as "impossible, or if possible, then a diabolical interference with an act of God." Yet the Spiritualist's statement would have been vastly more probable, on scientific grounds, than the assertion that "divine Providence interposed."

The Rev. Calvin E. Stowe.

The Hartford (Ct.) Times speaks of Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, who lately passed to spirit-life, as being a firm believer in spirit communion. It says that "one of his marked characteristics was his strong faith in the life hereafter. It was in his case something more than faith; it was knowledge. And it was knowledge, derived from actual personal experience. He was aware of the reality of the Spirit-world, and of its nearness to the earth-life, through his own experience. His Christian faith derived a vital and important support from what he personally saw and knew. To him, the veil was often withdrawn, and he was permitted to see and hold communion with those who had gone before. To indiscriminate companies he never talked of these things, and those of his friends to whom he ever mentioned the subject were few indeed; but it is known that he was entirely satisfied that he often saw, and conversed with, in the privacy and quiet of his own home, those who were no longer the occupants of earthly bodies, and that this gift of spiritual clairvoyance and clairaudience was potent to take away much of the sense of bereavement, and to fix his thought, like Paul's, habitually on the higher realities."

It is very difficult to believe that such a man—brave in many respects in fighting the errors of his age, should be such an arrant coward when brought face to face with Spiritualism. There is a tinge of hypocrisy in the life of such a man, that the grave can not conceal, nor a glowing epitaph hide, nor the dazle of prominent connections destroy, nor an obituary veil, which will stand forth prominently for many years to come. If spirit communion added so much to his happiness, bringing him nearer to God and the angels, it is to be deeply deplored that he neglected to publicly proclaim his convictions. His failure to do so constitutes a "sin of omission," over which he no doubt feels badly at the present time. The species of moral cowardice so signally prominent in his life, permeates hundreds of eminent divines and leading men in this country, impelling them, to a certain extent, to live a lie and unfurl false colors in their intercourse with the world. Had the Rev. Stowe publicly proclaimed the grand truths of Spiritualism, instead of secretly holding them, he could then have had the great satisfaction of knowing that he had been true to himself, true to God and the angels, and a dispenser of a light so much needed in the world.

Rev. N. F. Ravlin—Ex-Baptist.

This eccentric chameleoned crank has, it seems, switched off from the Baptists, hobbled his Chinese hobby and now essays fresh notoriety by attempting to stand erect on the front platform of the Spiritualist's car. Before the Golden Gate opens its doors to exposure, the keeper should first examine the credentials of the applicant. If Ravlin is a suitable teacher of Spiritualist philosophy and ethics, he must have progressed most astonishingly since he left Chicago.

Clairvoyant Seership.

The following facts come from a reliable eye witness of the clairvoyant experiences, to understand which some detail of previous events is needed.

On July 19th, Milo Brass disappeared from his home on a farm sixteen miles from Lake City, the county seat of Missaukee county, in Northern Michigan, and had not been seen or heard of on Monday, August 23rd. On the evening of that day, in a hall on the Fair Grounds at a camp meeting of Spiritualists, Mrs. Sarah Cartwright of Detroit, was describing spirits seen by her clairvoyantly. She only knew of this Brass case that Mrs. Brass and a man named Crafts, were in the jail on suspicion of violence done to the husband, and were being held in confinement until he should return or be heard from. It was suspicion from circumstances, but without fact to verify it, and officers were searching for evidence to acquit or punish these persons.

No mention was made of them at the meeting, nor was she asked to try and see Brass, or any one else, but was left to her usual course—that is, to simply tell what she saw. After describing several others, whose spirit forms, as she said, came before her or near some one present, some being recognized and others not, she gave the dress and personal aspect of a man, one side of whose skull was broken as by a heavy blow, and who said he had suffered violence and wanted justice. Intelligent persons present recognized Mr. Brass, and said the description was good. On Wednesday night news came that the body was found buried in a root-cellar near the house, and the next morning came the statement that his skull was found broken in on one side, as seen by her on Monday night.

Later in the week she described the birth-place in Scotland, of a man named Thompson, aged seventy years, an intelligent veteran soldier, and an honest man—the house, hillside and striking landmarks being portrayed accurately, as he said. He was not a Spiritualist, but said that this put him on the high road that way.

Mrs. Cartwright is a well-known magnetic physician in Detroit, enjoying the respect and confidence of many excellent ladies who are her patients, and seldom does anything in public. In the presence of Mr. Udell and others, in the same hall, she laughingly described a barn, house, porch, etc., and said the air was full of dust from cleaning beans in the barn. She also described a woman in the house. Mr. Udell recognized a scene on his farm near Manistee years ago, and said he raised a large crop of beans which were cleaned as described.

At what date in the future will some of our psychic research societies find some such facts, and make due report thereon to a patiently waiting public?

Cremations at Pere la Chaise.

It appears from the London Daily News that next month the Parisians will be able to burn their dead in four crematory furnaces, which have just been finished at Pere la Chaise. These furnaces were begun last November, and have been hurried on to completion, so that by the end of Sept. at latest, those who, in dying, express the wish to be cremated can be there reduced to ashes. There will be no first, second and third class cremations. Poor and rich will be on a footing of absolute equality. The price charged to those who can afford to pay for the burning of a corpse will be 15f.—or say 12s. The furnaces were constructed on plans by MM. Barret and Formice. A large portico is in front of a dome, beneath which are placed the crematory furnaces. They have the appearance of very elegant ovens. Three hundred and fifty thousand francs was the price they cost. They are according to the Corin system, in use in Rome and Milan. It was found that the heat of the Siemens furnace was too intense. Instead of reducing the corpse to ashes, it subjected it to a kind of vitrification. The cost, too, would be 200f., instead of 15f., to cremate with a Siemens furnace. The unclaimed bodies at the hospitals which are not used for anatomical purposes will be taken to the crematory at Pere la Chaise. Sculptors, goldsmiths and bronze casters are already busy designing urns, of which an assortment in marble, bronze, gold, silver, zinc or lead will be kept at an office of the crematory. The relatives of the cremated dead can buy these vessels, and cause them to be removed to family vaults or to a building which the city of Paris is to erect. There could be no greater boon to a large city with overcrowded cemeteries than the furnaces of Pere la Chaise. The writer concludes by saying that "I cannot conceive anything more disrespectful to the dead than the way their remains are treated here, even when a first-class burial can be provided, if there is not a family vault in which to place them. Buying a grave is no simple matter. The delays are endless, and the application for one must go through many bureaus before official consent is given. Then there are other formalities to be gone through. Meanwhile the corpse is in a charnel house, called a provisional vault, at a cost of 1f. a day. The removal thence to the grave, which must be in masonry at the sides, is a cause of danger to the public health."

Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds receives a five column, illustrated advertisement on the first page of the San Francisco Examiner for the 25th ult. It is a detailed account of an exposure in which Crindle-Reynolds is caught personating a spirit. The JOURNAL waits with patience for some of its opposing contemporaries to republish their stereotyped paragraph: "A religious meeting disturbed

by the enemies of Spiritualism! A poor medium's life endangered while entranced and being used to illustrate the transcendently beautiful and wonderful phenomenon of transfiguration" etc., etc. Let the sympathetic pot boil! Let Prof. Kiddle, get out his single-string fiddle and play his old favorite, Persecution! Let the Beste squad ring the changes on "martyr," "poor persecuted," etc. Let this all be done quickly ere it is too late; for, verily, the day of these cabinet workers is nearly gone. The fool-killer has repaired his machine and attached an automatic grave digger. The cemetery is now ready that will contain the remains of the hucksters of bogus spirit wares; and there is room enough in it for those who have helped on the trade—it is a big one.

Premontion of Death.

Madison Wynn, a well known colored man who resided on King street, Chattanooga, Tenn., died suddenly one night lately. There are said to be some most remarkable circumstances connected with his death. About four o'clock in the evening, while laughing and talking with some friends, Wynn suddenly turned to walk away, remarking in a serious tone, "Well, I am going to die before midnight, so I had better go home." His companions laughed at what seemed a ridiculous assertion and called him back, but the man warned them that they should not make light of such a serious matter. When Wynn reached home he told his family that he had a premonition and that he would be dead in a few hours. He was in excellent health and at times in the best of spirits, which led his family to believe he was trying to frighten them. After eating a large supper, Wynn said: "That supper did not agree with me, but it is my last." He retired about eleven o'clock and soon became very ill. His wife summoned a physician, but Wynn told her it was useless, and five minutes later he was a corpse. His prediction had been fulfilled: Coronor Carey was summoned and held an inquest. A postmortem examination revealed the fact that his death was caused by heart-disease, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with these facts.

GENERAL ITEMS.

August sixth, W. G. Hooker, a prominent Spiritualist of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, passed to Spirit Life.

We have received *The Sanatorium of Danville, N. Y.* This pamphlet gives a full description of the Sanatorium, its modes of treatment, etc.

There is to be a Metaphysical Convention held at the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, commencing September eighth, and continuing to the twelfth.

The Salvation Army announced as speakers at Cohoes, N. Y., for Sunday last: "Ash-barrel Jimmy," "The Saved Weed-Eater," and "The Converted Cowboy."

The society of Spiritualists which meets at Apollo Hall, No. 2730, State street, J. W. Bailey President, has resolved itself into a liberal society. All topics of the day of every nature are discussed on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

A Spiritualist writes: "The Vicksburg, Mich., camp meeting has advertised nearly all the prominent mediums to be in attendance, many of whom we know have not the slightest intention of attending. This may be the means of salting many to the camp this season, but we fear will be a great injury to next year's session."

The society of Spiritualists who meet at Twenty-Second street and Indiana avenue, under the management of Dr. J. B. Warn, are progressing finely. The meetings are well attended and great interest is manifested. The Children's Progressive Lyceum connected with this society, established in the spring, is a success, constantly increasing in numbers. They had a picnic Saturday, September 11th, at Garfield Park.

A remarkable faith-cure is reported from Anderson, a country town near Indianapolis, Ind. The subject, Albert Wampler, thus relates his experience: "About five years ago I was stricken with palsy in my limbs. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism and I was treated for the same, but I failed to receive any relief whatever and continually grew worse. All at once during a season of prayer held for my special benefit, I arose, laid aside my crutches, and walked unaided. The disease had deformed me so that I was unable to straighten up; but now, thank God, I am as straight as any one."

Advises from Ching-Too-Foo, the chief city of the Province of Sechuen, China, state that the natives of the eastern part of that province and those of Northern Cochinchina, have risen against the Christians and are massacring them and destroying their property. This active persecution is attributed to the imprudence of English and American missionaries. In Cochinchina fifty Christians have been killed, their homes burned, and their farms destroyed. In Sechuen a general massacre of Christians is reported to be in progress, and they are killed wherever found. It is said that whole villages occupied by Christians have been destroyed and that all lands occupied by the professors of that faith are being devastated. The Apostolic Vicar's residence in Sechuen has been burned to the ground. Not a piece of furniture, nor a book nor a paper was saved. The foreign consuls barely escaped from Sechuen with their lives. No effort had been made up to the latest reports to quell the disorder, and so far as now known, it continues unappressed.

An Electrical Wonder.

The first announcement that an invention had been perfected for telegraphing to and from moving railroad trains was received with incredulity by the public. An extended trial during the first week of last February upon the Staten Island Railway, proved conclusively the truth of the assertion. Managers of various great roads were eager to make experimental trials on their lines with a view to adopting the system, but the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway was selected by the Railway Telegraph & Telephone Company as the line on which the system should be inaugurated. After some months of practical application the system has apparently been perfected for business purposes, as the announcement is made in press dispatches from Milwaukee that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road has made arrangements to place Edison's system of communicating with moving trains on the Council Bluffs division of the road. Of all the marvels of electricity this invention is in many respects the most wonderful.

It should be understood that the inductive system does not interfere or do away with or in any way reduce the telegraph facilities enjoyed under the present system.

The operation of the system involves no intricate or delicate apparatus, all the parts being familiarly known to telegraph operators and consist of a Morse key, a phonetic receiver, an ordinary electro-magnet and a battery. A small corner in the baggage car on passenger trains, and in the cabin car on freights, is all the space required to operate the system. All of this apparatus can be moved at will and adjusted to another car in a few minutes. It does not require a special wire between or along the tracks, but is operated on the regular wires without change and without interference with the transmission of other business on the same wires, or in general, other operators do not know of the existence of this system by reason of any effect it has on their work.

To introduce the system it is first necessary to select such wires from those in use as the local situation recommends, and attach them to the apparatus at the fixed station. A continuous musical note is formed of electric waves following each other at the rate of five hundred per second and passing over all the Morse wires connected with the apparatus. This continuous musical note, by means of the key, is broken up into long and short sounds, forming dots and dashes, as in the ordinary Morse system. The electric waves which form these vibrations jump from the wires to the metallic roofs of the cars of the moving train, or in case there are no metallic roofs, to a wire stretched on the roofs, and all the receiving surface being connected together to a single wire, the whole of the electricity passes to this wire, thence through the phonetic sounder to the earth through the wheels and track.

The transmission from the train is similar. The waves of electricity pass from the apparatus to all the roofs of the cars, then jump to the telegraph wires and along them to the distant station.

For the moving of trains, railroad business, and indeed, all transactions requiring the prompt use of telegraph this system seems likely to fill an important want.

Dr. Eugene Crowell, a wealthy gentleman of New York City, is President of the Company and is giving it the benefit of his great business talent and executive ability. Dr. Crowell is well known to Spiritualists as a thorough Spiritualist, a careful investigator of spirit phenomena and the author of several valuable publications treating of Spiritualism and its phenomena. His connection with the Railway Telegraph & Telephone Company is, alone, a guarantee of its success. The editor of the JOURNAL has visited Dr. Crowell at the office of the Company No. 2 West Fourteenth St., New York City and seen the evidences of success; he has also talked with those in charge of the practical working of the system, who have the most perfect confidence in it and the greatest enthusiasm as to the value of the invention. There would seem to be no good reason why the shares of this Company should not rise in price with nearly or quite as great rapidity as did the old telephone stock.

It is said that about five weeks ago, a negro man died in the Providence, Ga., neighborhood who has a record that is hardly ever equaled and never excelled. He was seventy-three years of age at the time of his death, and left an aged wife who died a few days ago, and who is said to have been seventy years old. This old man was a former slave of J. A. Ward, and his father and he and his wife lived with the Ward family nearly fifty years. He was never heard to swear an oath, never accused of lying or theft, never had a dispute or quarrel with his wife, never had a whipping during slavery, nor was he ever known to take a drink of whiskey. He was always faithful and obedient, peaceable and reliable. He and his wife had sixteen children, and they lived to see one hundred and twenty descendants, who are now living. Occasionally heroes are found in the humbler walks of life, and but few can point to a brighter and cleverer record than this unpretentious old negro who now fills an unmarked grave among the old red hills of Stewart county.

Hon. Milner Stephen, the Australian healer, will visit Detroit in a few days. He will also stop for a short time at Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany and New York City, before leaving for England. He has performed some remarkable cures in this city, where he has been for two months.

The New Theology.

An Address Delivered at the Lakewood School of the New Theology, Sunday Afternoon, August 1st, 1886, by J. G. Townsend, D. D.

My FRIENDS: Some of you are aware that he who stands before you now is regarded by many as the most dangerous man in western New York. It is not long since a good Methodist preacher said that I was doing more harm than Robert Ingersoll himself.

What is my sin? What is my crime?

This: That I am a preacher of what is popularly called the New Theology.

From this it would seem as if the New Theology must be an open or a secret infidelity. Is it such? On the contrary, it is devout, reverent, religious. It teaches men to keep their hearts close to the great heart of God.

But—and this is the real trouble with it in many eyes—it does recognize that there are and must be intellectual differences among men. The Germans say you cannot put two heads under one hat, and certainly all human minds cannot run in the same channel; though there is doubtless a tendency for men to think more nearly alike about matters as they become more really intelligent concerning them.

The New Theology does not attempt to overthrow existing churches, but only to ameliorate and soften their hard doctrines. The New Theology undertakes to spiritualize the churches, to draw and gather together the souls that are scattered here and there and blow them into a living flame. The New Theology desires to kindle in the churches the spirit of Jesus Christ, which spirit has deserted only too many of the popular congregations of to-day. How true it is that in our large cities the wealthier churches are tied together by social threads, and you will find there very much of artificial life and frivolity. In these churches religion is not so much a reality as a reminiscence. The New Theology attempts, by a new spirit, to revive these and all other churches.

The New Theology does not attempt in any secret or open way to disparage the Bible.

It rather aims to reveal the Bible and show you the pearls in its casket. But it does try to tear away the hedge of infallibility that keeps a man from going into the garden of its spiritual delight, beauty and joy. The New Theology attempts to show men the fruits that hang upon the ever-living tree of the Bible's spirituality. The New Theology does not say that if you find in this garden a weed you shall declare it a flower! It does not say that you shall lose your honesty when you examine the Bible. It does say that you shall examine the Bible as you examine any other book. And he who does that will find in it a great wealth of divine inspiration—inspiration from the same God who wrote his wonderful letters in the glittering points of stars and of stars.

The New Theology believes that Christianity is a divine message in the world. It believes that Christ came into the world to reveal God to man in a special and wonderful sense. You ask the question, "Is Christianity a development?" Yes, because we must preserve its historic continuity. Christianity is natural in the sense that it grows upon the root of the past. But it is truly to be called a revelation.

It is the dawning of the spirit of God into the soul. There was One who in the fullness of time had a capacity for spiritual truth, for inspiration, as no other had. And as God's spirit surrounds this world of ours a great sea; so into his large nature the divine streams flowed and filled it full. And there was in the world a God-filled man whose heart touched the heart of God and became the channel through which the inspiration flows to the souls of men.

Once the blossom, lingered in the bud; you see how slowly there was the development in the flower. You see how the lingering bud does not open until by-and-by some shaft from the sun's golden bow cuts the call through and immediately the blossom comes forth. Christianity was a revelation, for it grew gradually through the ages of the past and blossomed forth in the soul of Jesus Christ. The New Theology does believe in the inspiration of the Bible, but not that God has spoken His last word unto man. The New Theology believes that God speaks to man to-day, that wherever there is a true mind, that thrusts itself with mighty power against the great problems of life and destiny, there God speaks.

The New Theology does not come to us as a new religion, a new gospel, a new Christianity. It comes to us simply as a new explanation of the old truths, of the spiritual facts of our nature. You may ask the question, What is the old theology? The old theology is the old Medieval explanation of the facts. The New Theology is the present literary and scientific explanation of the facts. The old theology was made many hundred years ago. Athanasius, Augustine and many other men slowly built the system of the old theology, logically link by link. Do you ask, What is the use of having a new explanation? Because we think the old explanation is not true, not competent, not scientific, not scriptural. Because we believe the old theology is not the theology of Jesus Christ.

The old theology of the churches teaches that God is a Trinity, not a threefold manifestation. He might manifest himself in one way, two ways, three ways, or in three thousand ways. But when it is asserted that there are in the divine nature three beings, three souls, three wills, and yet these three souls are one being, and not three beings, it is impossible for the intelligent human mind to accept such an explanation of God, and certainly such an explanation is not taught in the New Testament scripture. It is not hinted at in the Sermon on the Mount.

Then, again, the old theology has its explanation of man; that man is a bankrupt creature, that man looks to his golden age in the past, that man is not what he once was, that man is far below his pristine condition. The first man precipitated himself down by sin and pulled all the human race with him. And every man that comes into this world comes in a bankrupt. The New Theology says that such a view is incredible, foolish, wicked.

Then take the old theological explanation of punishment. It says man does not get his punishment here, more than in small part, but he gets it in mass hereafter; it says that the punishment of sin is everlasting and infinite. Here is a little boy who comes to years of accountability, he understands the difference between what is right and wrong. He dies, he is lost, lost forever. Here is a man who all his life long has done wickedly, the hot breath of his lust withers the fair flowers of virtue and innocence in many a woman's bosom. Is there a worse man than the seducer? That man goes to the same punishment with the boy, for punishment to one and all is banishment from God, separation from the spirit of God. If any one says

the two do not get the same punishment, reply: You cannot make any gradations in that which is infinite and eternal.

It is a horrible doctrine—as degrading to the character of God as it is debasing to the conscience and best feelings to men. Thank God, the Bible does not teach it. Jesus Christ preached constantly and everlasting Fatherhood of God. If I am on this side the line of death, he is my Father. If I have passed on the other side he is still my Father; even if I am a bad man I am still dear to his heart, which can never cease to be that of a Father.

The New Theology does not support itself by the method of the old theology. The old theology is built upon texts. It is a logical system, formulated by John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards and others, who got it from still earlier theologians. But do you know that if you are ingenious enough, you can take the Bible and build any system out of it you choose? I get letters from all over the country, from Maine to California, with tracts marked, and they say, "Please read this Bible text, or this statement, and you will be converted." Those who send these tracts forget that you can make the Bible mean well nigh anything you have a mind to. As a man said, he could justify suicide from the Bible. He took this text, "Judas went out and hanged himself," and this text, "Go thou and do likewise."

The moral basis of the New Theology is the sermon on the mount; its intellectual basis is knowledge. The New Theology is a new statement. I never can cease to thank the Methodist Church for what it taught me of the deep things of the spiritual life. But I have been taught also by Robertson, Martineau, Kant and many others whose intellectual conclusions were nobler and truer.

Some have thought that the New Theology is Universalism or Unitarianism. To such I care only to say that the New Theology is a new system. I sought for many years to formulate ideas that I dimly saw. I said to friends, "Christian truth must have a re-statement." But I did not see my way to a formulated statement until the discovery of that broad generalization of science called Evolution. The general principles, not the details, shed a wonderful light upon the question of human nature, regeneration, indeed all the problems of the soul. The New Theology is then a new system, built in a certain true sense upon scientific principles and adopting the scientific method. The Apostle Paul gave us the elemental principle of the New Theology in that far-seeing declaration of his: "First, that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." The Sermon on the Mount interpreted by the spiritual insight of the truest minds and by modern science gives us the New Theology.

I believe in the New Theology because it makes us happier; other things being equal, that system which gives most happiness to the heart is the true system; that system which makes the heart shudder and fear is very likely to be untrue. What is the cause of human sin? One cause is human misery. The miserable are apt to become the vicious and the criminal. One fruitful cause of woman's degradation is woman's sorrow. Make the heart happy and you go far toward making it good. The New Theology is a gospel of gladness.

But some one says to me: Suppose, after all, Mr. Townsend, that your intellectual conclusions are false, and that you are sent down to hell, what then? Well, if I were sent down to hell I would try to behave myself, be a Christian gentleman; I would try to quench some of the fires with my tears, and, if possible, plant a few roses among the thorns. But if it be that a man, because of certain intellectual conclusions, to which he honestly comes, must be sent down to hell, I would rather be the man that is damned than to be God that damns me!

NOTES ON LAKE PLEASANT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The closing days of camp are over—filled with interest. Throngs of local visitors surging in and out, fail to distract the attention of the hearers at the auditorium, while the social feeling grows day by day. That is one of the good things to be said about life at Lake Pleasant. You meet with many who help to enlarge the mental horizon; you learn the religious status of various sections of the country; compare notes with persons from east, west, north and south; cultivate friendliness and charity, make the acquaintance of speakers, and meet, soul to soul, with a few whom to know is a boon and a pleasure. What is so cheering, inspiring and elevating, as to draw near to a good man or woman, to feel that here is one steadfast and true as the sun overhead! It is the end and aim of life to develop such persons to bring them to the utmost roundness of which this yet crude planet is capable, and then station them as magnets to draw those less unfolded upward and onward.

Albert E. Tidale, the blind young medium of whom mention has been made, created a very favorable impression at the camp. Less than two years before the public, his hearers feel that he is destined for a large field of usefulness. There is a large brain through which inspiration is to find expression, and some of his impersonal influences are of a high order of development, and very eloquent.

His last lecture, on "The True Basis of Religious Organization," contained, within strong, epigrammatic sentences, much of special interest. The kind of worship in which man indulges, depends greatly on climate, food and external conditions. They who eat oatmeal, drink whisky and breathe mist, like the Scotch, will naturally tend to Presbyterianism; while in warm countries, like the south of Europe, where the diet consists of vegetables and light wines, Roman Catholicism will abound. The expression of religious feeling takes form from the same influences which mould man's temperament, and is therefore elastic. Churches, the speaker continued, should be kept open every day in the week and every hour in the day, for the homeless. Healthy amusements should be instituted within them in order to keep the poor out of liquor saloons, and minister to their social nature. In conclusion a creed formulated, broad enough to satisfy all who accept the idea of an omnipresent, spiritual essence, individual immortality and that positive power existing in God which causes progression and unfoldment.

Frank Baxter, who spoke on Friday afternoon, is too well known and popular to need description here. Combining the attractions of a good singer and dramatic orator, followed by his usual tests and demonstrations of spiritis, he held his audience two full hours. His topic, "Thoughts in View of the Rapid Progress of Spiritualism," touched upon the enlightening and enlarging influences of all that is included in that latter word. Spiritualism is in the air, he said. It penetrates even through the thick doors of churches. Here he was interrupted by an influence which demanded to be recognized. Mr. Baxter

gave a thrilling description of the cloud or vapor before him, which was substantial enough to take form and float to the side of a lady, who, long before his description was finished, was weeping in recognition of her friend. He gave her full name and address. Mr. Baxter finished by a plea for noble manhood and womanhood, for light and love and earnest work for self-uplifting, for better husbands and wives, brothers, sisters and citizens.

That very night, John Slater while giving tests in his tent, seized a newly-arrived stranger by the hand and said:

"I feel as if I had grasped the hand of an honest man; one thoroughly and entirely conscientious, and his name is Lyman—." This "honest man," Lyman C. How, was the speaker of the last morning of camp life. Services were opened by Judge E. S. Holbrook of Chicago, who recited an excellent progressive poem to the refrain of "His soul goes marching on." Mr. How then announced the subject of his lecture, "Facts and Philosophy and their Practical Application to the Needs of Life." He said that although Principles are eternal all ancient and modern religions are encrusted with superstition in regard to the philosophy or science of the phenomena. The truth is, that back of all facts, is intelligence, and out of intelligence spring science and philosophy. Spiritualism is the science of life, which is the most important of all sciences. During thirty eight years it has had a wonderfully invigorating effect upon all departments of life, and upon this influence he enlarged in a comprehensive and practical manner. In fact, it was one of the most profound and noble lectures which we have had the good fortune to hear on these or any other grounds. At his preceding lecture on Friday, we had not the pleasure to be present.

Mr. Baxter's lecture Sunday afternoon, closed the public exercises of the remarkably pleasant and harmonious public sessions of the thirtieth year at Lake Pleasant.

Take it all in all, it is good to attend such a meeting, to stay till it closes, and hear, see and reflect all the way through. It wakes one up and brings him out of his narrow ruts of thinking and feeling; induces catholicity of view; informs the judgment upon the mental and moral status of average humanity, and kindles a glow of charity and good-will for one and all.

On Monday the 30th, most of the campers made preparations or actually left the grounds. It early began to weep a Scotch mist which increased into a down-pour, and the last we saw of the bluff with its chain of cottages, was through a driving rain. And so ended a month filled with interest, and, let us hope, with good.

Cassadaga, Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The camp has broken and folks are flocking out as eagerly as they flocked in! The success this year has been beyond the hopes of the most sanguine. Liberal-minded church members have attended the meetings; coming first from curiosity, they continued to come from a kindred interest in the philosophy, and a desire for further investigation. Spiritualists, feeling somewhat appreciated, have dropped their belligerent attitude toward the orthodox, and a kindly sympathy is drawing all nearer together; and this is as it should be.

Last Saturday, August 28th, was Memorial Day. A. B. French gave a sketch of the life and labors of Wm. Denton, in the morning; and Mrs. R. S. Little, in the afternoon, spoke at length of those who have arisen to the higher life from this camp.

Friday evening, August 27th, the Operetta of Cinderella was repeated to a large audience. The children won and merited much applause in their fairy march and dancing. By their Friday evening entertainments the children more than paid the expenses of the Lyceum. Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast and her daughter, of Petrolia, Pa., are the composers and managers of these operettas.

Dr. Dickson, of Chicago, has been doing wonders here as a healer. All pronounce him as genuine, and those whose sufferings have been alleviated by the Doctor's treatment, are unstinted in their eulogiums. He has gone to Willoughby, Ohio, where he will remain for a while.

Last week there was a meeting for sale of stock. About two thousand dollars' worth was taken. Every one is pleased with the result of the meeting, and hopeful for the coming year.

Cassadaga, August 31st. E. W. T.

General News.

Only \$750,000 in 3 per cent. bonds have been presented to the treasury for redemption under the recent offer.—The steel steamship Susquehanna, 322 feet in length, built at a cost of \$225,000, has been launched at Buffalo. She will run to Chicago in the Anchor line.—Sir John Stuart has offered to sell his entire Tyrone estate to the tenants on a twenty-year purchase plan.—While in attendance upon the funeral of Baroness de Rothschild in Paris, M. Leroux, cashier of the great banking-house, fell dead from apoplexy.—Sir Edward Thornton has been recalled from the British mission at Constantinople, to be succeeded by Sir William White.—Silver, the principal export of Mexico, has so depreciated in value that all foreign merchandise in that country has advanced 50 per cent.—General Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York, died on his farm in Rhode Island, from a stroke of apoplexy.—A Vicksburg dispatch states that James Lanier, a white magistrate, killed an old colored man named Warner for

voting the prohibition ticket.—The British government has decided to erect barracks in the riotous quarter of Belfast and permanently increase the police force by five hundred men.—At the informal reception given to Senator Logan in Chicago, it was remarked that he had now visited every State and Territory in the Union.—Prince Alexander has publicly announced his intention to abdicate, on account of the attitude of the Czar. He will establish a regency before his departure.—Gout is the ailment which afflicts Samuel J. Randall. His father and brother were killed by it.—The last warrant for the payment of Alabama claims has been signed by Acting Secretary Fairchild, who affixed his signature to 1,662 documents of this class.

SICK HEADACHE.—Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured them. One gentleman thus relieved, writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Reader, if you are a sufferer with sick headache, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. It will do you positive good. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

We are prepared to furnish A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. Jones, price \$1.50. Prof. R. P. Underwood, editor of the Index, says: "A valuable work, well worthy a place among our best liberal publications."

Rheumatism and the Gout, cease their twinges, if the affected part is daily washed with Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption and Wasting in Children.

Is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form and prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1885.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap cleans and beautifies, Zie German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, etc. Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, etc. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, etc.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Claïroyant Examinations Free. Enclose lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette Streets, Syracuse, New York.

Claïroyant Healer. D. P. KATNER, M. D., who has been before the public as a reliable claïroyant physician since 1850, can be consulted at Room 11, No. 175 Jackson St., Chicago; or by addressing him with postage stamp, full particulars of terms will be given for each case.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has moved to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M. No vacation for hot weather. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West Third Street. Mrs. T. B. Stricker, services Sunday at 1:45 P. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Perlie, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Argo Hall. W. E. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal

Is on sale at five cents per copy by the following newsdealers in San Francisco, Cal.: Cooper, 744 Market Street. Goldsmith, 1009 1/2 Market Street and 3 Eddy St. Scott, 22 Third Street, and at Stand corner Market and Kearney Streets.

At Washington, D. C.

S. M. Baldwin & Co., 207 1/2 St. near corner Pa. Ave.

EUREKA SILK CO., Chicago, Ill.

A full assortment of above as well as the celebrated Eureka Knitting Silks, Flannels, and Wash Aching Silks, all of which are Pure, Dye and fast color. For sale by all leading dealers.



We beg to announce the arrival of early Fall Styles in all classes of Dry Goods, and especially mention the very large assortments shown in every department.

Qualities considered our prices are the lowest.

Our Basement Sale-room will continue an Attractive Shopping Center—containing departments duplicating those on other floors, but showing lower-priced lines of merchandise.

(Great Bargains are being constantly offered for sale in that room, and Qualities considered or not, its prices are the lowest.)

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

walking in Savannah, past a church d

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

**A Story from Ohio with a Decidedly
Ghostly Flavor.**

an excavation of all the spot inside the circumference of the circle, and hope to unearth the skeleton or some other tangible evidence of the crime. They are in earnest, and think the time has come for action.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

my papers and the first to be examined on their arrival.

One marked characteristic of the Rev. Dr. Stowe

people wearing gloves in that city than in Boston
and New York combined.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*

25

was a source of misery to the young man; in fact he

HINDU LEGERDEMAIN.

What Mr. S. E. Robinson saw in India.

When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on the left hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room. I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parson merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The Parson stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjurer. As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parson and asked for the loan of a rupee. The peddler at first demurred a little, but on being guaranteed against loss he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjurer's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parson to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and at the request of the conjurer, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjurer then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:

Conjurer—Are you sure that it is a rupee?
Smyth—Yes.
Conjurer—Close your hand and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought.

Then the conjurer ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and America—for the native India is under the impression that America is in Europe. After a moment's pause Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country.

Then open your hand, said the juggler, "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of."

It was a 5-franc piece and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjurer, but the latter said:

"No; pay it to the other sahib."

Mr. Smyth accordingly put the 5-franc piece into my hand. I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found not a Russian, but a Turkish silver piece, about the size of the 5-franc piece, or of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjurer's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parson merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the 5-franc piece, the Turkish coin, and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been seen. I need only add, for the information of readers, who know not India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin, and therefore about half the weight of a 5-franc piece.

He did another trick, almost equally as wonderful. As before, he was seated on a white cloth, which this time, I think, was a tablecloth borrowed from the mess sergeant. He asked some one present to produce a rupee and to lay it down at a remote edge of the cloth. The cloth being three or four yards in length, the conjurer could not have touched the coin, and in fact, did not touch it. He then asked for a silver ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing it into the air and catching it, then shaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half inarticulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then, setting the ring down on the cloth at about half arm's length in front of him, he said slowly and distinctly in good Hindostanee:

"Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and, resting on the hoop, slowly with a kind of dancing or jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came where the rupee was on the remote edge, then it lay down on the coin. The conjurer then said: "Ring, lay hold of the rupee and bring it to me." The projecting edges of the seal seemed to grapple with the edge of the coin; the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and with the same dancing or jerking motion the two returned to within reach of the juggler's hand.

I have no theory to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power, and alleged that he performed his tricks by mere sleight of hand. It will be observed that he had no preparation of his surroundings, no machinery, and no confederate.

Missionary Theology.

For some months past the Congregationalists have been vigorously discussing the theology of their missionaries. The controversy seems to hinge around these three possibilities: Either all to whom the gospel has not been preached will perish eternally, or an opportunity will be afforded them to accept the gospel after they die; or, many will be saved without ever having heard the gospel at all. The practical point at issue is whether missionaries shall be sent out who believe in this possible probation after death.

The Christian-Union says:

It is not easy to see how one opinion more than the other cuts the nerve of missions or demands or destroys evangelistic duty. At all events, the fact that in the case of that few, if any, intelligent Christian men—any longer believe in the damnation of the heathen without an offer of a Savior; that some hold that the heathen may be saved without a knowledge of Christ and without faith in him; that others hold that a knowledge of Christ and an opportunity for exercised faith in him are essential to salvation, and will therefore be afforded hereafter to those to whom such knowledge and opportunity have been denied here; but that neither of these opinions is the part of the message which any earnest Christian minister desires to preach either at home or abroad. Whether the churches shall freely ordain to missionary service men who believe that the heathen can be saved without knowledge of or faith in Christ, and refuse ordination to those who think it not impossible that such knowledge and opportunity for such faith may be afforded hereafter, because this opinion is not contradicted by the Bible, is one of the questions which the American board and its constituents in the churches have to consider and determine.

Catarrah, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and existing tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon, & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Spiritual Evidence.

While our spiritual senses are closed we have no sensible recognition of the spirits and spiritual things around us, and therefore we ought to accept other reliable evidence of their existence, and do those who are born blind and deaf accept various evidences of the existence of light and sound. We do not accept the modern theory of the motions and relations to each other of the heavenly bodies because Copernicus declared it and astronomers since him believe it to be correct; but we are convinced of its correctness by its explanations of our seasons, the phases of the moon, eclipses and the possibility of their prediction, the motion of moons around some of the planets, and from many other things. So are thousands of people now convinced of the truth of what Swedenborg writes concerning the spiritual world and the formation and government of nature from it, as well as of his explanation of the spiritual or internal sense of the Word of God, and the truth of the doctrine of correspondence of nature with spiritual things, not because he says he saw, heard and perceived the things he mentions, but by the many proofs that these things must be so, fully comprehended by themselves.—*Mourning Joy Herald.*

Forty years ago Jonathan West, a well-to-do farmer, of New Providence, Clark County, Ind., disappeared without telling his wife or any one where he was going or when he would come back. On Saturday of last week an old man tottered into the above-mentioned town, and an old citizen recognized him as Jonathan West. The wanderer refused to tell why he left the place or where he had been, but says he has tramped over a large portion of the earth.

Be sure to ask for N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger, and take no other. Reconnect the initials.

Scrofulous

Humors are caused by a vitiated condition of the blood which carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates the blood, and eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alternative, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. Flower, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

For years my daughter was troubled with Scrofulous Humors, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. She took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was

Cured

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results.—Geo. W. Fullerton, 32 W. Third st., Lowell, Mass.

I was very much afflicted, about a year ago, with Scrofulous Sores on my face and body. I tried several remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since using this medicine the sores have all disappeared, and I feel, to-day, like a new man. I am thoroughly restored to health and strength.—Taylor James, Versailles, Ind.

The many remarkable cures which have been effected by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla, furnish convincing evidence of its wonderful medicinal powers.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Affections

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest the use of a powerful blood purifier. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always proved itself unequalled.

I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Late in my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally.—Lucia Cass, 399 Washington ave., Chelsea, Mass.

I was severely troubled, for a number of years, with an affection of the Stomach, and with Weak and Sore Eyes—the result of inherited Scrofula.

By Taking

a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my eyes and stomach have ceased to trouble me, and my health has been restored.—E. C. Richmond, East Saugus, Mass.

Three years ago I was greatly troubled with my Liver and Kidneys, and with severe pains in my back. Until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla I obtained no relief. This medicine has helped me wonderfully. I attribute my improvement entirely to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and gratefully recommend it to all who are troubled as I have been.—Mrs. Celia Nichols, 8 Abbot st., Boston, Mass.

The healing, purifying, and vitalizing effects obtained by using Ayer's Sar-

saparilla

are speedy and permanent. It is the most economical blood purifier in the world.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

VIOLIN-OUTFITS.

WE have made arrangements with one of the largest Importers of VIOLINS in the United States, who have an immense stock they must turn into cash. They have allowed us to offer at a terrible sacrifice (provided we do not mention their name in the transaction). We wish to dispose of this entire stock as soon as possible, and we offer to send a

Complete Outfit,
consisting of one Italian
Violin in Box, Bow & Teacher,

(such as usually sells for \$12.00) to any person sending us \$3.00. This includes carrying for shipping and delivering to express office. Remittances can be made by Draft, P. O. or express Money Order. Address,
Prairie City Novelty Co., 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

UNITY, A WEEKLY JOURNAL

of a Liberal, Progressive, Inclusive Religion.

UNITY believes that there is a broad and noble common ground under the feet of all right-minded people who fall to find in the creed-bound and orthodox churches their spiritual homes. It chief aims to discover and emphasize these common elements of the Liberal Faith, leading to generate an enthusiasm for practical righteousness, universal love and devout truth-seeking among those who are now chilled on one side or another of the great stream of progressive thought under such dividing names as Universalist, Spiritualist, Unitarian.

Editor, JAMES LEONARD JONES. Subscription, \$1.50 per annum. Single copies, 5 cents. Two sample copies and a copy of Mr. Jones's sermon.

"What is it to be a Christian?"

will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

SPECIAL OFFER

to readers of the

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

For \$1.50 in advance we will send Unity one year and will also send as a premium Glens B. Stebbins's compilation, Chapters from some of the best of the Liberal Faith, holding its volume which until very recently has sold for \$1.50. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

SUGGESTIVE OUTLINE

BIBLE STUDIES

AND

Bible Readings.

By JOHN H. ELLIOTT,

Author (with S. R. Niles) of

Notes and Suggestions for Bible

Readings.

TOPICS in this book in relation to Bible Readings are

discussed by such men as

George F. Pettecoat, A. J. Gordon,

Moravia Bonar, William Lincoln,

Henry Morison, J. H. Vincent,

George C. Gooden, Charles M. Whitteley,

D. L. Moody, R. C. Moore,

D. W. Whitteley, L. W. Marshall,

J. H. Brooks, Am. Soc., &c.

The Bible Readings are by all of the above and many others.

The book contains several hundred Bible Readings, and is exceedingly suggestive and helpful not only to the minister and evangelist, but to the Christian who wants to understand and know how to use his Bible. 111 pages, with full index of titles and index of subjects.

Do you want to take part in prayer-meeting acceptably?

This book will help you. Do you want to be helped as a speaker? This book will help you. Do you want to lead meetings better? Study this book and you will do it.

PRICE, \$1.00. SENT BY MAIL POST-PAID.

50 Bible Markers free with each copy.

Address

DANIEL AMBROSE, Publisher,

45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN

FOR

Washing and Bleaching

In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY NAME label-carrying compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

For Sale at the Office of this Paper.

Reverend of Light, Boston, weekly..... 08

Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng., weekly..... 08

Oliver Branch, Union, N. Y., monthly..... 10

The Theosophist, Adyar, (Madras), India, month-ly..... 50

Light for Thinkers, Atlanta, Ga.,..... 05

The Mind Cure Monthly, Chicago,..... 10

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patent of the Inventor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequalled.

MOORE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

DR. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN

6 James Street, Boston.

It is now giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases, aided by psychometric diagnosis and the use of new remedies discovered by himself. His residence is in the more elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a few invalids in his family for medical care. MISS BUCHANAN continues the practice of Psychometry—full written opinions three dollars.

DR. SOMERS'

Turkish, Russian, Electric, sulphur, Mercurial, Roman, and other Medicinal Baths, the FINEST in the country, at the GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, on Jackson-st., near La Salle, Chicago.

These baths are a great luxury and most potent curative agent. Nearly all forms of Disease Rapidly Disappear Under their influence when properly administered. All who try them are delighted with the effect. Thousands of our best citizens can testify to their great curative properties. Try them at once and judge for yourself. ELECTRICITY A SPECIALTY. The Electric Treatment, as given by Dr. Somers, is par excellence in Nervous Diseases and General Debility. Open for Ladies and Gentlemen from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sundays 7 A. M. to 12.

SARAH A. DANSKIN,

PHYSICIAN OF THE "NEW SCHOOL"

Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Keach.

Office: 481 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore, Md. During fifteen years past Miss DANKIN has been the pupil and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Keach. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

She is clairvoyant and clairaudient. Reads the interior condition of the patient, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Keach treats the case with a scientific skill which has been greatly enhanced by his fifty years' experience in the world of spirits.

Application by letter,

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Series of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 3.

BY C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

"THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD."

The Jewish Cabbala has glanced with extraordinary profundity into the relation of the woman to the man. *Molitor* has proved that according to it (the Cabbala), man forms the principle which is positive, independent, operating productively, and expanding from within outwardly, corresponding to the *Ne-shamah*, i. e., to the spirit (the Greek *psyche*). The woman, on the other hand, is the man inverted; in her preponderates the principle negatively active from without inwardly, turned from the circumference to the centre, living itself forth in adopting and receiving, which corresponds to the *Nephesh*, i. e., to the soul (the Greek *psyche*). Man, more independent of nature, represents the spiritual, ideal, sun-like aspect; and woman the *psychic*, real, moon-like aspect; in the former lies hid the mystery of the spirit; in the latter, the mystery of nature. These are only the most external outlines of the observation on the distinction of the two sexes recorded in the Cabbala, and admirably reproduced by *Molitor*. (Comp. F. Delitzsch's *Bibl. Psych.* page 126.—*Molitor's Philos. of History and Tradition* and von *Rudolf's Lehre vom Menschen*, pp. 122-128.)

Woman is the psychical element in humanity, and represents the mystery of nature. In this fact we find the explanation and key to almost all past mysticism. It is feminine and worships the feminine element in creation. It places itself in the attitude of the beloved object to the lover. The Delity is the bridegroom, the soul the bride. The *Sufi* parable of the moth that dies in the flame is of universal mystic import. This then explains the prevailing reverence for the mother power in the world. We shall now describe various forms of mystic conceptions in this direction.

Of all mythologies and their underlying philosophies none are more interesting to the Theosophist than the Egyptian. The mystic nature of all her deities: half brute, half human being, pointing to our own double nature. On the other side, we are drawn to the Egyptian enigmas because they everywhere seem to teach a cosmosophy, now no more known—perhaps not even recoverable.

In Egypt "The Mother power of the World" is represented in the bright goddess of intellectual power, wisdom, virtue and passionless motherhood, in *Neith* or *Isis*. In the conception of intellect, pervading and ruling the universe, are mysteriously entwined the past, present and future. "There is doubt," says C. Tiele (*History of Egyptian Religion*), "that she is a mother goddess, for she is frequently called mother of the gods and divine mother. Sometimes, too, she is united with Anka, who signifies the fruitful mother-earth. She is closely related likewise to the Theban Mother of the gods, Mat or Mut, and not unfrequently is she confounded with her; but at the same time *Neith* is distinguished from Anka and Mut by being a virgin goddess. This is expressed in the words inscribed on her temple: 'My garment no one has lifted up, which is immediately followed by, 'The fruit that I have borne is the Sun.' She is thus the virgin mother of the Sun. The Sun here signifies the highest Sun-god, as the Creator, who has also created himself without a father. These are all so many attempts of the symbolical mysticism to personify the ever productive, but always pure nature-power whence everything derives its origin."

Ideas similar to the Egyptian we find in all mystic systems, whether of the more active type, such as the great religions of the world, or of a more passive nature, such as all the smaller systems or more limited teachings, that grow in the shade of those larger. Nearly all of them look upon the origin of things as coming from a Virgin-Mother, without a father, and all of them thus represent *The Personal* as it gushes forth as "Nature." They do not simply "personify the powers of nature," as commonly stated. Their efforts have a much deeper root and purport; they spring from what we now are obliged to call an "esoteric" knowledge, since the ordinary understanding has "grown" away from it, and has perished in externals.

The Indian world-egg, and *Prakrit* are well known feminine forms; so is the Scandinavian cow *Audhumla*, and the Greek *Chaos*. In Christianity J. Bohme has added the conception of *Maternity* as an attribute to the greatest of the gods.

But it is not only in cosmological conceptions that we find the feminine powers of the world so fully represented and elevated so high. The mystic psychology is permeated by the same spirit. We shall mention some instances of the soul's identity with femininity.

The story of the soul as told in the *Khordah-Avesta* is as follows:

"When the lapse of the third night turns itself to light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward recollecting itself. A wind blows to meet it from the mid-day region, a sweet-scented one, more sweet-scented than the other winds. In that wind comes to meet him his own law (that is, the rule of life to which he has conformed) in the figure of a maiden, one beautiful, shining, with shining arms; one powerful, well-grown, slender, with large breasts, praiseworthy body; one noble, with brilliant face, one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures. Then to her (the maiden) speaks the soul of the pure man, asking: 'What maiden art thou whom I have seen here as the fairest of maidens in body?' Then replies to him his own law: 'I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, words and works, thy good law, the law of thine own body. Which would be in reference to thee in greatness, goodness, and beauty, sweet-smelling, victorious, harmless, as thou appearest to me. Thou art like me, O well-speaking, well-thinking, well-acting youth, devoted to the good law, so in greatness, goodness, and beauty as I appear to thee.' The maiden, that is, his own conscience, then goes on recounting his good deeds, and it is told how he is conducted to Paradise. Immediately after 'the progress of the soul' of the wicked man is told, once more representing the soul in the shape of a maiden, but this time the maid is 'evil-smelling' and the maiden a 'harlot.'"

Lucius Manlius Severinus Boetius is a transition step to the medieval times. The Christians have claimed him, but he was no Christian, he was a true Pagan and drew his best inspirations from Plato and Aristotle. Hence we claim him to some extent as a mystic. His vision of Wisdom as narrated in

De Consolatione Philosophiae entitles him to a place in this connection of representative stories. In his meditations came to him the vision of a Woman of reverent countenance, with eyes glowing beyond the power of ordinary human eyes and beyond their brilliancy, and of inexhaustible strength. Though full of years, she could not be called old. Her stature was difficult to describe, for sometimes she appeared to be within the common human measure, but sometimes she lifted her head so high, that it looked into the very heavens and was lost to the beholder. Her garments were of exquisite workmanship, fashioned, as he afterwards learned, by her own hands. Yet there was a look of antiquity, almost of neglect, about them. On the lower skirt of it he saw inscribed a Greek P (Pi) and on the upper part of it a Th (Theta). These seemed to be letters between these two, and they rose like the steps of a ladder from the one to the other. But the garment had been torn by violence, it seemed, and some parts of it carried away. In her right hand she held some books, in her left a sceptre. She announced herself as his mistress and directed him to leave all for her sake. Her name is "Philosophy," and she has been the teacher of Anaxagoras and Socrates. She bids him cast away griefs and fears, and let hope and faith go together; he then have a clear eye to see the truth. "If thou art master of thyself, thou wilt possess that which neither time nor fortune can take away," his mistress tells him, and a good story besides. A vain man, who wanted to pass for a philosopher asked another man, who insulted him, and whose insults he did not resent: "Do you think that I am a philosopher now?"

"If you had held your tongue," he should have thought so," was the reply. But, we must forego the examination of all the books of the "Consolations of Philosophy" and the conversations between their author and his heavenly visitor. Our space will not allow us more room. We advise, however, our readers to make themselves familiar with this book. It outweighs a cargo of modern books.

We cannot count St. Augustine as a Mystic proper, but the history of Mysticism owes him much, and his own studies in the solemn doctrine was so extensive, that we are justified in placing an extract from his "Confessions" among similar ones from true Mystics. Augustine was at Ostia together with Monica, a few days before her death, and "confesses" thus: "And when our discourse was brought to that point, that the very highest delight of the earthly senses, in the very purest material light, was not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention; we raising up ourselves with a more glowing affection towards the 'Self-Same' (N. B.—that unchangeable and One Nature, which reaching after, he would not err, and reaching to, he would not grieve. (Aug. De vera rel. cap. 21), did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very heaven, whence sun and moon, and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we were soaring higher yet, by inward musing, and discourse, and admiring Thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might arrive at that region of never-failing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth, and where life is the Wisdom by whom all these things were made. . . . And while we were discoursing and panting after her, we slightly touched on her with the whole effort of our heart; and we sighed, and there we leave bound the first fruits of the Spirit; and returned to vocal expressions of our mouth, where the word spoken has beginning and end. . . ."

The Virgin Sophia is to Jacob Bohme the Maternal Principle in Delity. Sometimes he calls it the "Corpority of the Holy Trinity; the Delight and Playfellow of the Most High; sometimes he designated it the "Eternal Mother, the great Mysterium Magnum," and declares that the "Eternal Word breathed itself forth from it into skill or knowledge (i. e., infinity of multiplicity). He also calls this principle "the Substantial Power of the great Love of God" and the "Outflowing Word."

This Virgin Sophia is not only the eternal Idea and the heavenly Wisdom, who reveals to him the divine secrets, but she is his guardian-angel, too, who leads him to God and Christ and brings him consolation in his troubles. It is rather curious to notice how every thing takes the Personal form before Bohme's mind. Once, while walking with his intimate friend, Dr. Kober, the doctor happened to use the word *Idea* when Bohme immediately burst out: "Ah, I see a heavenly virgin!" Such was the effect upon this sensitive man of the mere mentioning of the word; so utterly incapable was he of abstract conceptions. It was so to Plato, too. It is so to a true Mystic: every thing is Personal, an abstraction is nothing.

"The sweet *Suso*" before his twentieth year felt himself secretly drawn, as it were, by a "bright light" to God. This influence soon wrought an entire change in him. He became filled with "an ardent desire to become and to be called a *Servant of Eternal Wisdom*." So he tells us himself. Finally the Everlasting Wisdom manifested herself to him. He saw her, a maiden, bright as the sun, surrounded by Eternity; her raiment was blueness, her words sweetness and though she spoke an unknown tongue, he understood her easily. She was distant, yet near. She was high aloft and yet deep below. She was accessible and yet not palpable to the touch. Smilingly she demanded: "My Son, give me thine heart!" And he did give his heart, and from that time forth he dedicated his life to her service, wooed her as his heart's queen and armed his soul as her knight.

It is, however, not the Mystics alone who see their own souls in feminine garb. The Poets do, too. Who does not know Dante's Beatrice, Boccaccio's Fiammetta, the lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, Sidney's Stella, etc.—these were no mortal women; they were images of the souls of the poets, and Dante for himself declared it expressly. Who was that queen of beauty which we see in all Raphael's and Murilla's work? She was their Virgin Sophia, their own soul! But, where is the explanation to this mystery? May it not be found in *Plotinus's* statement: "Every soul is a *Psyche*."

All these illustrations on the Mystics' conceptions of the sources of the world and of thought as feminine, we may conclude by quoting from Goethe's *Faust*, the dialogue between *Mephistopheles* and *Faust* on the subject of "The Mothers" to which *Faust* must descend to gain the powers he is in search of.

It is rather remarkable, that of the almost endless commentaries upon this poet's last and crowning work, not one has been conducted on theosophic lines. The key to the whole tragedy lies, as we have pointed out years ago in lectures, in that direction. The dialogue, as far as we quote it, is the following:

MEPHISTO.

Unwilling, I reveal a loftier mystery.

In solitude are throned the Goddesses, No space around them, Place and Time still less; Only to speak to them embarrasses. They are the Mothers.

—Goddesses, unknown to ye,

The Mortals—
Delve in the deepest depths must thou, to reach them.

FAUST.

Where is the way?

MEPHISTO.

No way!—To the Unreachable, No'er to be trodden! A way to the Unbeeseeable, Never to be besought!—
There are no locks, no latches to be lifted;—
Through endless solitudes shalt thou be drifted.

FAUST (sarcastically).

—I to the Void am sent
That Art and Power therein I may augment—
In this, thy Nothing, may I find my All!

MEPHISTO.

—here take this key—

FAUST.

That little thing!

MEPHISTO.

The key will scent the true place from all others:
Follow it down!—'t will lead thee to the mothers—
Descend, then!

—Escape from the Created
To shapeless forms in liberated spaces!—
At last a blazing tripod tells thee this,
That there the utterly deepest bottom is:
Its light to thee will then the Mothers show,
Some in their seats, the others stand or go,
At their own will!

Formation, Transformation,
The Eternal Mind's eternal re-creation,
Forms of all creatures,—there are floating free.

FAUST.

Here foothold is! Realities here centre—

We might yet refer to Bohme's "Ovangelist-er," to Paracelsus on "Elements," to Tabler's "Ground of the Soul," to Eckard's "Spark of the Soul," to St. Victor's "Eye of Contemplation," and to the fact that all the main delities in Greek mythology and mystery were feminine, but illustrations enough have already been given.

(To be Continued.)

An Abstract of a Discourse on the Career of Professor William Denton.

Delivered by A. B. French at Cassadaga Camp Meeting, Aug. 28th.

No man has done so much to make geology a popular science as William Denton. He could dress the frowning Alps with the chisel of a Grecian sculptor, or paint over the world's primitive midnight the rosy tints of coming day. No man could envelop the cold, hard facts of science with a halo of poetry, more successfully than could he. His geological lectures were the hardest adamant of facts made soft and tender by his wondrous eloquence.

After Mr. Denton had completed a course of geological lectures at Chagrin Falls, O., he held a five day's debate,

WITH JAMES A. GARFIELD.

then president of Hiram college. Mr. Garfield, who was then preaching at Chagrin Falls, had been delivering a series of Sunday evening sermons in criticism of Mr. Denton's lectures and out of this grew the discussion. The questions for debate was stated: "Resolved that plants, animals, and man came into existence by operation of the laws of spontaneous generation and progressive development, and that there is no evidence on this planet of direct creative energy." The discussion occurred between Christmas and New Year in the year 1853. This contest absorbed all interests in that section. People came fifty miles to hear it. The mud was frightful, and yet the whole seating capacity of the hall was occupied fully an hour before each session. The contestants had never before met. Garfield was accompanied by a number of clergymen who assisted in taking notes and looking up authorities. Denton had no assistance. Mr. Denton opened with a brilliant speech which fascinated the audience. Garfield followed with a less brilliant and more cautious address which indicated great reserve for he did not care to waste for sudden effect. Denton's second address was pronounced by able critics to be the finest oratorical effort they ever heard. But little argument was entered upon the first session. At that time Darwin had not published his *Origin of Species* and History of Natural Selection, nor had Haeckel, Wallace and others committed themselves in favor of the development theory.

About the only book on Denton's side was the *Vestiges of Creation*, a small work by an anonymous author. Upon Garfield's side a voluminous literature was already extant. Hitchcock, Huxley, Miller and others had labored to reconcile Genesis with advancing geological discovery. Huxley was Garfield's favorite author, and none was more bitter upon the development theory than he. The weight of authority was altogether upon Garfield's side. Denton knew this and he tried to force Garfield upon affirmative ground, assuming that the statement of question involved an affirmative which Garfield was in fairness bound to sustain. He claimed that the terms of the question required proof from Garfield of direct creative energy, as much as it required proof from him of natural selection and spontaneous generation. No effort of Denton's, however, could induce Garfield to defend miraculous creative energy. He claimed that he did not come there to prove anything, he came to see that Denton proved spontaneous generation and progressive development. Garfield was shrewd, cautious and able throughout. Denton was self-possessed and eloquent. He brought forward all the argument the state of knowledge would permit. Indeed he anticipates in this debate all that Darwin and others afterwards proclaimed. He was no doubt disappointed in his effort to defend special creative energy. Garfield went into the discussion with a strong element of advantage, which he turned to good account. Denton entered with a great task which he performed with tact and eloquence. It is rarely if ever, that two great men have met in so long and heated a debate where each won from friends and foes so general praise. The most bitter orthodox did not hesitate to acknowledge the great ability of William Denton, while the most radical freely accorded to Mr. Garfield intellectual strength beyond even the anticipation of his friends. Could those young men, crossing intellectual swords by the waters of the rapidly-falling river, have read their destiny, they would not have believed it. Did over two young men meet for whom the future held so much of praise and pity? Did ever

two lives hold in their mysterious depths so much to touch the lives of others? Garfield, unconscious to himself, was about to blaze forth like a meteor and light the heavens with glory. Denton had before him years of toil, but in those years of struggle he was to explore a world, the grandeur of which Columbus had never dreamed. Garfield was to climb to the highest summit of fame and look with manly gratitude at the crown a nation laid at his feet. Denton was to push forward like a bold pioneer blazing a track for the legions of progress.

BOTH MUST DIE.

The one by the sad and solemn sea at Kibberon. He dies, however, with a nation weeping over his dying bed. The other must die alone in a foreign land, far from the path of civilization, with no friend to weep by his bedside, no loving hand to wipe the cold death sweat from his brow. Both are buried. The one by the pomp and pageantry of a grand nation. The other in silence and by the hands of strangers. Garfield's inanimate body was placed in a pavilion black as the brow of night, trimmed with its belts of gold. On his costly coffin lay a wreath from England's queen, and about it flowers enough to build a mausoleum for the dead. Denton's body lay in a miserable hovel, with no pillow for its head and no coffin for its final repose. He was buried in a foreign land and far from home. No marble or block of stone guard the grave of William Denton, yet nature is kind. The bird will call its mate and sing its morning song from the fern-fringed jungle near the little mound. The mountain stream will chant his requiem. The same sun which shines over us will warm his grave, and the faithful nightly stars kiss it with their pure sweet beams.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I cannot forbear expressing a few words, regarding a week's enjoyment on Lookout Mountain, at the camp meeting of the Southern Association of Spiritualists. Sixteen hundred feet above the valley, and twenty-four hundred above sea level, is a good place to be during August. 82° for a few days, and this only from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., was the highest thermometer index, while the mornings, evenings and nights were delightful. To me, say that my better half and myself enjoyed this locality, with its magnificent scenery and outlook, and these meetings, does not express it, for though the numbers in attendance were lacking as compared with eastern camps, and this because the railroad had not been finished up the mountain side as expected, we had an exceptionally excellent, earnest, zealous, and I may add, jolly lot of Spiritualists. The Association owns 16 acres of land, a large hotel and a number of cottages. The stock, \$12,000, has nearly all been taken. Spiritualists only having the privilege of purchase, and has trebled in value in the three years passed. In ten years I predict that its value, beauty and attractions as a summer resort and camp for the meetings of the Association, will equal any of the eastern camps, and will be the Mecca of Spiritualists in the South.

Father Watson, that sound, old man, spoke for us Sunday, the 15th, in the morning and evening in Chattanooga. He is now 74 years old, erect and commanding as in youth; his eloquent words burn into your very soul, and rivet the attention of every human being within the sound of his voice. One cannot help but feel that every word he utters is a truth.

Mrs. Tolbert, of Galveston, Texas, one of our oldest and ablest workers, though in the winter of life, was there, sharing the burden and the heat of the day, and in her beautiful simplicity of style and thought carried her audience with her. Mrs. De Wolfe, of Chicago, Miss Bally, of Louisville, and Miss Brown, of Atlanta (with her wonderful improvisation of song and verse), discoursed most excellently. Mrs. Seabrooke, of Charleston, S. C., a new medium of great promise, made her first appearance in public at this meeting.

The Bangs Sisters, of Chicago, were there and gave the best of satisfaction in their dark circles; so, too, Mrs. Wells, materializing medium of New York, for whom a small building in the woods, one hundred yards from the pavilion, had been erected, gave most absolute satisfaction of her genuineness. Ten to fifteen forms appeared each evening, sleeping out, conversing with friends, giving their names as a rule, the majority being recognized, and dematerializing in front of the curtain. Three forms appeared to myself and my wife, gave us their names, mentioned our names, and sank out of sight while the raised curtain revealed the medium in her chair. If Mrs. Wells would come to Chicago this winter, it would afford us, who are within a few hours' ride of that city, the privilege of seeing this beautiful phase of spirit power without having to go to New York or Boston.

Next year it is to be hoped Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting will be overrun with Northern and Western Spiritualists.

Delphi, Ind.

E. W. H. BECK, M. D.



MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., Chicago and St. Louis.

MT. CARROLL SEMINARY

(Mt. Carroll, Ill.). Incorporated, with its Musical Conservatory, in 1822. Never had an agent. Never before funds or money. The Seminary, a 100-room building, is original and best maintained by girls in preparation for college. Tuition and use of books free to students meeting certain requirements, as explained in the "Orator." Send for a copy.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable wholly or in part to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.

No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be retained by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM,

This indigestible and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS, it is a Perfect Nutrient in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even fine water and milk is rejected by the stomach. It is digested, and in all waiting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by Druggists—25c, 50c, \$1.00. A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FREE! New Book of Fancy Works with 100 Illustrations, 150 New Recipes, 100 Special Orders, 3000 Pictures, 400 Col. story paper, all for 4c. Postage.

NATIONAL BAZAR, 7 W. Broadway, N.Y.

The PARAGON HAIR PH. IT IS POSITIVELY NON-SLIPPING. Send 2 CENTS in STAMPS for a Complete Set of Tools. (Limited) PHILADELPHIA.

"SINGER" 11 MODEL SEWING MACHINES for \$12.00 up. Warranted New and perfect. Sent on trial if desired. Organize classes as premiums. Send for circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. We will give you \$15 to \$50. every \$100.00. In 10 days. No. 10, Chicago.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I cannot forbear expressing a few words, regarding a week's enjoyment on Lookout Mountain, at the camp meeting of the Southern Association of Spiritualists. Sixteen hundred feet above the valley, and twenty-four hundred above sea level, is a good place to be during August. 82° for a few days, and this only from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., was the highest thermometer index, while the mornings, evenings and nights were delightful. To me, say that my better half and myself enjoyed this locality, with its magnificent scenery and outlook, and these meetings, does not express it, for though the numbers in attendance were lacking as compared with eastern camps, and this because the railroad had not been finished up the mountain side as expected, we had an exceptionally excellent, earnest, zealous, and I may add, jolly lot of Spiritualists. The Association owns 16 acres of land, a large hotel and a number of cottages. The stock, \$12,000, has nearly all been taken. Spiritualists only having the privilege of purchase, and has trebled in value in the three years passed. In ten years I predict that its value, beauty and attractions as a summer resort and camp for the meetings of the Association, will equal any of the eastern camps, and will be the Mecca of Spiritualists in the South.

Father Watson, that sound, old man, spoke for us Sunday, the 15th, in the morning and evening in Chattanooga. He is now 74 years old, erect and commanding as in youth; his eloquent words burn into your very soul, and rivet the attention of every human being within the sound of his voice. One cannot help but feel that every word he utters is a truth.

Mrs. Tolbert, of Galveston, Texas, one of our oldest and ablest workers, though in the winter of life, was there, sharing the burden and the heat of the day, and in her beautiful simplicity of style and thought carried her audience with her. Mrs. De Wolfe, of Chicago, Miss Bally, of Louisville, and Miss Brown, of Atlanta (with her wonderful improvisation of song and verse), discoursed most excellently. Mrs. Seabrooke, of Charleston, S. C., a new medium of great promise, made her first appearance in public at this meeting.

The Bangs Sisters, of Chicago, were there and gave the best of satisfaction in their dark circles; so, too, Mrs. Wells, materializing medium of New York, for whom a small building in the woods, one hundred yards from the pavilion, had been erected, gave most absolute satisfaction of her genuineness. Ten to fifteen forms appeared each evening, sleeping out, conversing with friends, giving their names as a rule, the majority being recognized, and dematerializing in front of the curtain. Three forms appeared to myself and my wife, gave us their names, mentioned our names, and sank out of sight while the raised curtain revealed the medium in her chair. If Mrs. Wells would come to Chicago this winter, it would afford us, who are within a few hours' ride of that city, the privilege of seeing this beautiful phase of spirit power without having to go to New York or Boston.

Next year it is to be hoped Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting will be overrun with Northern and Western Spiritualists.

Delphi, Ind. E. W. H. BECK, M. D.

Price, 25c. 50c. \$1.00. A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FREE! New Book of Fancy Works with 100 Illustrations, 150 New Recipes, 100 Special Orders, 3000 Pictures, 400 Col. story paper, all for 4c. Postage.

NATIONAL BAZAR, 7 W. Broadway, N.Y.

The PARAGON HAIR PH. IT IS POSITIVELY NON-SLIPPING. Send 2 CENTS in STAMPS for a Complete Set of Tools. (Limited) PHILADELPHIA.

"SINGER" 11 MODEL SEWING MACHINES for \$12.00 up. Warranted New and perfect. Sent on trial if desired. Organize classes as premiums. Send for circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. We will give you \$15 to \$50. every \$100.00. In 10 days. No. 10, Chicago.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I cannot forbear expressing a few words, regarding a week's enjoyment on Lookout Mountain, at the camp meeting of the Southern Association of Spiritualists. Sixteen hundred feet above the valley, and twenty-four hundred above sea level, is a good place to be during August. 82° for a few days, and this only from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., was the highest thermometer index, while the mornings, evenings and nights were delightful. To me, say that my better half and myself enjoyed this locality, with its magnificent scenery and outlook, and these meetings, does not express it, for though the numbers in attendance were lacking as compared with eastern camps, and this because the railroad had not been finished up the mountain side as expected, we had an exceptionally excellent, earnest, zealous, and I may add, jolly lot of Spiritualists. The Association owns 16 acres of land, a large hotel and a number of cottages. The stock, \$12,000, has nearly all been taken. Spiritualists only having the privilege of purchase, and has trebled in value in the three years passed. In ten years I predict that its value, beauty and attractions as a summer resort and camp for the meetings of the Association, will equal any of the eastern camps, and will be the Mecca of Spiritualists in the South.

Father Watson, that sound, old man, spoke for us Sunday, the 15th, in the morning and evening in Chattanooga. He is now 74 years old, erect and commanding as in youth; his eloquent words burn into your very soul, and rivet the attention of every human being within the sound of his voice. One cannot help but feel that every word he utters is a truth.

Mrs. Tolbert, of Galveston, Texas, one of our oldest and ablest workers, though in the winter of life, was there, sharing the burden and the heat of the day, and in her beautiful simplicity of style and thought carried her audience with her. Mrs. De Wolfe, of Chicago, Miss Bally, of Louisville, and Miss Brown, of Atlanta (with her wonderful improvisation of song and verse), discoursed most excellently. Mrs. Seabrooke, of Charleston, S. C., a new medium of great promise, made her first appearance in public at this meeting.

The Bangs Sisters, of Chicago, were there and gave the best of satisfaction in their dark circles; so, too, Mrs. Wells, materializing medium of New York, for whom a small building in the woods, one hundred yards from the pavilion, had been erected, gave most absolute satisfaction of her genuineness. Ten to fifteen forms appeared each evening, sleeping out, conversing with friends, giving their names as a rule, the majority being recognized, and dematerializing in front of the curtain. Three forms appeared to myself and my wife, gave us their names, mentioned our names, and sank out of sight while the raised curtain revealed the medium in her chair. If Mrs. Wells would come to Chicago this winter, it would afford us, who are within a few hours' ride of that city, the privilege of seeing this beautiful phase of spirit power without having to go to New York or Boston.

Next year it is to be hoped Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting will be overrun with Northern and Western Spiritualists.

Delphi, Ind. E. W. H. BECK, M. D.

Price, 25c. 50c. \$1.00. A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FREE! New Book of Fancy Works with 100 Illustrations, 150 New Recipes, 100 Special Orders, 3000 Pictures, 400 Col. story paper, all for 4c. Postage.

NATIONAL BAZAR, 7 W. Broadway, N.Y.

The PARAGON HAIR PH. IT IS POSITIVELY NON-SLIPPING. Send 2 CENTS in STAMPS for a Complete Set of Tools. (Limited) PHILADELPHIA.

"SINGER" 11 MODEL SEWING MACHINES for \$12.00 up. Warranted New and perfect. Sent on trial if desired. Organize classes as premiums. Send for circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. We will give you \$15 to \$50. every \$100.00. In 10 days. No. 10, Chicago.

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE
AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLI.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

No. 4

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—A Critique.—The Annual Address of the President of the American Society for Psychical Research. Spiritual Equilibrium.
- SECOND PAGE.—A Most Remarkable Visitation. Spiritual Philosophy.—Prevalence of the Belief in the Churches and Among People Generally.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Late September Magazine. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—Deposed the Grave.—Views of a Methodist Bishop. The Prevalence of Pantheism. The Metaphysical Convention. Prof. Newcomb Should Resign. General News.
- FIFTH PAGE.—J. J. Morse Coming Westward. General News. Letter from Mrs. J. D. Home. Kicking a Dead Lion. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Two Ways. Scientific Theism in a Nutshell. The Spiritualism Before "Modern" Spiritualism. Everlastingness. Materialized Spirit Hands. The Investigation of Psychical Phenomena. Experience at a Seance in London. Fused by a Clairvoyant. His Partner's Spirit Appeared to Him. Bound from Light. Training the Eyes. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Ingersoll in Despo. Cured by Prayer. Dead Souls. A New Clerical Society. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Philosophy of Religion.—From the Standpoint of the Mystic. An Extraordinary Medium. Notes from Ouse. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A CRITIQUE.

The Annual Address of the President of the American Society for Psychical Research.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A short time before the formation of the American Society for Psychical Research, Prof. Simon Newcomb, an astronomer of note, gave to the world his views concerning psychic and spiritual phenomena. The publication of these views evidenced the lack of knowledge of the writer in regard to the character, scope and importance of the phenomena upon which he did not hesitate to sit in judgment; it also evidenced that however eminent his ability in astronomical science, he was devoid of the mental aptitudes and qualifications essential for an unbiased examination of, and an unprejudiced, impartial decision upon, the peculiar phenomena falling under the now accepted designation of psychic. Without any definite knowledge of the facts, he scrupled not to arbitrarily decide their merits, etc., according to his own *a priori* prepossessions. Such prejudgment as this, based upon strong mental bias, independent of substantial facts, was in direct contravention of the true scientific spirit. The prejudiced scientific dogmatist speaking *ex cathedra*, as it were, upon subjects of deep concern, with which his actual acquaintance was almost nil, was evident in his almost every line. A short time afterward, when I saw the announcement that the American Society for Psychical Research had selected for its President one so palpably unsuitable for the position as was Prof. Newcomb, it surprised me greatly; and, if common with many other friends of scientific psychical research, I felt that the society had from its very inception heavily handicapped itself in its quest of truth, by placing itself under the leadership of so incompetent a guide and mentor.

It is well known that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in order that the scientific demonstration of the action of psychical and spiritual potencies, so prevalent in this century, might be inaugurated in this country without further delay, had for months before the formation of the American Society, urged that such a society be instituted; and in this the JOURNAL was sustained by many of the leading thinkers and workers in Spiritualism. All phenomena are subject to scientific demonstration, and the truth or falsity of every phenomenon is a subject of scientific arbitrament. The decision of science, that is of genuine science, not the variant opinions of scientists, is final on every subject; and all classes of psychical phenomena must finally submit themselves to this scientific arbitrament. The formation of American psychical societies, then, as advocated by the JOURNAL was a desideratum; but in my opinion, a serious blunder was made by the parent society in its choice of President—a blunder which it should rectify as early as a day as practicable. There are said to be no untried evils, and it is possible that one good result may have accrued from the assignment of Mr. Newcomb to the presidency. His recent annual address indicates that he has not personally taken part in the experiments and researches of the society; upon which, owing to his special mental bias and prepossession, incapacitating him for such work, the society is to be congratulated. It may be that, recognizing his disqualification for this work, and in order to forestall his participation therein the society thought it had better make him President, and thus prevent him from injuring his experiments by his meddling therewith.

The recent Presidential address of Prof. Newcomb furnishes, I think, adequate proof of his disqualification for the position held by him,—that, speaking plainly and honestly, a much worse selection could not easily have been made. The tendency of the entire address is practically in antagonism to and criticism of the objects and accomplishments both of the parent English Society and of his own American one. He thinks neither of them has accomplished aught of much practical importance; that their modes of procedure in experiment and research are virtually inutile and inconsequential; and he berates them, in a courteous manner, 'tis true, for having failed in the very short time in which their researches have been conducted to formulate the precise conditions or the exact laws governing the action of mind upon mind in the peculiar and delicate psychic manifestations with which they have been busied. He frankly tells them in effect that they do not understand their business, and implies that had he superintended the experiments most important conclusions would have been reached in a short time. What those conclusions would be he leaves little room for doubt; namely, that there is no such thing as thought-transference, except through physical agencies; that telepathy, or the action of mind upon mind at a distance, or without physical agencies, and mind reading are delusions; and that the only object of a psychical society should be to discover the purely physical agencies or conditions productive of certain sporadic phenomena mistakenly supposed to be due to mental action independent of physical causes. As the English society has apparently demonstrated the truth, in some cases, of independent thought-transference, telepathy and mind reading, our American psychical Solon naturally feels aggrieved, and thinks that their labors have been largely useless; and he now proceeds to tell them how they have neglected their duty and what they ought to do in order to accomplish definite results—that is, results in accordance with his preconceived theories.

It appears that Prof. Newcomb became a member of the American society under a misapprehension. He informs us that he supposed that the English society had discovered that a number of its members had found themselves permanently able to copy drawings without other guidance than the thoughts of other members not in physical contact with them; and so thinking, he encouraged the formation of the American society and accepted membership in it. As the English society had not demonstrated the existence of any such power among its members, this illustrates the perfunctory and unscientific character of Mr. Newcomb's psychic investigations. Without taking the trouble to ascertain what the real work of the English society had been, he aids in the establishment of a new scientific society and accepts its presidency,—all based upon a mistake, an error of his, which a very little investigation would have rectified. It argues little for the value to a society, of the services of a man of science who can act in no careful and inaccurate manner in the very matter of its existence and probable sphere of usefulness. Ought such a man to be its President? He virtually tells the society that its existence, its *raison d'être*, so far as he is concerned, rests upon a fiction, a mistake,—that his membership in it was due to unwittingly false pretences, so to speak; and yet he retains his Presidency in it. It would seem that, under the circumstances, his self-respect and dignity of character would prompt him to resign a position entered upon through a mistake,—to yield up the Presidency of a society which fails to accomplish any useful result and whose modes of procedure are not in consonance with his conceptions of scientific experimentation.

The closing sentence of Mr. Newcomb's address voices the following significant conclusion: "I even venture to say, that, if thought transference is real, we shall establish its reality more speedily by leaving it out of consideration, and collecting facts for study, than by directing our attention especially to it." The scientific wisdom of this advice is not apparent to us, ordinary minds. It is a common delusion, I believe, that in order to establish the verity of an alleged scientific fact, we should not "leave it out of consideration," but should "direct our attention especially to it." I have always thought that in order to determine the reality of an alleged astronomical discovery, it was incumbent upon astronomers to test the value of the asserted evidence in its favor by continued investigation and research, that it was their duty to "direct their attention especially to it" and not "leave it out of consideration." But perhaps in the Newcomb school of astronomy new facts are best discoverable by not considering them at all and by paying no special attention to the indices of their existence. With all due respect to the learned Professor and his methods of determining recidive or involved scientific problems, that is, by severely letting them alone, I am forced to the conclusion that his final sentence, quoted above, his parting shot at the society over which he presides, is in opposition to all legitimate methods of scientific procedure, if not ridiculously absurd. Although he tells us not to make thought-transference a subject for consideration and not to direct our attention especially to it, yet, in the same sentence, advises us to "collect facts for study"; and by this means he says we shall more speedily establish the truth, should it be true. Our psychical expert fails to inform us how we can "collect facts for study" bearing on the subject, to

such an extent that its truth can be thereby established, and yet leave the matter out of consideration and pay no special attention to it. How a person or society can collect facts upon a subject in order to prove it false or true, and at the same time refrain from any consideration of the subject, and pay no special attention to it, the average unaided intellect is incompetent to grasp. Perhaps the lowering mental acumen and bewildering breadth of thought manifest in President Newcomb's Annual Psychical Address may be competent for its solution: Again I ask if such a man is fitted for the Presidency of a Psychical Research Society? Having advised the society to discontinue its consideration of the problems for the investigation of which it was founded, why does he not inaugurate its apparently desired dissolution by resigning its Presidency? And if he fail to do this, it seems to be the duty of the society, for its own best interests, if it hopes ever to be able to accomplish any permanent and practicable good in the world, to call upon its President "to step down and out." As it is, he is a serious drawback, a hindrance, a clog upon its movements for good,—an impediment in the path of psycho-neurotic progress that should be removed as speedily as practicable.

As an instance of the dogmatic prejudice of Prof. Newcomb against the subjects of investigation germane to the purpose of the Psychical Societies, the following is in point: There are many cases on record in which a person, not subject to hallucinations, suddenly receives an impression concerning an absent friend, that he is dead, or is suffering, often accompanied by a vision of the absent friend, while sometimes the voice of the friend is heard. In a short time news is received that the friend had the identical experience of which impression had been received, and just at the very moment of its reception by the other. There are numerous well-attested cases of this character, in some instances notes of the occurrences being made prior to the receipt of the confirmatory intelligence. Observe how coolly Prof. Newcomb disposes of all cases of this nature. In his opinion, evidently, no such impression could have been received prior to the receipt of intelligence of the occurrence of the event; ergo, nothing of the kind, as alleged, ever happened. This is his explanation of the origin of such narratives. "If described as they actually come to knowledge.... the experience of the observer would be: I heard that my friend was dead, or that he had met with an accident and cried aloud. After inquiring when the death or accident occurred, I remembered that about that time I heard this very exclamation, or saw his image before my eyes." This supposed recollection Mr. Newcomb regards as "a mere illusion of the memory." While it is probable that some of the alleged cases of this character are due to illusion and hallucination, Prof. Newcomb has no legitimate warrant for attributing all such to this cause. He makes no exception in his sweeping statement, neither does he say "probably" or "most likely" or "perhaps," or use any similar qualifying expression. A writer imbued with the true scientific spirit, with a mind free from the influence of what Dr. Carpenter calls "dominant ideas," and prepossessions, and receptive to truth from all sources, would not have made such positive, not to say reckless, assertions concerning matters of grave moment upon which his knowledge is so exceedingly limited. The Psychical Society was instituted to investigate, among other things, alleged cases of the appearance of apparitions at the moment of death, etc. The President of the Society, it appears, has formed his own opinion concerning such alleged occurrences, based, it would seem, on *a priori* grounds; and in advance of any careful or exhaustive investigation by the society of their truth or falsity, and of the causes and conditions of their occurrence, if found veritable, he thrusts upon the society his own dogmatic prejudgment thereupon in an address in which he disparages the labors both of the English and American Societies, and virtually tells them that their only legitimate work is to endorse his crude theories of the causes of the operation of psychic forces,—theories begotten of ignorance and born of prepossessional bias.

The following paragraph from the Professor's address will show at what value he estimates the work of the society over, which he still insists upon presiding, despite the worthlessness of their labors: "The question suggests itself whether the search for the phenomena under present circumstances is not much that of looking for a kind of gold which shall differ in density from ordinary gold, or for a substance of unheard-of specific gravity. We may advertise for specimens of such things, and excite many weighings, with a view of testing, claimants to one attention. Yet I am persuaded that, should we undertake this, the unanimous views of themselves would be that we were wasting our labor. The negative evidence that no gold has been found differing much in specific gravity from that which we carry in our pockets is conclusive against its existence." Should a chemical society engage in any such fruitless means of research as above outlined, its action would be very properly and universally regarded as extremely silly; it would subject itself to the well-deserved derision and contempt of the scientific world. Nevertheless, Prof. Newcomb suggests that the action of the Psychical societies is in character and results analogous to this nonsensical search for anomalous gold. In so stating he levels an insult at the society of which he is the presiding officer. To compare the objects

and labors of the Psychical Society with those described by him, as above, certainly partakes of the nature of an insult to the former. Again let me ask, Is a man who thus deliberately insults a scientific society a fit person to preside over its deliberations? If the society is engaged in so foolish and useless a task as Mr. Newcomb describes, what reason has it for continued existence? It should be at once dissolved, through its own inherent inanity. Why then, as previously asked, does not its President begin the good work by tendering his resignation? Should he not do so, I think that the society's duty to itself and to the interests of untrammelled scientific research is plain and simple. It should at once demand the vacation of its presidential chair by one confessedly in so little sympathy with its end and aim.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SPIRITUAL-EQUILIBRIUM.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The physical universe is a symbol of the Spiritual. The boundless sky has its counterpart in the infinite relation of mind; and every object in nature, from the invisible germ to the wide-spreading oak, from the crystal to the star, suggests some principle or attribute of the vast unseen; and through all the transmutations of matter there is a ceaseless effort to preserve the equilibrium of forces. Symmetry of form, beauty of outline, healthy growth, and harmonious action are all the result of this eternal necessity. So, also, in the great events of history: the rise and fall of dynasties; the alternate subjugation and enfranchisement of races of men; the uprisings of the oppressed, burning protest and violent revolutions, we behold the same law manifest. Victor Hugo said of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo:

"The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium.... These phantasms of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for incompatible supreme equity to look to it."

And glancing at the history of modern Spiritualism, I find that even the celestial world offers no exception to this law. One would naturally suppose that angelic visits, the demonstration of life beyond the grave, the sweet messages of hope and love that have broken the awful silence of death, the holy vision and the precious promises that have blossomed in the great desert of our unbelief, would be free from all unseemly disturbances, and that in the light streaming through the cloud-rifts of human sorrow only good germs would quicken and fructify. But here, too, is shown a correspondence between the physical and spiritual forces. For even as sunlight develops nascent deformities and dormant beauties, side by side, vitalizes the spawn of reptiles and white lily-buds simultaneously, so the light of spiritual truth, falling through a great variety of mediums, is infinitely refracted, and reveals life's distortions as well as its divine graces. Therefore have we ancient mysticism warmed to life in the bosom of our spiritual philosophy; re-incarnation wriggling forth from the dust-heaps of buried centuries, and egotism gone to seed in the notion that the heroes, poets and master-souls of the past are again with us clothed in common flesh! Whoever heard of a re-incarnationist as the embodiment of any less illustrious personage than St. John, Michael Angelo, the Empress Josephine, or Mary Queen of Scots? The flood of light pouring from the Spirit-world has dazzled us; our imagination is running to excess; our credulity is drunk on this new wine; in short we have lost our spiritual equilibrium, and as a consequence we must suffer a reactionary shock. We have sat worshipfully at the feet of inspired eloquence, drinking in every word as infallible. We have cried, "Give!" "Give!" even while our measures were running over. The more we got of supermundane facts the more we craved, and this unreasonable demand created an adulterated supply. We wanted the impossible; we got a simulation of it! Aye, and that in such doses as produced mental nausea—the soul's involuntary effort to regain her equilibrium.

And now let us ask if Nature's method of growth is not, after all, the surest and best? In proportion to the spreading of the tree's roots, do its branches extend, keeping the balance true; in proportion to the respect we pay to life's beginnings will our faculties unfold for the enjoyment of divine ends. What sense is there in the "metaphysicalian's" hue and cry against matter, the "mortal mind" and "carnal" body? The worst thing that can be said of matter is that it is the obedient, willing and indispensable servant of the mind. If all things have their origin in spirit, so all spirit is known and self-knowable only through some quality of matter. Is not a human soul within its complex organization of flesh quite as wonderful, as wholly divine, as when clothed upon with thin air or matter so sublimated that it becomes to us impalpable? It is all a question of intelligent use.

The facts of Spiritualism should not draw our eyes away from this world, but on the contrary, when rightly studied, will they transmute for us its hidden meanings. In my opinion these facts have not kindled a solitary hope in the heart; the tap-root of which does not extend deep into this life's daily duties. Spiritualism is diametrically

opposed to all mysticism, and stands squarely on a scientific basis. If there are phenomena that cannot yet bear a practical test, their time for acceptance has not come. The spirits producing them must persevere a little further and bring their power within the pale of human investigation. That there may be such phenomena, no one will deny; but to benefit mankind as knowledge they must be reduced to reason's cognition.

The late exposures of the stupendous frauds in New York, Hartford, and Boston, will, it is to be devoutly hoped, relieve Spiritualism of an immense load, the carrying of which would have killed it outright if it were not indeed of God! I for one wish to thank Mrs. Tyler for her candid and complete uncovering of the Temple iniquity. And now, will there not be such a thorough cleansing as shall deliver that grand edifice unto the angels of truth, and bestow it as an enduring boon upon a grateful humanity? Let us pray that Mr. Ayer, who I believe, has earnestly sought to serve the Spirit-world through this magnificent gift, intended for the highest possible uses,—may be wisely and swiftly led out of this labyrinth of falsehood and pseudo-mediumship. Oh! may he not be disheartened; may the facts which stand impregnable amid all this "confusion confounded," still shine undimmed to his consciousness, and inspire him to still further efforts to bless the world!

Every failure along the line of mechanical invention and discovery, by inducing further study and experiments has resulted in grander achievements than were at first anticipated. So will it be with every failure of honest endeavor to find out spiritual truth. That spirits may under some circumstances, render themselves visible and palpable to mortals, I for one do not doubt. Let us not cease our efforts to understand the law and co-operate with the higher intelligences to the end that this supreme proof of man's immortality be granted to the world. But in the name of all that is sacred, let every Spiritualist withdraw their support from the cabinet shows that have, from first to last, been a shame and disgrace to our cause. If we cannot establish some criterion; if there is no simple test such, for instance, as was suggested by Mrs. Hatch to Mrs. Tyler—gently encircling the psychic form until dematerialized; if we must submit to rules that render fraud easy, then let materialization go—the sooner the better. Every manifestation that partakes of the purely occult does more harm than good. For instance, we are not satisfied with a communication characteristic of the spirit written in daylight before our eyes, but must needs have it on a folded slip of paper in a corked bottle! Now, let jugglery and Spiritualism be divorced! I would rather see a chair or table move without visible contact than to be told that a materialized spirit danced a hornpipe in the dark! To know that one word is direct from a spirit is better than to believe volumes!

While we hold our hearts open to receive the truth, and keep our homes in eternal readiness for our holy guests, let us be careful not to grieve them by assuming that our ignorance is their wisdom, our follies the result of their guidance. If I were a spirit I would rather be refused a hearing than that an impostor be accepted in my place. Imagine what a mother's feeling must be on seeing her child receive a long message in her name without a word of truth in it! Better to doubt the truth than believe a lie!

Let us seek humbly, go carefully on this dimly lighted way, assort and classify our facts, and, above all, deserve to live forever! The noble work of Spiritualism's purification should not be left to the jering skeptic. Oh! would that all good men and women in our ranks might combine their forces now for the separation of the chaff from the wheat. I am tired of the cry of "peace" and "charity" that simply means silence where a pseudo-medium is concerned and an attempt to reconcile truth with errors.

Let us invite criticism, not suppress it! When the air is surcharged with electricity a good old-fashioned thunderstorm is in order and of vast benefit—equilibrium of forces again! Harmony is possible only on the solid basis of facts and good morals. The lion and lamb cannot lie down together—until either the lamb or the lion change their natures. If our spiritual air is loaded with shams, explosions like that fired by Mrs. Tyler at the Temple are indispensable to our spiritual health. Let the clouds burst; if a poor trickster loses caste, the world at large has cause for gratitude.

Above all, our public teachers, lecturers, and journalists should give forth no uncertain sound. To circulate an evil rumor without good evidence and a moral object, is a crime. To furnish cloaks and passports for impostors and triflers with the sacred truths of Spiritualism is cowardly and cruel.

For the noble part that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has played in the up-building of pure sweet Spiritualism, it has my profoundest gratitude. Let the work go bravely on until truth reigns triumphant.

Sunny Brae, Cal.

One is no more the master of his impressions than he is of his coughing or sneezing—*Mme. du Defand.*

Love! Love! Eternal enigma! Will not the Sphinx that guards thee find an *Oedipus* to explain thee?—*Pyot.*

A woman is more influenced by what she divines than by what she is told.—*Nicene de L'Enclon.*

Weak souls are capable of only weak sentiments; strong souls of powerful sentiments.—*Balzac.*

A MOST REMARKABLE VISITATION.

When I first looked upon the scenery of Nevada, after living half a lifetime among the broad prairies, great trees, wide waters, and grand prairies of the Mississippi Valley, I seemed to be for a long time in a ghostly country. In my former home vegetable life was sappy, full, and varied in its green and flowering stages, while in the autumn the whirl of the yellow, brown, and red dry leaves, dancing in the wind, gave life and change to all the year round. But in Nevada the change in the vegetation, if it changes at any time, is not perceptible to a stranger's eye; everything betokens silence, lack of motion, and perpetual hush.

In the Mississippi Valley, animal life is full, robust, and noisy in all its departments, accustoming the eye and ear to its universal presence. But in Nevada, among the rugged silence of sage-brush and the scraggy trees, the animal life is so light that the starting of a hare, the "swish-swish" of a raven's wing, or the "caw-caw" of a blue-jay is the event of the sunlight hours; while the shivering howl of a coyote after sundown makes the dead silence of the night hours deeper still.

Back home (as we fondly call the old States) there is snow or there is not snow; but here one stands at night on the dry sand in the valley, or lies on his blankets among the dusky gray of the bushes, while a little way from him, on either hand, the snowy peaks, white as the ghostly wardens in a fairy tale, keep stern and shrouded guard upon the scene.

These characters of Nevada impressed me when I first came upon these scenes with a lonesome sense of something pending in the air—a haunted feeling.

If I have made plain by the foregoing paragraphs the peculiar impression made upon me by this strange country, my reader will see how the relation of the following circumstances was calculated to strengthen such an impression, particularly when I say that it was made to me out of doors in the desert by a brother teamster (albeit he was a "bullwacker") as he and I sat smoking by the flickering, uncertain light of a sage fire.

Slim Sim's Story.

I came to Nevada in 1863, in the fall. My name is Slim Simpson, and being spare in flesh and six feet two inches tall, I suppose it was very easy for some low and not very bright jockey to corrupt my name into Slim Sim, which I am now generally called by the miners and bull-wackers of these mountains. In fact, I am come to be so accustomed (to that sort of a name that I am compelled sometimes when I sign a freight-bill, or some other paper to pause a moment and consult my memory as to what I ought to write—whether Slim Sim or Slim Simpson.

When I first came here, or pretty soon after, a man named Tod Wotters and myself followed "Old Tanshill" out of Austin to the place where at this time is Eureka District on a prospecting tour. We thought we found good mines, and Tod, who was an old miner, said the rock was "bally." We made two trips to our claims, and spent most of the winter of 1863-64 prospecting and riding. We took specimens to the assayers in Austin; but they pronounced our rock mostly lead, with considerable silver, but too refractory to be worked profitably; I was an emigrant from the States, and these things discouraged me; but Tod never lost faith, for he was more on the believe than I ever was.

Tod was a pretty smart fellow, with a good education, and wrote a good hand. He was one of those Spiritualists; and at night in camp he used to talk to me for hours about spirits, and noises, and manipulations, until I got so sometimes that a coyote, howling away out in the dark, from the light of the fire, would give me cold shivers up my back. Some people are not superstitious and I do not know that I am, naturally; but I was reared in the old-fashioned school of ghost stories, and I guess a little superstition was ground into me with my small dose of learning. However it is, I am not stuck after Spiritualism out of doors at night, in the sage-brush wilderness; particularly in winter, when the coyotes are howling and the wind is blowing that lonesome whisper through the sages and pines. So, when Tod would keep on with his long talks about spirit influence being a part of the atmosphere which is around us, the same as the air is a part of the water we drink; or as the awful lightning lives in the innocent air until it finds a medium to strike through—as he would keep on bringing things which I supposed to be true to prove the likelihood of his spiritual doctrine, which I did not want to believe, I had to tell him at last that he was crazy, and just had learning enough to make a fool of himself.

This made him about half angry one night, as we stood out in the wilderness on opposite sides of a camp fire, and he said to me, as the light shone up in our faces—looking straight into my eyes, and shaking his fingers at me—"Slim if I die before you do, I'll make it my business to show you that I know what Spiritualism means; now mind you if I don't."

And several times along toward the spring of 1864 he repeated his threat, or promise (whichever it was). But about that time he went to San Francisco, to be doctored for some sort of heart disease—a kind of cramp he had in his left breast—and as I went to work in Austin I saw no more of him for some time.

About the time Tod left for San Francisco there was much conjecture about the geographical location of some rich prospects away south of Austin. Col. Dave Buel and party had been down there way looking for prospects, and, as his party nearly perished, of course others were talking about "going after it," and wanting to bet they could get through and find "the Lost Mine."

This Lost Mine was in 1863-64, and it is yet believed by many to be exceedingly rich—so rich that the raw ore was beaten out for gunshots by the lost, wandering emigrants, who found and picked up the ore while seeking their unfortunate way to California.

Now, the fall of 1864 was a very hard one for miners in Reese River—no money, no work, four twenty-five gold dollars per hundred, and other things in proportion. I was soon out of a job and wandering about the camp, when whom should I meet, one cold day as he got out of a stage but Tod Wotters, well dressed and looking well.

"Why, halloo, Slim! Old boy how are you?"

"Never had less or felt heartier!" I replied.

"What're you doing for yourself?" said he.

"Nothing," said I.

"Well, I've got a 'lay out' for you," said he. "The doctors at the Bay say I'm to stay in the mountains and live out of doors, and I'm now come to 'go for' the Lost Mine, and I want you to come along. Just you and I. If we can't find it with the information I've got then I'm fooled."

"How did you get your information?" I asked.

"Well, we had a big meeting of Spiritualists down at the Bay—two of the best mediums in the State—and when it came my turn to ask questions of the spirits I said:

"Is there any spirit present, which, while in the body, was with the lost emigrant train in Eastern Nevada and Death Valley?"

"The answer was 'Yes!'"

"Does the spirit remember of the company finding silver on the trip?" The answer was "Yes!"

"Will the spirit communicate what he remembers to a prospector now present from that country?" The answer was "Yes!"

"Then I asked the spirit if he preferred to write or talk, and the answer was: 'Write.' So as one of the mediums was a writing medium she got into communication, and the spirits wrote out where it is and directions how we are to go there from here, and where we will find grass and water. I've got money enough for the outfit. Will you go?"

"Yes," I said, "Tod, I am ready to go anywhere with you, partly because I am not able to stay where I am. But I don't go much on that spiritual story."

"Ah, well!" said Tod, "mind what I told you, old fellow, last winter."

Nothing more was then said about spirits, but I knew mighty well that as soon as we got out into the wilderness Tod would get on to his old string with new power; yet I did not suppose he would carry the matter as far as he eventually did.

In a few days we were ready. Tod bought two smart mules—one to ride, one to pack—and I rode my faithful, tough old cayuse. When everything was ready, we started up Main street, to Austin; over the granite summit of the Toiyabe, bound out east and south for a six weeks' trip. It was then December, and already the snow lay on the higher summits.

Our spiritually written instructions were to ride nearly due east from Austin: over three ranges of mountains, until we came to the foot of a very high, steep range (that which is now known as White Pine); then we were to "coast the west foot of that range for about seventy-five miles, until we came to some red bluffs in the valley, where there was a spring; thence we were to bear more to the east, passing through the great range into another valley, by way of one of two adjacent canons."

Up to this point we would find plenty of water without difficulty; but after passing the great range we were to carry water in two kegs, to use in case we missed the Indian Springs. After passing through the great range we were to "look for the trail of the lost wagon, and follow that southerly to a low reddish mountain where there was a dug spring, and base, antimonial metal. Then follow the wagon trail in its meandering until we came to a lone, oblong peak or reef, and on the west by south face of that hill was 'The Lost Mine.'"

The second night out we camped at our old camp at Eureka, where, Tod complained of a "bad cold," and his old tramp, so we laid by one day. The following day we crossed the Diamond Mountains, and the next day we camped among the float quartz on the west side of what is now White Pine District. Tod still complaining of his cold and talking Spiritualism every evening. In three days more we passed many fine large springs, and arrived at the red bluffs.

At this point Tod became feverish and delirious; so I moved next up into the mountains, where wood was plenty and grass better. Tod still raved about spirits and mediums, and elements inside of elements, and sphere within sphere, until midnight or that first day in the mountains, when, all of a sudden, he stopped his ravings. From that time until morning he seemed to live only by spells, and about daybreak he died right there, out of doors; by the camp-fire.

I sat and looked at him, then at the brown, dry valley and the tall, snowy mountains, until the sense of loneliness and weak humanity came so strong upon me that for a moment I looked upon my loaded revolver with a desperate interest. But the sun was rising bright, just as he used to do in my boyhood home, and I became singularly cheered by the presence of the glorious old orb, for he was the only object that looked at all natural or familiar to my sight—except poor Tod, and, alas! he was too natural.

During that day I dug a grave to bury Tod, and yet while I was digging the grave I kept contradicting my own action by keeping up the camp-fire where he was lying, as if I did not know that he was dead and did not need any fire. Along in the afternoon I had him all ready to bury as decently as I could. Just then an Indian came to camp, but, as soon as he saw a dead man he left without parley, suppling my hope of his help at the lone funeral.

It was about dark when I got through covering up the grave and marking the stake at the head, which was only a few yards from the camp-fire, so I pitched the pick and shovel over on the fire, and taking the ax with me, went to a dead tree near by to get more wood. When I stopped to rest, in my chopping, I looked toward the fire, and Great God! there sat Tod on the ground with his knees drawn up and his hands clasped around them, looking as natural and life-like as if he had not been buried.

My hair went up with my hat! All the superstition of all the Simpsons, clean back to the Dark Ages, broke out on me, and I sweat ice water.

Then I said: "Pshaw! I've got a touch of fever, and anxiety has made me a little delirious! I'll chop this wood and build a fire, cook supper, eat, look up the animals, and go to sleep. This is no time for old woman's fears and child's play."

Then I chopped away like a chopping machine—never looking toward the fire or elsewhere.

When I had finished chopping I gathered up an armful of the wood, again turning my face toward the fire, and sure enough there he sat—Tod Wotters, no mistake—looking so natural that confusion of mind came over me as I stopped and stood thrilled and chilled with a nameless horror. Either I had dreamed of burying a dead man, or else I was now dreaming, or Spiritualism had something in it, and Tod was proving this doctrine.

I shook off the spell of terror, and making a shade with my hand above my eyes, started around the camp fire, and at some distance off, in a circle, keeping my eyes on the figure as well as I could, at the same time taking care not to stumble and fall over the stones and bushes; and though I tried to get a full face view by going around as I have just related, I could not get such a view, for the side, or rather the back, was always toward me.

At last I said: "This will not do! I can't freeze, if the devil was at the fire." So, gathering all my courage, I walked straight to the fire. There was no one there! No mark, sign or token, except the sad reminders in the equipment for two when only one remained.

Then I built up the fire in silence and solitude, but I did not look—did not look anywhere except right at what I was attending to. The solitude was awful! I have heard that some great man wrote a book in praise of solitude. I have my opinion of him. I will not say he was a fool, but I will say that if he or any other man travels alone in Nevada, far out of the way, for a few days, he will vote against solitude all the rest of his life. Solitude! Pah! The greatest criminal, the meanest, the lowest scoundrel, could he speak my language, would on that night have been as welcome to me as an angel—he could have had half—yes! all I had. Solitude is a blisk!

But to go on with my story. I cooked and ate a sad, sickening, melancholy supper; unrolled my blankets, and then without looking back, walked straight out into the brush to hunt up the animals; because, come what might, anything was better than a loss of the stock and being left on foot. I found the animals a short distance from camp, quietly feeding, and after securing them for the night with hobbles, I returned toward the fire.

When I got near enough to see distinctly, there he sat in the same attitude as before, and just as I caught the first glimpse of him a coyote not far behind me put up his half-laugh, half-howl, startling me until my heart beat against my ribs, and I halted. But it was no use—I could not freeze nor starve, so pulling my hat down over my eyes I blundered rapidly straight up to the camp fire; and once there—no sign of any one!

Piling more wood on the fire, I soon lay down, and pulling the blankets over my head, tried to sleep, but I could not.

Nether could I think of the day's occurrences; and at last I fell into a train of thought in which all the acts, fights, scenes, and faces I had ever done or known came to my mind with the utmost clearness. Faces long dimmed in my memory came up clear in every line, triek and lineament. Thus following back my line of life, I came to early boyhood, and there, amid scenes of wading in cool brooks, nut-gatherings in gaudy autumnal forests, romping with the house-dog, or trudging off to school, I fell asleep; dreaming myself in a cold winter's night, tucked warm in bed by the dear, kind hands that now molder far away by the great river. I slept soundly until the yellow sunlight mellowed all the sky, and my first waking thought was Tod Wotters; but there was his grave in full view; that was a fact.

As I cooked my solitary breakfast I ran over the scenes of yesterday and the situation generally, and finally concluded I was not afraid of spirits nor anything else. You see, it was the warm, bright, glorious sunlight stimulating me, and giving me life and courage. The sun is one of the things I believe in, and I go a good deal on those ancients who worshipped the sun. Those old fellows were not so far wrong as one might think they were.

After breakfast I concluded to go on and try to find the Lost Mine according to directions—at least, to try to go on. So I gathered the animals, saddled up, and packed the load upon the mule. Then, drawing the reins of Tod's mule around the horn of the saddle, so that he could not put his head down to grass, I mounted my horse, leading the pack mule, and leaving the other with an empty saddle upon him to follow, and away I went over the great White Pine range toward the southeast. The day was splendid, cold—but not so very cold—and the air clearer than any air in the world, but so still, so silent—so very still that the jingling of a Spanish spur seemed noisy as the ringing of cymbals.

I made a long day's ride, for the stock was rested, and night came down upon me while I was still riding higher up the hills searching for water. I was beginning to feel annoyed about water and was riding steadily along thinking over matters, when I heard Tod's mule snorting behind me, as if alarmed; and turning to look, I saw the mule, with Tod riding him, passing me at full gallop up the hill and still snorting. I had not guessed from the signs that water was not great way off, and now the two animals had quickened their paces, following the mule with the spiritual rider. I tried to hold them back, but it was no use until they came to the other mule standing quietly under his vacant saddle, endeavoring to get his head down to water in a spring.

I arranged camp as usual, still keeping a shy lookout for the strange shadow of my dead and buried companion; but it troubled me no more that night, and I sat by the fire a long time thinking over the doctrine of the Spiritualists, until I began to conclude perhaps it was just as reasonable for a disengaged spirit to dwell in the atmosphere as for a disorganized body to dwell in the earth—one becoming ethereal, the other ethereal, and both retained in the universe for future combination when the proper media shall occur to recall the ethereal to inhabit the earth. Then I regretted that I had not studied the *modus operandi* of spiritual communication, for now, if I knew how, I might talk to Tod Wotters; but I did not know how to begin the tricks.

I traveled two more days without annoyance from any visitor, and early in the evening of the second day I came to the Dug Spring in the antimonial hills. The antimonial is bulky and nearly pure metal, and the spring is almost in the edge of the metallic deposit.

At Dug Spring I camped for the night, and being lonely and not very well, I determined to go no further southward, but made up my mind to return to Austin.

After I had made this conclusion my spiritual visitor never left the camp fire, except when I came to it, for five consecutive nights; but now instead of sitting at the fire he stood with his back toward it and one hand always pointing south. Whenever I was ten yards from the fire I could see him standing, his back toward me, on the opposite side, pointing his outstretched hand south—always south.

I tried many devices to get him to go away. I first built another fire and moved over to it, thinking he would stay by the old one. But no! he would not. Then I built a fire for him and carried such of his things as were not needed to bury his body in, and laid them down by his fire. But he would not stay there. Would not stay anywhere but by my fire, whenever I left it to go ten yards for any purpose. At last, the fifth night at camp, near a big spring about fifty miles south of White Pine, I stood off from the fire while he stood by it, pointing south as usual, and I shouted to him: these words: "Tod Wotters, for God's sake! don't drive me crazy by haunting me in this way! I've done the best I could for you. I always did. If I can't see into Spiritualism I'm willing to say you could. Don't haunt me this way. It's no use. I will not go south. No! not if you bring all the spirits of the air I will not go! By the Holy God of mother's faith I will not!"

When I had finished this speech, which I uttered with the distinctness and energy of

agony, the form faded from the fire and I saw it no more; but a low, clear laugh seemed to suffuse the night air, the wild wind sighed through the long reeds about the spring, and the stillness of dry, scraggy Nevada fell upon the scene.

Some portion of that country is now thoroughly prospected and traveled over. "The Lost Mine" is not yet found—but I have no inclination to ride that way again.

As for spirits and modern Spiritualism, I still do not know what to make of them; like many wonderful things I have read of they require either more brains to believe with, or less to reason with, than belong to Slim Sim.

Here Mr. Simpson knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it in the breast pocket of his coat, arose to his feet, dusted the sand from the seat of his pantaloons, and remarked: "It's a fine, clear night," and guessed he would "turn in"—which guess he soon converted into a fact, and as I followed his example, I said:

"Good night."—Overland Monthly.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Prevalence of the Belief in the Churches and Among People Generally.

An Involuntary Medium Who Antedates the Fox Sisters and the "Rochester Rappings"—Materialization, and Some of Its Phenomena.

Thousands of good people have the evidence that Spiritualism rests upon a good foundation, and that its phenomena are making men and women better and wiser every day, yet they are ashamed to add their evidence in support of these facts simply because Spiritualism is unpopular in their "set" or in their church. For this reason they are content to sacrifice truth and give the benefit of their influence to prejudice. But this condition cannot endure. It is sometimes broken down in a remarkable way, as we witnessed upon a rail coach last winter. A gentleman was discussing Spiritualism in an entertaining way. His remarks were more anecdotal than philosophical, but finally he said:

"There are millions of Spiritualists who can not be induced to declare themselves. They know the doctrine to be true, but are cowardly enough to fear ridicule."

"You have hit my complaint exactly," replied a gentleman, at the same time rising, "but with the help of God I propose from this time forward to conquer prejudice with truth. Let them ridicule to their heart's content."

An animated discussion ensued, in which five gentlemen joined. Before it was finished nineteen ladies and gentlemen out of the twenty-three in the coach declared their firm adherence to Spiritualism, although it was found that only six had professed it publicly previous to this occasion. Of the four who refused to enter in the gentle spirit, three were well dressed but not highly intellectual ladies, and the fourth a very respectful and intensely incredulous priest of the church of Rome. His argument was very material in its character, but quite immaterial to the point at issue.

The orthodox churches are filled with Spiritualists. They do not like to give up their religion. Let them keep their religion and remain in the churches in God's name: A church member who conducts himself as he ought, and regards all his obligations, is good enough to advance in the first lessons in Spiritualism, and no fair-minded Spiritualist will object to his keeping up his church membership. Through such means the churches themselves may in time become spiritualized and fitted for better work than has yet characterized them: Better work is needed all along the line.

The great majority of Spiritualists date the advent of modern Spiritualism with the appearance of the Fox sisters and what were known as the "Rochester knockings." These knockings were the first phenomena which came to the general knowledge of the people, but one of the oldest and most reliable mediums in the city was several times under spiritual control before the Fox girls or the Rochester manifestations were ever heard of. There is no special point in this except it is a fact, and the manifestations connected with it are full of interest. We will summarize them:

Forty-two years ago there lived in one of the suburbs of Boston a family named Fenley. The father was a ship-rigger, in good circumstances, and blessed with many children. It was a sociable family, and being graced with several pretty daughters, several young gentlemen were from time to time attracted to the Fenley household. Some wanted ships rigged and others wanted—they didn't know what, but maybe gentle possessions of the girls.

One of the young girls married early, and her husband migrated to California to seek his fortune two or three years previous to the gold fever of 1849. He preceded the Argonauts, and, as near as the fact can now be ascertained, sent for his wife to join him at the little port of San Francisco, in the year 1847. This was the year preceding the advent of the Fox sisters. We do not mention this in derogation of their mediumship, which was of a high order, but to preserve the record of history.

The lady sailed in a slow vessel which doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at San Francisco in about seven months from New York. It was a tedious passage, and all the passengers suffered from sickness. Some had died, and found burial where old ocean was all time. The lady who is the prime subject of this incident was very sick, but arrived at San Francisco in time to meet her husband and die in his arms.

The date of her death was ascertained by her friends long afterward, for at the time there was no telegraphic communication with San Francisco, no line of railroad, and not even regular mail facilities. And when the particulars were received, it was ascertained that the date of her death was identical with some strange happenings at the home of her girlhood. On that night a party of young people was gathered at the Fenley household, and, as usual, whiled away the time at a game of whist. Two of the Fenley daughters, Anna and Laura, were in the game, and as the deal came to Anna, she took the cards and shuffled them. Suddenly, and by an influence which startled her in its resistless force, the cards were knocked from her hand. They were gathered up and another attempt was made to deal. Again were they suddenly dashed away. Then Miss Laura Fenley said to her sister:

"Anna, this is not the proper thing to do. If you do not wish to play it is easy to say so."

"Don't call me Anna," was the reply. "I am not Anna, but Esther."

Anna had become rigid, and would have fallen had not her friends assisted her to a seat. Then she described the voyage of her

sister, her privation on shipboard, long sickness, arrival in San Francisco, and death. The story consumed several hours, and during its narration, there was commotion, wonderment, fear and mourning throughout the household. If Anna was not insane, then there was a manifestation of some power which had never before been witnessed in old Massachusetts; nor, so far as the Fenley family knew, anywhere else. Her friends were in great distress, but at length came these words, very energetically spoken:

"Have no fear. Anna is well. I, Esther, have possession of her."

This declaration through the lips of Anna, but purporting to come from Esther, produced consternation. The good people beheld a miracle and naturally enough they were frightened. Soon came these words of consolation:

"Be calm. All is well with me and with Anna."

A few minutes past midnight the trance terminated. Anna's spirit returned to her body and she opened her eyes in astonishment at the interest those present appeared by their looks to feel in her. When she was told what had occurred her grief and fright were pathetic. It needed no additional evidence to establish in her mind that her sister was dead, and when, many weeks thereafter, a letter arrived detailing the event, it was to her like a twice-told tale. She was controlled by her sister's spirit many times thereafter, but for more than a year she dreaded recurrence of the trance condition, and was in the habit of sleeping at the house of a relative for the purpose of avoiding it. It seemed to her quite uncanny until mental and spiritual growth enabled her to understand its significance and promise of benefit to humanity.

We are aware that interest in the facts of this occurrence will be heightened by the announcement that the young lady who was thus controlled is now Mrs. Anna C. Rail, of this city, a lady well known for intelligence, progressive ideas, liberality of sentiment and the aims deeds she does. She is not a professional medium in any sense of the term, but her insight into the infinite enables her to stand face to face with those things which have never yet been seen by the natural eye, and to converse familiarly with the spirits of the just made perfect, or, in other words, with the angels.

Facts about materialization are asked for. This is a phase of Spiritualism of the greatest interest to neophytes, but old Spiritualists do not care so much for these phenomena as for the words of assurance and comfort which come direct from the celestial spheres. But materialization is one of the best established facts of this doctrine, and mediums with the power to demonstrate it are sufficiently plentiful to destroy the occupation of those who practice fraud to show what they call materialized spirits, which in some instances have been frightful objects made to deceive and mislead. Spiritualism cannot be charged with anything of a deceptive character, whatever else its enemies may say, but there are a few persons, we learn, who charge upon it most of the deception of the age. Poor fellows!

Five days after the death of his mortal part we saw the materialized form of H. W. Longfellow in Cincinnati. He came from the cabinet with a measured tread and easy dignity, looked eagerly around the circle for recognition, and when a gentleman pronounced his name he bowed with grace, stepped back one step and dematerialized in plain view of all present. He seemed to melt into the carpet, and the act of disappearance occupied about a minute. Upon the spot where he went from mortal sight there was a phosphorescent glow for at least ten minutes. His appearance was strikingly real and startling. The gentleman who recognized and called him by name had viewed a fine steel portrait of the deceased poet that day, and he remarked upon the correct likeness of the print, and the evident expectation of the subject that recognition in that circle would be prompt and satisfactory. Since that time he has materialized many times in Boston, and invariably has been attended by the phenomena which characterized his appearance in this city.

On another occasion a lady came out of the cabinet with a little child in her arms. A recently bereaved mother was greatly affected, and reached frantically for the little one. It threw up its arms gleefully, made some vigorous kicks and sprang into the arms of the weeping mother. It nestled a moment upon her breast, and then was apparently absorbed into her being. From that moment grief for her loss was cured! What did it? What became of the child, if it was anything more than a Spiritual essence?

Four years ago a materializing medium in this city, who had accomplished some remarkable things, was challenged to a severe test. A coterie of prominent gentlemen desired to see what he could do under conditions imposed by themselves and they were unusually strict. They stipulated that they should furnish the room, the cabinet and all the furniture of the place, and that he should not even know the location till he was taken there for the séance; then that they should have made for him an entire suit of clothes, and that before entering the cabinet he should make a complete change, including shirt and hose. Then if he sent out materialized forms from the cabinet his reward would be liberal. The gentlemen were prominent physicians, lawyers and judges, who thought themselves competent to detect anything in the line of fraud.

Without hesitation the conditions were accepted, and in due time the contract was carried into effect. Those professional gentlemen had a surfeit of ghosts. Materialized forms danced about the room in great glee nearly two hours, and part of the time there were three out of the cabinet together. They advanced toward the spectators defiantly, as if meditating an attack upon them, and a certain doctor seemed to imagine that one was the wraith of a patient whom he had hurried along somewhat into spirit life. The M. D. shouted for mercy, and the host-whisperer let up for the time being. The test was reported more than satisfactory, and the medium rewarded considerably in excess of the stipulation.

The two Grahams, Charles and George, come frequently to their friends, and are greatly pleased when recognized. Enoch Mesgrue and John Shillito are regular visitors of earthly scenes. Many old Cincinnatians materialize partially, but enough for recognition, while hundreds make the attempt without a show of success. They fail to command the necessary chemical conditions.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Professor Wiggins claims to have predicted the recent earthquake and says others are coming.

The loss to Charleston, S. C., by the late earthquake is estimated at \$10,000,000. The excitement has been very great, the superstition of the negroes causing more trouble than there would otherwise have been.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.
6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIMENS FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line.

Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchange and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 18, 1886.

Beyond the Grave—Views of a Methodist Bishop.

Randolph S. Foster is a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church; an able and earnest man. A volume made up of his discourses at Chautauqua Assembly in 1878, and of his articles on recognition in the future state, comes out from the Methodist publishing houses, and has wide circulation and respectful attention. In the introduction the author speaks of the use of reason as follows:

"Any doctrine which cannot endure the test of the most searching scrutiny, should be ruled out as unworthy of belief. By this we do not mean to affirm the extreme rationalistic ground that no doctrine should be entertained which transcends comprehension. We are compelled to believe many things which our reason can neither originate nor comprehend. . . . When a doctrine which transcends comprehension, asks our faith, we guard the rights of reason by demanding adequate evidence. No authority exists which has a right to dominate belief in violation of this principle."

This is high ground; higher than the writer maintains all through, as it seems to us. His intuitions speak, and his creedal limitations bring him down to a lower level. But of this more in due time. The italics at the close of the quotation are ours. Further along in the volume a question is asked and answered: "Does death end all?"

"We answer unhesitatingly, unwaveringly, No! This answer represents our belief, not our knowledge. However, it may awaken surprise. Truth demands that we should make the confession that we do not know that death does not end all; nor does any man know that it does. If it were given to men on earth to know, that would be the end of uncertainty, or even questioning. There is not a single fact within our reach that furnishes us absolute knowledge. We have neither sense nor mental vision of man after he dies. Where he is, or that he is at all, is absolutely unknown to us. The dead do not come back to us, and we are not able to go to them."

This man of large Methodist experience believes, but does not know, and his frankness of statement deserves respect; but when he says that not a single fact gives us absolute knowledge, he ignores the experience of a multitude of competent observers as coolly as does Robert Ingersoll. It is, indeed, singular to see the Methodist and the Materialist join in this quiet ignoring. He seems almost to ignore the inner sense, the deep intuition of immortality which has survived the ages, and which lies at the foundation of all religion. Belief in outward authority of book and creed dims and weakens faith in the truths of the soul. "The dead do not come back to us, and we are not able to go to them," are freely uttered words in view of the trances and transfiguration scenes in the Bible and of the experiences of Spiritualists now on earth. He says, however, of "Ghost-seers":

"If there are any who imagine they know we are not anxious to dispossess them of the pleasing illusion. . . . It will do them no harm. . . . I know there are ghost seers and table rappers, and that various supposed communications are made to men. But I have never been in communication with such a spiritual manifestation as to convince me that it was a spirit from the other world that made it. . . . If any of you have that kind of evidence, clear to your reason, why, that settles the question for you. I am discussing it for the great body of humanity that has not been so favored."

Evidently the Bishop has looked into Spiritualism a little, but the clergy usually make so brief a study of this great matter, and with minds so clouded by their theology, and so full of "the fear of man which bringeth a snare" that they gain but little light. Evidently, too, he aimed to be respectful and fair. He is finding out, with many others, that the devil is not so black as he is painted. In good time, he and they may come to see that this supposed fiend is really an angel of light, a messenger of life eternal. A respectful and reasonable allusion to Spiritualism by a Methodist Bishop is a milestone on his forward march, and a mark of progress in his denomination. Surely they should follow the light of John Wesley, the Spiritualist, as he followed the light within.

In a closing chapter is a striking confession of agony of spirit at the thought of what his soul repudiates, while his blind faith compels the torturing trial of its acceptance.

He but truthfully reveals what many feel, and says:

"The idea of the endless, conscious suffering of the wicked is the most unwelcome thought ever offered to my mind. My whole soul revolts against it. There is no sacrifice I would not willingly make to get rid of it. It is the horror of all horrors. But against my wish and all the feelings of my soul, I am constrained to believe that God sees differently, and with infinitely greater capacity to know what is best and proper, and with infinitely greater love and tenderness than ours. . . . He will allow souls to live forever. . . . to what end? . . . will be a perpetual shame and humiliating contempt."

He doubts if he shall ever see the wisdom or the goodness of this plan, yet he says: "That God is I know. My intuitions and consciousness teach him. That he is infinitely holy and just and good I cannot doubt."

The devoted Bishop knows that God is, yet there is no evidence of the senses on which to base his knowledge. "No man hath seen God at any time." The uplifting intuition of his soul, reaching out to the infinite Soul of Things, of which it is a part, and with which it has spiritual kinship, and the verity of Nature, pointing back to a guiding mind, in all and through all, are his proofs of the being of Deity. If his soul tells him that God is, so that he emphatically knows that supreme truth, why not trust something to the voice within which says: Thou shalt not die?

Why say "we have neither sense nor mental vision of man after he dies"? How can his consciousness be so alive to the being of God and so dead to man's immortal being. Both by the soul and through the senses which confirm the inward conviction does the Spiritualist know of the eternal life, of which we are now in the first stages. Such knowledge is a "pleasing illusion" which Bishop Foster is kindly willing should be entertained, as "it can do no harm." To call such knowledge a harmless illusion is a step up from calling it a device of Satan. Mark the downward step: "There are doctrines which no stress of evidence could force on a rational being—which no authority in the universe could make obligatory. Such is any doctrine which is self-contradictory, or any proposition which is contrary to any knowledge which we possess. Belief against knowledge is impossible." He "cannot doubt" God's infinite wisdom, goodness and justice; eternal punishment is the horror of horrors to him against which his soul revolts; it is contrary to his knowledge or idea of justice in man or God; divine justice and goodness inflicting awful and hopeless suffering on man—suffering which cannot benefit the tortured creature—is self-contradictory; to believe it is a belief against his knowledge, and yet he believes, or tries to think that he does, and the effort is torture to his soul.

Where man is, or that he exists at all after death, is unknown to us; that God is good and just and yet inflicts a horror of horrors without any possible benefit or room for hope or reform on countless millions of his creatures is as far and as high as this Methodist Bishop can see!

To such poor uses do we come at last when we allow creed or book to blind the soul and confuse the mind! Spiritualism in its higher aspects would be life and hope to him and to others like him. It is the need of the world.

The Prevalence of Fanaticism.

Another story (as set forth by the Salt Lake Tribune) of the baneful effects of fanaticism in Utah, as illustrated by the practice of Mormon belief, comes now from a home where recently a young lady, the last of a family of eight children, died a horrible death from diphtheria, for which no relief was attempted other than the anointing and mummering which the blind faith of these cranks prescribes. One by one this large circle of children have died from the disease, and it is the proud boast of this family that a doctor was never within the household. The last one had reached the age of eighteen years, and the fell disease worked slowly against the resistance of a strong constitution, which, aided by medical skill, would likely have triumphed and the girl's life been saved. But the Mormon rites and belief must be obeyed, and so by degrees the destroyer took the young life by a lingering process. As the last struggle came, the agony of the poor girl was something terrible to witness. In her anguish she tore her hair from her head and sought to throw herself from the bed, and the combined strength of several persons was required to keep her upon the couch. In any other community those responsible for this death could be made answerable to the law for such criminal neglect.

Religious fanaticism is, of course, prevalent among the Mormons. Everywhere in Utah it lifts its hydra-head and exerts its baneful influence. The fact that the Mormons are constantly impressed with the idea that theirs is the only true religion, and the only one that receives the full and unqualified endorsement of Deity, it must be expected that they will rely exclusively on him.

If God is really good, charitable and kind as entertained by religious people generally, and carefully watches over his earthly children and tenderly cares for them, what could be more natural than to treat implicitly in him, and in cases of sickness expect relief from his hands. The members of every orthodox church entertain peculiar notions of the character of God. They are taught by their beloved pastors that He is omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent, and possesses unbounded charity and love, and kindly cares for his dependent children. Among the simple minded such instructions, without any qualifications whatever, gradually tends towards fanaticism.

If the ministers in the various religious sects would carefully qualify their teachings with reference to God, giving the people to understand that his power, love, charity and wisdom permeates and controls all natural

laws, but that he can not be expected to set a broken limb, cut out a tumor, carry flour or bread to the hungry, restore the sick, or bring the dead back to life,—then the world would not be cursed with as much fanaticism as is manifested at the present time.

As is well known, several years ago on the first Sunday of May, the church and graveyard in the village of Pocasset, Mass., witnessed an extraordinary display of fanaticism, more barbaric, if possible, than that exhibited by the Mormons. Edith Freeman had been slain by her inhuman parents. It is said that at the burial, as the earth began to fall upon the coffin, a trembling old man, leaning dependently upon a gravestone, passionately cried out, "Why has God failed to keep his promise?" The father possessed unbounded faith in God; his honesty and integrity as a man had never been doubted; he was regarded as a kind neighbor and indulgent father; he believed the Bible to be literal sense; and to illustrate his reliance in God, he expected him to recall his lovely daughter back to life again. Freeman was not insane when he committed the awful deed which shocked the whole civilized world, doing so under the misapprehension that his act received divine sanction. He was simply misled by the Bible narratives, and was cool and deliberate in all his acts.

In Michigan, Dora Beekman was regarded by the Perfectionists as having been selected as the mouthpiece of God; such a travesty of religion finds congenial soil among those whose minds are not fully developed or well balanced. Freeman is only one of many who murdered their children, thinking they were complying with the wishes of Deity. There is a certain degree of fanaticism permeating all the churches which finds expression in various ways. The minister who talks of a being who shakes sinners over hell, or alludes to the devil as possessing a horn and cloven foot, or who refers in his sermons to the "impassable gulf" between heaven and the sulphurous regions of satan, or who claims that God is angry with the sinners every day, is simply fanatical, not fully realizing what he is talking about.

The Mormons excel all other religious denominations in their fanaticism, licentiousness and disregard of every moral law. A case in point is related by the Chicago Tribune, illustrating the fact that the expulsion of John Q. Cannon from the Mormon Church on a charge of adultery is only a sham, and designed to avoid a prosecution for polygamy in the criminal courts. This singular proceeding on the part of the Mormon authorities, instead of advertising their regard for morality, ought to direct public attention to the extraordinary fact that in Utah there are no statutes for the punishment of adultery, fornication or incest, all laws of this character having been furtively repealed by a Mormon Legislature several years ago. In the indecent community dominated by the Mormon Church there is no penalty whatever for these crimes, and the Edmunds act applies to a distinct class of offenses, being designed to punish polygamy as such, and as the Supreme Court has said, to forbid flaunting before the community "the ostentation of a bigamous household." The proof under the Edmunds act is complete when it shows the maintenance of such a household with an open claim or pretense of plural marriage. Immorality perpetrated without any pretense of civil or "celestial" marriage is left to be punished by the laws of the Territory, and as the "saints" have repealed all these statutes, Utah has the most shameless code of any community inside of civilization. Cannon (who is a son of George Q. Cannon and First Counselor of the presiding Bishop) pleaded guilty, knowing there was no law in Utah for the punishment of adultery, and hoping to escape an indictment for polygamy. What do the people think of this spectacle, showing as it does the existence of an American Territory lacking laws of common decency such as are enforced by half-civilized tribes and in many cases by barbarians? The severity of the Edmunds act, which applies only to cases of plural marriage, has blinded the public to the true character of the local laws of Utah, and the Cannon performance may well serve to disclose the truth. Let the people call on the Congressmen now up for reelection to explain themselves and show if they can that they were not responsible for the failure last winter of the measures looking to the establishment of decency in Utah. Eden, the Illinois Congressman who assisted in smothering one of these bills, has been handsomely decapitated by his constituents, and the example is one that should spread. Despite the Edmunds act the local laws of Utah are still in many cases loathsome and intolerable. Let the people see to it that another Congress shall not adjourn without an effort to make adultery, fornication and incest crimes even in Utah.

While there is a kind of fanaticism in Utah that thoroughly disgusts every candid, thinking person, that which shows its hydra head, however, in Cincinnati, is calculated to excite the pity and contempt of those who see how completely wrecked the human mind becomes when laboring under some religious hallucination. It appears from the Commercial-Gazette that the "Perfectionists" there still continue to inculcate their blasphemous teachings. The Gazette sets forth that to some the doctrine about the absolute perfection of Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Brooks appears so supremely absurd and to others so hideously impious that they have been slow in estimating how it could be taught at all by any human being. Among the recent converts to this hideous doctrine is the Rev. Duncan I. Jerome, who came to Cincinnati

recently from Spurgeon's College, London, England. He had made arrangements to preach at the Vine Street Congregational Church but failed to make his appearance, giving as his excuse that his duty called him elsewhere. Of course his duty summoned him to the stance of the "Perfectionists" on Walnut Hills; that was the extent of it, exactly. Curious to know how a young theologian, thoroughly imbued with Christian doctrine, could so far overstep the bounds of reason as to believe in the perfection of another Christ, a Commercial-Gazette reporter called on the reverend gentleman at the Albion Hotel for the purpose of an interview. He seemed unable to answer the questions that were put to him. He had no reasons at all to give for the strange doctrine which he had so suddenly embraced. Argument upset his reasoning faculties completely. He appeared only able to state that he believed in the absolute perfection and impeccability of Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Brooks. It was truth, but he could not give any reason for it. Explaining the process of his conversion he said: "I came here to visit my brother, who is an adherent of the new faith, with all my theological prejudices against it. But I was not unwilling to attend the meetings, and I went more through curiosity than from the honest motive of investigation. I became convinced of the truth, and embraced it forthwith. I am not an Englishman as was stated in the public press. I am an American, and was formerly a member of the Vine Street, now Central Congregational Church. I changed my convictions afterwards to the Baptist denomination, and for the last year have been attending Spurgeon's College, in London. I retired to this city a Baptist, but now I am a firm believer in the new doctrine of perfection. Mrs. Martin, we believe, is 'perfect' even as Christ was perfect. She is as much a manifestation of the Deity in the flesh as was Jesus Christ. She and Mrs. Brooks, we believe, have attained to a degree of absolute perfection, when sinning is an impossibility."

In view of the gross imperfection of human nature it is impossible to wholly suppress the manifestations of fanaticism. It will at times manifest itself in a variety of ways, and will only fully subside when the people from whom it originates, rise to a higher plane of thought and action. That can only be accomplished by gradual growth and development.

The Metaphysical Convention.

The National Metaphysical Convention assembled at the Church of the Redeemer, cor. of Washington Boulevard and Sangamon Street, on Wednesday, Sept. 8th, and closed on last Sunday evening. Dr. Teed of New York, Dr. Marston of Boston, Dr. Crocker of Topeka, Prof. A. J. Swarts, Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Randall and Dr. Wright were among the leading lights. The officers elected were as follows: Dr. C. B. Teed, of New York, President; Franklin Rhoda, of San Francisco, First Vice-President; Professor A. J. Swarts, of Chicago, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Alice May, of New York, Third Vice-President; Mrs. L. Brae, of Brooklyn, Fourth Vice-President; Mrs. C. F. Bacon, of Peoria, Fifth Vice-President; Mrs. A. L. Lord, of Savannah, Ga., Secretary; Dr. J. H. Randall, of Chicago, Assistant Secretary. Prof. Swarts offered a resolution eulogizing the fathers and mothers of the mental science movement, to-wit: The late Dr. Quimby, of Maine, and Mary B. G. Eddy and Dr. W. H. Evans, of Boston. He desired the convention to lay a wreath at the feet of these pioneers. Dr. Crocker opposed the proposal to single out any teacher for exceptional eulogy. Mrs. Lord, the Secretary, thought it the right thing to eulogize those "grand standard-bearers." Dr. Randall said that Mrs. Eddy was really trying to undermine Dr. Evans, and he was for wiring the resolution for what it would bring out from Mrs. Eddy. Prof. Swarts said he was sorry if he had aroused a combative spirit in the convention, but he should stand for Mrs. Eddy even against her own friends. Finally, the Professor got a vote on his resolution, and carried it through by 12 to 11. Dr. Baldwin, in the course of his remarks, said that the gift of healing is innate; that you become qualified for its practice according to the degree of your sympathy with suffering and disease; that while you may not acquire the gift it would pay any one to cultivate it for practice upon one's self; that about one person in six may become a first-class metaphysical healer; that the gift is not conditioned by temperament; that faith and prayer will help, but that the mind cure is back of the faith and prayer cure.

Cases of alleged metaphysical healing were narrated. Dr. Marston had helped restore in a little time a man who shot two bullets through his breast. Dr. Crocker had cured himself of rheumatism, and another had been cured of heart disease of fifteen years' standing.

On last Sunday, the closing day, Mr. Rhoda spoke in the forenoon, Dr. Teed, of Boston, in the afternoon, and Mrs. Swarts in the evening. The convention was not, we regret to say, accompanied by results satisfactory to either the public or those prominently engaged.

Spiritualists generally welcome most cordially all classes of honest, intelligent, conscientious hearers, believing that each one is instrumental in doing some good. Magnetic physicians who make passes over the feeble and sick; the faith doctor who relies wholly on prayer; the clairvoyant who can see one's internal troubles and prescribe for them; the psychologist who relies on the potency of suggestion; the mesmerizer who diffuses through enfeebled organs his life-giving "mesmerizing," and the ninety-nine different

kinds of metaphysicians, all possess at least a modicum of truth—some far more—and it is consoling to know, that, as time passes on, only the fittest will survive.

Prof. Newcomb Should Resign.

That the American Society for Psychical Research has from its inception been loaded with an incompetent and bitterly prejudiced president, is generally known. He has once more given grave cause for fear that, as far as he is concerned, the society was organized to suppress psychical phenomena and throw ridicule upon all who give attention thereto. Prof. Newcomb's annual address appears in the July report of the A. S. P. R., and forms the subject of an able Critique by Wm. E. Coleman, published on another page of this issue of the JOURNAL. If the Council of the A. S. P. R. has any regard for the society which it manages and the slightest respect for the objects for which the organization was ostensibly created, it should forthwith demand Prof. Newcomb's resignation. In case the distinguished star-gazer declines to quit office, he should be removed as an "offensive partisan," unfit to be treated with further courtesy or consideration.

GENERAL ITEMS.

This week, Col. Bundy is paying his wife a flying visit at Petoskey, Mich.

W. S. Rowley, an excellent telegraph medium, of Cleveland, Ohio, called at this office last week.

A correspondent writing from San Francisco, says: "The Society at the Temple resumed its services, Sunday, September 4th, most auspiciously, with large audiences both morning and evening."

G. H. Brooks has just returned to Chicago from his Eastern trip. He was well received there. He is now ready to make further engagements. Address him at No. 124 Charter St., Madison, Wis.

Hon. Milner Stephens, the Australian healer, will not stop at Detroit, as previously announced. He will only stop for a short time at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse and New York, on his way to England.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten is doing a grand good work in England. She has lately lectured at Newcastle, South Shields, North Shields, Seghill, Spennymoor, West Pelton, and Sunderland.

Mrs. S. G. Pratt's Home School of Musical Art, No. 2919 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, opened its second year on September 6th. The success and generous patronage during its first year, proves the value of the School and its need in that location.

Mr. J. B. Silkman has ready for the press a small pocket tract giving the names, titles, and honors of about three hundred of the most noted Spiritualists of the present age—names embracing every branch of science, literature and art, and every phase of nobility.

Mr. H. O. Hedge, editor and proprietor of the Chenoa, Ill., Gazette, called at the JOURNAL office last week. Mr. Hedge is a son of Lemuel Hedge, one of the old Brook Farm enthusiasts, and a man of talent. His Gazette has long been one of the JOURNAL's most appreciative exchanges.

J. B. Silkman says: "Spare moments are the golden dust of time. Those who make this motto their own, will, by a slight transposition, have won in almost any useful undertaking; and, again, reversing the latter, they have Napoleon's magic now. This suggests a conundrum for elementary students in Greek: Napoleon, apoleon, poleon, oleon, leon, eon, on."

Col. John Devault of Tennessee, contributes an interesting account of the mediumship of Mrs. Todd; it will be found on another page of this issue. The JOURNAL hopes the Colonel will follow up with accounts of further experiences. The music emanating from the horn beyond the reach of mortal hands, and the prompt answering of questions in sealed envelopes, show that Mrs. Todd is a most remarkable medium, and will probably be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good.

In speaking of the salvation army in this city, The Interior, supported by the Presbyterian church, says: "But little reliable intelligence can be gained of the inside work. Of its outside work we have more than is desirable. When it promenades the streets, as it invariably does twice on the Sabbath, with a band of music and a half dozen frightful singers, it vexes the pious people, desecrates the Sabbath, gives occasion for a vast amount of other Sabbath breaking—and ought to be arrested." This is plain and to the point, and now the other side will stand up.

The Sacramento Bee says: "A Paris correspondent of the London News writes: 'Eudoxie Adolouin, the sleeper of the Salpêtrière, has awoke from her long sleep, which was continued without a moment's interruption for nineteen days. She had had a slumber of fifty days early in the year in the hospital where she now is and has been for many years. While she was on both occasions sleeping, relays of medical men kept watch by her bedside. Some hours before her second period of somnolence ended, she showed great nervous agitation, often started, and had intermittent fits of trembling. She at length opened her eyes in the midst of a burst of loud laughter, which continued for about ten minutes. During that time she stared fixedly and appeared, as though laughing so hard, as if under some painful apprehension. Then she spoke as if she were addressing her mother, who was not with her, in an endearing manner, and on being handed a glass said she

only saw her mother's image in it. She has since become quite cheerful, but seems to have hardly any ideas except those suggested to her by the doctors. Contrary to what is observed in most hysterical subjects, the sense of taste remains while she is under the influence of suggestion. Thus if she is given aloes, and told it is sugar, she will swallow it, but makes a very wry face to show dislike; if told to drink water from a champagne glass she shows exhilaration, and if a packet which Dr. Volson says contains an emetic is put into her hand, she has violent fits of nausea.

The Prince of Wales has been quite sharply lectured by the English Churchman because he recently gave a dinner to forty guests on Sunday. The dinner was followed by a variety show, in which Japanese jugglers exhibited their skill, and a string band played.

Rev. Mr. Leys, a venerable and much respected minister of the United Presbyterian church of Scotland, is now a prisoner in Clinton jail, Edinburgh, for refusing to obey an order of the court of session to deliver up his grandchildren to their father. The father, it appears, has come under the influence of the Roman Catholic church, and the old gentleman objects to give up the children because he has hitherto charged himself with their support, and because he is unwilling that they should be brought up in the Catholic faith. Of course the law is against him. Mr. Leys has been urged to yield by some of his best friends; but he can not. His case is commanding much interest throughout Great Britain, and Mr. Leys has the sympathy not only of his attached congregation, but of the entire religious public. All efforts made to have him released have so far failed.

Lyman C. Howe writes to us under date of September 7th, as follows: "We had a good time at Casadaga camp meeting, and also at Lake Pleasant while I was there. Last week we had a big time at North Collins, Erie county, New York, where the 'Friends of Human Progress' held their annual meeting. Mrs. Lillie, A. B. French, Geo. W. Taylor, and Edgar Emerson, the great test-medium, all did themselves and the cause credit. Mrs. Lillie outdid herself on Sunday, and delighted everybody, and Mr. French charmed all with his happy style, broad thought and wonderful oratory. Mr. Lillie sang gospel into the souls with happy effect. His music is an important factor in the work, and together he and Mrs. Lillie make a strong battery and do much good. Mr. Emerson's tests struck home with telling conviction to the investigators as well as believers. I got specimen copies of the JOURNAL there which were scattered among the people, and I hope they will bear fruit sometime. I am proud of the JOURNAL. No paper can show a better array of original talent or more devoted to the highest truth and spiritual philosophy. Long live the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its corps of noble workers!"

J. J. Morse Coming Westward.

The above able and eloquent representative of English Spiritualism writes us that he is engaged as follows during the present year and until the close of the next, and that in January, 1887, he expects to sail for Australia on a lecture tour in the English colonies. Mr. Morse's public career and private worth have, during his sojourn among us, won for him many warm friends, while the utterances expressed through him are ever in harmony with the aspirations and sentiments which the JOURNAL ever endeavors to associate with our movement. The following are Mr. Morse's movements: New York City during October, December and February; Brooklyn, N. Y., November; Springfield, Mass., January; Washington, D. C., March; Providence, R. I., April. In May he starts West, and will arrange to visit Alliance and Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago; St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and other convenient points, including Salt Lake City, en route to San Francisco, where he speaks at the camp meeting during June, and during July, August and September he occupies the place of Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Metropolitan Temple, spending the remainder of the year in the above city and vicinity.

One of the leading features of *The Century Magazine* for 1886-87, will be the authorized Life of Abraham Lincoln by his confidential Secretaries, John George Nicolay and Col. John Hay. This great history will be the leading serial feature of *The Century* during the year beginning with the November number.

General News.

Edwin Booth recently sent his check for \$1,000 to an old friend in Charleston whose house was destroyed by the earthquake. The controller of the currency has imposed fines of \$100 each upon five national banks which have regularly been slow in forwarding monthly reports. The base-ball season in Chicago closed with the defeat of the Detroit club by the home nine. There were 15,000 spectators. Chicago leads Detroit for the championship by four games. General W. T. Sherman has taken rooms for himself and family at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York. Lewis Lawrence, an aged and wealthy citizen of Utica, N. Y., died last Wednesday at a camp in the North woods. In the international yacht-race off New York, the Mayflower left the Galathea two miles astern, and excelled her in all points of sailing. The east-bound freight from Chicago last week amounted to 38,400 tons, of which the Vanderbilt line secured 59.4 per cent. The bulk of grain is taken at 20 cents per 100 pounds. Alexander Mitchell urges the reelection of Governor Bock, of Wisconsin, for his action in suppressing anarchy, and advises the democracy to nominate no candidate in opposition. A special list from Oliver K. Harry Wilkes, and Belle F. has been arranged for Washington Park, Chicago, Sept. 24th.

Letter From Mrs. J. D. Home.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I promised you a description of the monument to be placed above the grave of Mr. Home; and I now proceed to give you an exact account of his wishes as set forth by him in his will. You will see that I have religiously fulfilled his injunctions concerning his funeral: "I desire my funeral to be as simple as possible, and that all tokens and signs known as mourning may be entirely discarded. I desire a simple monument to be placed over my mortal remains, and the following to be engraved thereon:

"David Dunlop Home, Born to earth life near Edinburgh (Scotland) March 20, 1833. Born to spirit-life. . . . To another discerning of spirits: 1st Corinthians, 12th chapter, 10th verse: . . . 18."

A cross and palm in the most beautiful white marble will rise from a Calvary, the symbol of suffering and victory and therefore of his life. Only a superhuman force could have sustained him under trials so many and arduous, and have enabled him to gloriously carry the burden of his cross for the love of the truth.

All proves him to have been designed for that great mission; for how many times was he not saved as if by a miracle? His life is a wondrous and curious narrative, the interest of which his want of vanity prevented him from appreciating; but sufficient documents are in my hands, and at least I have the right to avail myself of them in order to throw fuller light on it.

His gift of mediumship was not the only one that God had given him. He had an enthusiasm for the noble and beautiful; adored the arts, and his genius as a reciter of both poetry and prose evoked enthusiasm in every country. Together with the keenest and finest intellect, he had the simplicity of a child. Everything around him interested him and his gay and affable humor attracted everyone to him, even before they had learned to know him and appreciate him. Nothing will ever efface the memory of the marvelous and perfectly attested phenomena witnessed at the séances of Mr. D. D. Home. His life and gifts will remain the unshaken base on which the mighty and glorious truths of Spiritualism are reared. It was not only that in his presence physical manifestations of the most extraordinary character were witnessed. It was, above all, that through him we received the most consoling and touching messages that could never be forgotten, and that gave the certainty of another life, and a future happiness. It was the replies given in every language to unexpressed thoughts, replies from the spirits dearest to the recipient, the souls that alone were acquainted with the inner secrets of one's life. Never was there spoken through him a trivial or evasive message; but every communication consoled and guided while it convinced. Such was what Mr. Home termed the true Spiritualism, the sublime verity that was so dear to him, and to which he devoted his life. His ruling thought was always to discover a medium whose manifestations should be of the highest order, and to whom he might transmit the love of the truth, and devotion to the cause. His wish survives in me, and is the more lively that, being left alone, I need an earnest purpose to inspire me. Joined with it, I feel the natural desire to have genuine communications. It was with that hope I resolved, the other day, to see a professional medium; trying to forget the unfavorable impression that the acceptance of money creates in such a case, where the payment ought to be only esteem and gratitude. The name of this medium was recently mentioned in an article which related to my husband, and I sincerely wish he had been worthy of such association. Alas! I carried away the most painful impression possible. A half-truth is worse than a falsehood. I have no doubt that the direct writing between two scribes was real. I even feel sure of it, but the contents of these messages were absolutely worthless, lacking identity and void of consolation or interest. It was impossible that they should have come from the source asserted, and they could carry conviction to no one. I learned afterwards that two of my friends carried away the same impression. I declare that if my first experiences of a séance had been similar, I should be to-day an avowed disbeliever in Spiritualism.

These backward spirits, whose intelligence and aspirations have not yet progressed in the Spirit-world, and whom no one recognizes, commonly express themselves in English. They did not know even how to give my name correctly, and could hardly read it. I, therefore, happily remained unknown to the medium and his guides. As for the physical manifestations, such as movements of chairs, etc., they constituted only a clumsy trickery on the part of the medium. It is to be regretted that he does not confine himself wholly to slate-writing and rappings.

During the whole illness of Mr. Home, he possessed the gift of clairvoyance in the highest development; and although in these last years the spirits did not wish to fatigue him by séances, they surrounded him constantly. I have a whole volume of remarkable communications which prove the affection that survives earth-life and watches over us. I will cite, without making any selection, two examples showing the solicitude of which Mr. Home was the object. Whilst a visitor was present, rappings began to mingle with the conversation. Their message to him was that he should not disturb himself on the receipt of a letter which would announce unexpected but welcome news. At the same moment there was a knock at the door, and the visitor inferred that it announced the arrival of the letter in question. "No," said Mr. Home, before allowing the person outside to enter; "it is another." He was right; for two hours later that arrived which had been foretold. Another day, Mr. Home was much disturbed at not receiving a package which we were expecting, and in order to calm him, I proposed a drive. When at the turning of a street, a voice said distinctly: "Daniel, look to the right, the valuables are there." We saw, in fact, a railway-van loaded with a mass of goods, and as we fixed our eyes on them, they fell on two large chests bearing his name. Such incidents were of constant occurrence; and while the spirits, thus watched to protect him from even the smallest vexation, they gave us the joy of their presence, the highest felicity that souls united to theirs could wish. I had discovered that unconsciously to myself, I possessed the faculty of writing under their dictation. It has not left me; and beside Mr. Home, I have also acquired the gift of intuition to a remarkable degree, which has been of much service to me in life.

I am neither surprised at, nor interested in, all that has been said of Mr. Home. I have always thought, like my husband, that absurdities and calumnies are too much below the greatness of the truth to merit even a denial. An earnest seeker for truth will easily ascertain how false are those inventions which it is especially cowardly to produce after his death, seeing that there is no law

in England enabling the survivor to take judicial proceedings. As soon as my health permits, it is my intention to occupy myself with the interesting correspondence of Mr. Home; and I will acquaint you with the best portions of it, from which anything may be drawn for the interest and the promotion of the cause. Believe, meanwhile, dear Colonel Bundy, in my earnest good wishes. J. D. HOME. Paris, France.

KICKING A DEAD LION.

BY WM. WATERS.

The article below, which I take from *The Elmira Morning Telegram*, indicates that it is not always prudent to kick at a dead man. Though silent in death, yet he may exert a power that will seriously affect the clergyman who attacks him.

REMARKS OF A MINISTER AT A RECENT FUNERAL AT WAVERLY, N. Y.

The all absorbing topic of the hour here, is the funeral sermon delivered (over the remains of the late Fred. F. Ellis), at the M. E. church, Wednesday afternoon, by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Woodruff. The church was filled by a numerous assemblage of friends and relatives, gathered to pay their last respects to the deceased young man, who was very popular and generally liked. In the course of his remarks Rev. Woodruff made use of certain allusions to events in the past life of the deceased, perhaps unintentionally, but which appears to have been variously construed, to judge by the almost universal condemnation with which they have been met. His assertions that "until a few years ago the deceased had been a most exemplary young man," appeared to be the principal objectionable utterance, and which is the subject of much comment, decidedly uncompromising to the pastor. Rev. Woodruff's assertions were based solely, as he stated, on information obtained from persons met with on the street, possibly of the class, however, who always see the mote in their neighbor's eye, but fail to see the beam in their own. That a clergyman in the ministerial duties, should be guided by the promptings of persons, who through ill-concealed spite, are ever ready to besmirch the name of their fellow man, even when cold in death, is certainly not very creditable to a Christian minister of any denomination. The pastor evidently used the opportunity to point out a moral, but that his presumably honest intentions were miscarried is only too apparent by the unanimity with which people here seem to agree in condemning his utterances which were at least uncharitable and uncalled for. The tribe of Red Men, of which the deceased was a member, were present to the number of over sixty, and all are highly indignant at what they consider the ungenerous and unchristianlike utterances of the pastor. Rev. Mr. Woodruff's explanation of his position is to the effect that he intended no personal allusions, but simply spoke in a general way and in a manner which to him appeared to be in accordance with his position as pastor. Several of the oldest and most prominent members of the church have openly avowed their intention to sever their connection with the church while the present pastor is retained. The fact that the wife of the deceased, who, as is well known to every one here, labored hard for the support and comfort of her husband for over two years, was totally ignored and not referred to during the sermon, although due reference was made to the other members of the family, looks very much as if the sermon was delivered to the liking of the parties who so magnanimously pointed the pastor on what to say. A retraction from the pastor would appear to be the proper thing under the circumstances, and the friends of the deceased have expressed their willingness to condone the offense if the pastor will disclose the names of his informants. The matter has created a most profound sensation here and one scarcely hears anything else talked of. The sermon is strongly condemned by all who heard it, and the action of the pastor, even though his intentions were honest, is the object of much unfavorable criticism. The high standing of the family of the deceased gives the matter an interest and prominence which it would probably not otherwise have attained.

A clergyman who is so indifferent or careless touching the gentle amenities of life, that he will attack the private character of the dead at a funeral, in the presence of mourning friends and relatives, should take warning from what happened to Nebuchadnezzar, after having sorely tried the patience of the Lord: "And he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." No gentleman, soundly orthodox, will say this did not take place, or that it is not possible that it should not occur again. And to whom would it be more likely to come, than to one so coarse and brute-like in feeling, as to seize upon a funeral occasion to trample upon the finer sensibilities of tearful and sorrowing mourners.

The "Red Man" doubtless have a funeral ceremony of their own, which they would do well to make use of, setting aside orthodox sermons, which are really an abomination to all minds not enslaved by ancient traditions. A few days since, I requested a German merchant to call for me on his way into the country to attend the funeral of a highly respected German farmer. Being a little in advance of the appointed hour, my friend suggested that we drive two or three miles farther and call upon a gentleman having fine grounds, and plenty of flowers. I did not object, for I readily divined that he would like to avoid listening to an orthodox sermon. We returned just in time to file in with the long train of wagons, moving to the cemetery grounds. I congratulated myself that we had made a happy hit, perhaps saved my friend from some unspoken language not complimentary. I have attended orthodox funerals when the preachers' discourse produced objectively very strong exceptions to positions taken. Under such circumstances I have been forcibly reminded of an old gentleman whom I knew very well in the days when politics ran Whig and Democrat. The old gentleman was well read, but a strong Democrat, and with all his fond of "mint-julep." He went to a Whig political meeting one evening when he had drunk just enough to be free from all mental embarrassment. As often as the speaker advanced a statement that the old gentleman thought to be untrue, he would speak out boldly: "That is a lie, and shortly, 'That is another lie,' and again 'That is a third lie.' So he kept on through the speaking. Both parties took it all in good humor, knowing that Uncle Johnny was out at sea in a glorious state. But if every church member or non-church member, attending church should take the same liberty that Uncle Johnny did, the interruptions would doubtless be numerous.

The Friends Society have a good method for funerals. They meet together generally at the home of the departed—sit for a brief time in silence. If any one present feels moved to say a few words, it is well; if not it is just as well, for a silent meeting in the presence of the dead is very impressive. I don't think there are any Quaker speakers so ill-mannered as to make unfriendly criticisms on the life or character of the deceased. Such a thing would not be tolerated. If there is ever a time when propriety, delicacy and tender regard for the feeling of our fellow-beings should be manifested, it is on funeral occasions; but that class of public speakers, who make it a point to send all to a tropical country who don't believe as they do, can hardly be expected to hold in abeyance their surly scented opinions. The funeral ritual of the Odd Fellows is free from sectarian dogmas, and I presume the same of most other secret societies. In resorting to these, no offense could come to any one.

Camp of the Connecticut Spiritualist Association.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Calls from home compel me to day to withdraw myself from this, I may well say, enchanted spot, for it is true that I have nowhere found a place more enchanting to me, nor one that to so great an extent stirs the divinity within me, and makes me look from nature up to nature's God, and feel that I am an immortal entity.

When I walk its streets and observe the fraternal feeling that exists among the campers, and the manner in which they vie with each other as to who can best excel in their efforts to promote each other's welfare, I exclaim within myself, "How good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

I arrived in the camp, I regret to say, after the illumination was over, which, if I may be allowed to judge from the decorations that still remain, must have passed off with great effect.

J. Clegg Wright occupied the rostrum on Sunday, August 22nd, and gave two interesting and eloquent lectures, to which I listened with interest and pleasure. There are upon the grounds a number of mediums, and I am glad to say, there is not among them any of those so-called materializing mediums, nor any who require darkness within which to practice their—! I venture to advise the Society, if it wishes to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the camp, that it keep all such away. This camp was not ushered into existence with a great noise and hurrah; on the contrary, it was organized by quiet, firm and determined ladies and gentlemen, who intended that it should be placed upon a sound basis, which would furnish them and their descendants for all time to come with happy homes away from business marts, to which they can withdraw during the scorching days of summer, where, freed from the cares and toils of every day life, their souls may be refreshed and reinvigorated with new truths, hopes and joys from the fountains of eternal life.

They have again demonstrated their determination to make the camp a permanent home, by raising a sufficient sum of money to pay off all indebtedness, and to-day they hold the property and the extensive improvements thereon, unencumbered and in fee simple, which will doubtless give a new impulse to the building of cottages. I can feel from the influences around me that a boom to the camp is fast approaching. The camp adjoins that of the Military Encampment Ground of the State of Connecticut, and is surrounded on three sides by the Niantic river, forming a peninsula. There is now erected upon it forty-five substantial cottages, besides a number of canvas houses. The Company have erected a large pavilion, the upper part of which is used for lodging apartments, and also a complete restaurant, from which are served good meals at very low prices. From the tower erected by Mr. Geo. H. Burnham, the ocean is plainly to be seen by aid of the glasses with which the place is furnished. It also contains lodging rooms upon each floor.

The water of the river is quite salt, and contains abundance of fish, crabs, etc., affording fine amusement for those fond of boating and piscatorial sport.

Those who might desire to procure rooms or rent a cottage, will be supplied with all needed information by addressing Jonathan Hatch, South Windham, Conn., the obliging and indefatigable Secretary of the Association.

The emissions from the pines, mingling with the salt thrown off from the river, produce an atmosphere that would be a healing balm to many an invalid, and the probability is that the day is not far off when the place will become known as a health resort.

On my way home, I stopped at White Plains, N. Y., to call upon my old cherished friend, Nettie Colburn Maynard, who is widely known amongst your readers as a medium of rare gifts. Her many friends will regret to learn that she is a helpless victim of rheumatism, utterly unable to move any part of herself; not even to raise her hands, and suffer pains that it seems to me could not be excelled by that instrument of torture called the rack. As I witnessed her writhing in agony, I only prayed that the good angels would free her spirit from the prison house of pain in which it is bound, and transport it to their immortal home. CARROLL.

Niantic, Conn., Aug. 30, 1886.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest, and reliable.

Rheumatism and the Gout, cease their twinges, if the affected part is daily washed with Glean's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

Consumption can be Cured.

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper, healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best! Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Race Co. In this issue of our paper, we can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and order instructed to their care will receive prompt attention. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch, June 16, 1886.

Glean's Sulphur Soap banishes head and hair, itching, dandruff, and all skin diseases. It is made by Glean's Sulphur Soap Co., New York. It is sold by all druggists and grocers. Price 25 cts. per box. Glean's Sulphur Soap Co., New York.

The Civil Service Reformers.

say their object is simply to retain good men in office when you find them. This theory may be safely applied to the treatment of the human system by means of medicine. Those who have once tried Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for scrofulous swellings and sores, loss of flesh, and appetite, weak lungs, spitting of blood and consumption will apply to it the real principle of Civil Service Reform and "hold fast to that which is good."

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Claïrovant Examinations Free.

Enclose lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., corner Warren and Avenue Streets, Syracuse, New York.

Claïrovant Healer.

D. P. KATNER, M. D., who has been before the public as a reliable clairovant physician since 1850, can be consulted at Room 11, No. 175 Jackson St., Chicago; or by addressing him in care of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, with postage stamp, full particulars of terms will be given for each case.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 124 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritualist Society of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M. No vacation for hot weather. —PLANE W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 221 West 3rd Street Mrs. T. B. Striker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George M. Porter, Secretary; F. H. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. B. MILLER, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and overworked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent and reliable remedy for Chronic Weakness and Disease peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists and all respectable medicine stores. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 661 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure, a vial, by druggists.

HOW PRINTING PAYS

"The Proof of the Pudding," &c. is a new and original work, containing a full and complete description of the printing process, from the selection of the type to the binding of the book. It is a most valuable work for all who are engaged in the printing business. Price \$1.00. Address: THE NEW YORK PRINTING CO., 112 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED!

An active business man or lady to act as agent for every city or town for the sale of our celebrated LAKESIDE SOAP. This soap is made of purest materials, and is of a fine quality, and is sold in all parts of the world. It is a most valuable article for all who are engaged in the soap business. Price \$1.00. Address: LAKESIDE SOAP MANUFACTURING CO., 50 Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill.

"I NEVER!"

Ladies, we make a special offer to you. We have a new and original work, containing a full and complete description of the printing process, from the selection of the type to the binding of the book. It is a most valuable work for all who are engaged in the printing business. Price \$1.00. Address: THE NEW YORK PRINTING CO., 112 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A GOOD INDELEBIL INK WON'T

is a detective on the track of dishonest washers and colorers. LIVINGSTON'S INDELEBIL INK is a most valuable article for all who are engaged in the ink business. Price \$1.00. Address: NATIONAL TANK & COFFEE CO., Washington St., Boston, Mass.

IT NEVER!

Ladies, we make a special offer to you. We have a new and original work, containing a full and complete description of the printing process, from the selection of the type to the binding of the book. It is a most valuable work for all who are engaged in the printing business. Price \$1.00. Address: THE NEW YORK PRINTING CO., 112 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WASH OUT

is a most valuable article for all who are engaged in the soap business. Price \$1.00. Address: LAKESIDE SOAP MANUFACTURING CO., 50 Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill.

SWITHIN C. SHORTIDGE'S ACADEMY

For Young Men and Boys, Media, Pa.

12 miles from Philadelphia. First price course every session, even books, school stationery, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No furnishing. No uniforms. No examinations for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all of whom are graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, and all of whom are graduates of the University of Pennsylvania. Students are advanced rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Parents or students may select any course or choose the regular English, Latin, Greek, French, German or Civil Engineering Course. Students attend at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and ten other colleges and universities. 10 to 15 students in each college to 1886. 15 in 1886, 10 in 1887, 10 in 1888. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1,500 volumes added to library in 1884. Special attention for students in 1885. All students board with the principal. Excellent table. Boys may room alone. Media has seven churches and a temperance society. Media is a beautiful city of all interesting sights. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTIDGE, M. D. (Harvard Graduate), Media, Pa. School opens September 21. Students may come before or after Sept. 21. \$200 a year; \$125 quarterly.

THE MISSING LINK

BY A LAR EBERHARDT (of the Fox Family.)

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

This interesting work, so full of experience and so thoroughly conversant with the progress of Spiritualism, is a most valuable work for all who are engaged in the study of Spiritualism. Price \$1.00. Address: THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, New York.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystic.

A Series of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 5.

BY C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

Thus far we have claimed strong monistic tendencies for the Mystic, but also shown a disposition in the direction of the feminine side of life. It remains to show the unitive power: the power that mediates the dualistic forces of existence.

We have an excellent illustration of this power, yes, more than an illustration, an embodiment of it. In Krishna, the eighth Avatar, or incarnation of Vishnu.

In the Bhagavad-Gita (chapters 9 to 11) Krishna declares himself: "All things exist in me. I do not dwell with them and yet things do not exist in me. Behold this, my lordly mystery! I am the Father, the Mother, the sustainer, the grandfather of this universe." "I am the origin of all," he declares, and minutely describes the meaning of this assertion, by claiming himself to be the Vedas, the Sacrifice, God of Gods, chief of warriors and priests, the powers of nature; the mystic syllable "Om," etc., etc. Finally Arjuna desirous of seeing him, exclaims: "I desire, O highest Lord, to behold thy sovereign form, even as thou hast thus declared thyself to be, O best of men." If thou thinkest that that form is possible for me to look upon, master! do thou, Lord of Devotion, show thine inexhaustible self to me." Arjuna then beholds in vision the Universal Form, and besides seeing the whole universe "in a collective form, with movable objects," he is admitted to the "sovereign mystery," by being given a "divine eye."

To get the key to this mystery, let it be remembered that Krishna (chap. 9) declares that he restored to the world the Yoga-doctrine, "long lost to the world," and that he declared: "Whenever there is a relaxation of duty, and an increase of impiety, I then reproduce myself for the protection of the good, and the destruction of evil-doers. I am produced in every age for the purpose of establishing duty." Just before this wonderful doctrine he spoke about his many transmutations: "Though I am unborn, of changeless essence, and the lord of all which exist, yet, in presiding over Nature, which is mine, I am born by my own mystic power." Let us also bear in mind that the object of this whole poem, "the Bhagavad-Gita," is to teach the harmonizing of extremes, more particularly the co-operation of "Thought" and "Action." When all this be remembered together with the fact of Krishna's being an incarnation (avatar) of Vishnu, the second person in the Hindu Trinity, it will readily be realized that he represents the mediating power of life, or, as we called it above, the unitive power.

Let us now briefly consider this power under two aspects: (1) As universally diffused throughout creation; and (2) as appearing historically "in every age" as an Avatar, "for the purpose of the protection of the good," "the destruction of evil-doers," and "establishing duty."

(1) The mediating power of life is the fundamental thought of all Optimism. Everywhere it sees phenomenal disharmony dissolved in the grander and dual harmony of the universe: evil is only a limitation and sometimes a medium of restraint tending to educate the individual. But we do not now merely speak about a doctrine dependent upon a certain form of philosophical thought. All forms of life are influenced by this power. Look upon our law systems, for instance, how Equity-Jurisprudence smooths down the severest justice, thus preventing the pure and naked idea of right from crushing out life and from destroying the elastic mobility of human existence, and introducing the influence of the heart into a sphere where nature never prepared any room for it, and therefore wears a look so severe, even cruel. (This leads us to ask a question relative to the heart's power over nature at large. Does nature ever show mercy? Can any one, man or woman, move nature by love? Has any one studied these two questions? Who has written on these subjects of Kardiology? We wish to know! Write us!)

That which Christian theology and more modern philosophy has had to say about Immanence is really but another form of the old Aryan belief of incarnation. The Aryans in particular conceived this notion and elaborated it; it is a revelation pre-eminently Aryan. It is taught in the traditional belief about Brahman as the universal form of every element and creature, "sacrificing himself for all," "for the good of the soul." Most intimately connected with this belief is the other mystical doctrine of the unity of the human soul with Brahman, equally of Aryan growth. At any rate, both these forms of thought are of Shemitic origin. Even before the Shemitic mind adjusted itself to a comprehension of the prophetic "error," the Aryan had elaborated its general notions of the universality of the divine life, and defined its manifestations sharply as Rama and later as Krishna.

If we examine the records, as we possess them to-day, of the various religious systems of the world, we shall find this belief everywhere, and why? Because Life is in its most sense one with the Deity and where the A. B. C. of Life has been understood, there the doctrine of Immanence ("Self")—"The Personal") exists, however crude and imperfect.

(2) The mediating power appears "in person" in every age, as stated above, exceptionally in a Manifestation or Avatar. For a full understanding of this it is necessary that we should be familiar with the mystic doctrine of Cycles, world-cycles as well as historical and individual cycles. For the present we must pass by this doctrine, however, to come back to it later on.

India has given us her understanding of the personal appearance of the mediating and unitive power in the doctrine of Vishnu's incarnation as Krishna in nine avatars. Krishna's avatars were four in the Satya Yuga, or first age. They took place in animal forms. In the Treta Yuga, or second age, he appeared in three different human forms and in the third, the Dwapara Yuga, they were only two: as the hero Balarama and the Buddha. Nine in all. He will appear once more, in his tenth avatar, at the close of the present or last age, the Kali Yuga, to destroy the universe.

It is evident that these avatars of divine manifestations can not simply represent local historical events, and that no Solar-Myth theory can explain them. If they could thus be explained, Krishna could not be the unitive power of life or a "Savior," which he certainly is, both according to his own declarations and the common belief. The interpretation is, however, not so difficult as might appear. In the first place his nine revelations represent the various degrees of the theogonic process, and in the second place, they typify the steps of human psychological development, described in the first paper of this series.

But how do we benefit by the existence of such a power in the universe? How does it profit us that the theogonic process is the pattern for our development? Can we attain anything in this direction by gift? Nothing whatever! No, we must work out our own salvation! The words of Angelus Silesius have a universal bearing: Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.

Ekardt, another mystic, is still more explicit on this all-absorbing subject, asserting that God Himself is not born, if he be not born in the soul.

How is it done? Read the Bhagavad-Gita for the answer: first go through the school of Knowledge, then practice the Yoga, and if you can find how to harmonize the two in your own individual existence, you shall be free. No doctrine expresses this harmony. No doctrine could express it. Life is too full and too deep to be contained within the narrow bounds of an axiom; but he, who will practice, shall know the doctrine and attain the harmony. He shall know "the Self," (the Supreme Being), and by ascetic practices be emancipated to be united with "Self."

Knowledge relates to Spirit. Knowledge by means of the senses is not real knowledge. Knowledge of Spirit is true knowledge, hence such attainment becomes the chief object of philosophical inquiry. Spirit viewed generally may be regarded as being of three kinds, all three so closely connected that they really become three aspects of Spirit, only. Thus the Bhagavad-Gita. The first aspect of Spirit is as the Supreme Being. The different aspects and characters of the Supreme Being are thus classified:

Adhivaita, the Supreme Being as presiding over (adhi) "presiding over" and deva or devata "deities" the gods.

Adhyatma, the Supreme Being viewed as "presiding over souls" as the essence of spirit and origin of individual souls.

Adhibhuta, the Supreme Being as presiding over "that which exists," namely matter. The One Indivisible (akshara), that is, the universal energy permeating existence. It is called the one indivisible contrasted with individual souls (Kshara).

Adhivajna, The Supreme Being as Krishna, the manifested object of worship. In the eighth chapter, where Arjuna asks what is Adhivajna, Krishna answers and says "Adhivajna is myself here upon earth, in the body," and goes on demanding "worship," claiming it as a right, regarding his powers. Most men are too material to be able to worship the pure abstract idea of the Supreme as Spirit, hence the Supreme Spirit appears in this tangible and manifest personification.

This knowledge, which here is sketched in outline, is indispensable to emancipation. No sacrificial act, nor the Vedas themselves can substitute it. Says Krishna: "He who truly comprehends my divine birth and action does not undergo regeneration when he quits the body, but comes to me." "Every action, without exception, is comprehended in spiritual knowledge." Acquire this knowledge by doing honor, by inquiry, and by service (to those philosophers who possess this knowledge). "There is no purifier in the world like knowledge." "Having acquired spiritual knowledge, he soon attains to supreme tranquillity."

The other indispensable requisite for true and final emancipation is the Yoga, or ascetic practices.

The Yoga system is divided into two parts, the Hatha and the Raja Yoga. The first deals principally with the physiological part of man, and its object is to establish the devotee's health and train the physical basis of his will. It is a very difficult and dangerous practice. Many fall and many have died in the attempt to perform it. It consists largely in a course of posturings and gymnastic exercises. But as it has been found that the same results can be attained by other practices, it is nowadays dispensed with. The Raja Yoga's object is to control the mind, and definite duties to that end have been laid down by Eastern adepts. It consists mainly in endeavors to control the senses, to be indifferent to enjoyments and to submit to a Guru or teacher. A disciple full of an ardent desire to be free from the bonds of the phenomenal, and following the above rules will finally arrive at the sumum bonum of his existence, final beatitude.

Says Krishna in the chapter called "Devotion by means of self-restraint": "He who is attached neither to the objects of the senses, nor to actions, and has renounced all (earthly) plans, is said to have ascended to devotion." "A devotee should always exercise himself, remaining in seclusion and solitude, restraining his thoughts and himself, without indulging hopes and without possessions." "The highest happiness accrues to that devotee of tranquil heart, who, having set at rest the natural quality of badness, partakes of the nature of the Supreme Spirit, and is sinless." "The soul which is devoted to devotion perceives the spirit existing in all things, and all things in the spirit regarding everything alike in everything." "That devotee who worships me as existing in all things, is intent on unity (of object), lives in me in whatever way he may live."

But neither knowledge nor Yoga practices would bring about any unitive result in the individual if the two stand isolated, if they do not disappear as individual factors and become dissolved in the personal life of the devotee, or become thus transposed and transformed. The emphasis lies upon the harmonious result attained by means of knowledge and action. Where such result shall have been attained, THE PERSONAL is born and the mind has become able to begot the whole objective world from itself. That attained, the goal of all philosophizing has been reached: to raise Being into being in the consciousness. That attained, the goal of all existence has been reached: Identity with God.

(To be continued.)

Life is arid and terrible; repose is chimeras; dryness useless; reason itself serves only to dry up the heart. There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

A fire at Zillwaukee, Michigan, devastated a tract of twenty acres covered with saw-mills and lumber belonging to Bliss & Brothers. The loss is estimated at nearly \$300,000.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and, for many, it is more brilliant than the day.

Man is an eternal mystery, even to himself. His own person is a house which he never enters, and of which he studies the outside.—Socrates.

Joy is the ray of sunshine that brightens and opens those two beautiful flowers, Confidence and Hope.—B. Sowerby.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEDIUM.

Answering Questions Sealed in an Envelope.—Music Independent of Mortal Touch.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

While spiritualistic matters are daily assuming more importance in the North and West, and while those who formerly were the most bitter opponents to the cause, are fast becoming its most ardent supporters, let me say that here in Tennessee, the number of persons who have cast their lot with us in the past year is simply wonderful, and understand, the new adherents gained for the cause are the most intellectual and refined portion of our people.

It has recently been discovered that a lady residing here is possessed of rare qualifications as a medium, and some of the manifestations produced through her agency are startling and wonderful to a degree rarely witnessed. The lady alluded to is Mrs. Josephine Todd, the accomplished wife of Prof. J. M. Todd, County School Superintendent of this county. Mrs. Todd is a pleasant, refined lady of, perhaps, twenty-five years; petite in form, with bronze gold hair, and the most frank and winning manner imaginable. Her eyes, large, gray and soulful, in moments of abstraction seem to be gazing into the beyond, and at such times they have that wistful, longing earnest expression that produces a feeling of awe on the beholder.

Mrs. Todd, while much interested in spiritual matters for several years past, was until lately, entirely unaware of the remarkable power she possesses, and which has lately excited the wonder and amazement of this entire region. The social standing and position of the lady are such as to render all notions of fraud or collusion simply preposterous and absurd.

For the past week the manifestations have been the talk of the town, and therefore I determined to call upon the lady, and satisfy myself if they were as wonderful as reported. Last evening I repaired to her residence—a pleasant, two-story house, situated in the suburbs, and making known my mission I was cordially welcomed by the lady and her husband. Being ushered into the parlor, I found perhaps a score of persons assembled. The room had the usual furniture found in a parlor, and a large chandelier hung from the center of the ceiling. A magnificent piano occupied one end of the room, and a French horn was hanging above it from a bracket made of a stag's antlers, tipped with silver. After a few minutes spent in general conversation the lady requested us to seat ourselves around the large center table in the room and join hands. She herself took her seat on a sofa near the door and at that part of the room farthest from the piano. She then asked us to sing "The Sweet Bye and Bye." While the rest of the audience was engaged in singing that beautiful song, I kept my attention fixed upon the medium. Her fair face, as the singing progressed, seemed to take on an expression of beatific enjoyment; her rosy lips were slightly parted, and her eyes—bright as the gems of Golconda, were gazing upward into vacancy with rapturous, eager expression, impossible to describe.

The singing ceased, but there was no change in the posture of the medium. Save for the unearthly brightness of the eyes, one could almost imagine that it was some exquisite form carved out of the purest Parian marble, that occupied the sofa. Suddenly borne to our ears through the open window, on the balmy night air, came the faint echo of a horn, apparently winded in the distance. Low, soft and pleading as the song of syrens, at first it gradually gained in volume, and we suddenly became aware, that what we had taken for the notes of a distant horn, was in reality produced by spiritual agency from the horn hanging against the wall. It is impossible to describe the music, so soft, so melting and tender. Involuntarily our eyes filled with tears. We were in the presence of spirits. Genius could not produce such music as we were listening to, but, alas! it was as passing and evanescent as the fleeting fragrance of the orange flower. While we tried to still the tumultuous beating of hearts, that we might not lose one chord of those heavenly strains it suddenly stopped, and all was still.

The medium never moved or stirred, and her husband stepped across the room and raised the lid of the piano, then returned to his place in the circle. Soon the sweet air of "My Dear Savannah Home" was heard from the piano. It was played with correctness of touch rarely equalled. As the last lingering notes died away, the lady's husband said he was afraid to continue the manifestations longer, fearing the effect upon his wife's health. He, however, agreed to give one more test of the wonderful powers possessed by his wife: Producing paper and envelopes he requested each of us to write a question, and seal it in an envelope. Twenty envelopes, containing twenty questions, each known only to the writer, were placed on a small tray, and Prof. Todd carried it and placed it before his wife. Without a glance at the envelopes, the medium seized a pencil from the tray, and rapidly wrote the correct answer to each question; putting each answer in an envelope and addressing it correctly. The writer asked a question regarding the health of a loved one, whose symptoms are a cause of alarm. Only a few days before the celebrated Dr. Breyfogle, of Louisville, Kentucky, had made a diagnosis of the case, and the medium corroborated his diagnosis in every particular.

Quietly, as if awaking from a sweet and refreshing sleep, Mrs. Todd arose from the sofa, and without a trace of fatigue, or the slightest symptom of weariness, took her place as the genial hostess. Hereafter I shall attend her seances regularly, and give you an account of the manifestations. They are such as to cause the heart of the true Spiritualist to beat high with bright hope for the future. We are at the dawn of a new era in Spiritualism, when I trust the veil which now separates the world of mortals from the world of spirits shall be lifted entire, and the mysteries and wonders of the Spirit-world made known to us in their entirety.

JOHN DEVAULT.

Wentworth, Tenn.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Another season has come and gone at Onset, and the people are turning their feet toward their homes in city and country, bidding a reluctant good-bye to the pleasant cottages where they have enjoyed a full season of unadulterated joy and pleasure, and also to the panoramic views upon the waters of Onset Bay, where they have been charmed with the ever-changing appearance of innumerable white sailing yachts, steamers, skiffs, schooners, and bathers, while the four majestic islands in the bay—Wick, Onset, Hog and Mashpee—with the accompanying scenery, form one of the most beautiful views between New York and the Province

on the line of the Atlantic coast. We are also bidding good-bye to those pleasant seasons in the seance room, both public and private, where so many happy hours have been spent during the summer, in holding sweet converse with the loved ones "over there." Though we say the good-bye for the present, those happy hours are like diamonds of the purest waters, never to be forgotten.

Sunday, August 22nd, Dr. F. L. H. Willis and Rev. J. K. Applebee of Boston, were the speakers. They did noble work for the cause of free thought and a pure spirituality. When our good Unitarian brothers can pluck up individually enough to step on to a well regulated spiritual platform, they can then (as a general thing) give the audience enough of real spiritual facts to make unthinking minds almost believe that the Unitarian Church is a very fine place to attend meeting; so I would say, get down and out of the pulpit as often as you can find a comfortable place in which to present your best thoughts, because they will always do the people good.

Sunday, August 23rd, Mrs. A. M. Spence of New York, and J. J. Morse of England, were the speakers. Mr. Morse making the closing remarks of the tenth annual camp meeting at this grove. Mr. Morse, after listening to one of Sanky's and Moody's consolidated camp songs, performed by a sort of half-and-half Methodist and Christian Spiritualist, took for the subject, "Our Cause and its Lessons." The control said he hardly knew whether he was going to preach a funeral discourse or sum up the achievements of a two-month's camp meeting. The writer concluded that a few more of Sanky and Moody's songs would unbalance any spiritual minded speaker. However that may be, Mr. Morse's control presented some beautiful word pictures of our cause.

Our meetings have been favored with some of the ablest speakers upon the spiritual platform, among them Dr. Fred L. H. Willis of Boston, A. B. French of Clyde, Ohio, J. J. Morse of England, Charles Dawbarn of New York, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Mrs. H. J. T. Brigham, all of whom have the hearts of the people with them. Among the mediums for spirit communion and psychometry, Joseph D. Stiles and Mrs. A. M. Glading gave great satisfaction.

So far as the conference meetings are concerned in our camps, I believe they could be vastly improved by making them a season to question the speakers upon the points of interest in the preceding lecture, thus giving them an opportunity to more fully discuss much of the subject matter of the lecture that can be but barely hinted at for want of time, in the lecture hour; and also relieving the conference meeting of a large amount of cheap talk that does no one any good. In my opinion the so-called Fact Meetings do the cause of Spiritualism more harm than good and should be discontinued until well authenticated facts can be presented.

HOME CIRCLES.

In my closing notes to the JOURNAL of our camp meeting at Onset for 1885, I urged the readers of the JOURNAL to institute circles for investigation of spiritual phenomena in the private home. Our homes are sacred places where we can eat, drink and be happy; where we can commune with each other, and call to our family altar the assistance of our own spirit friends. In my own home we have always found the most advantageous hour for the home circle to be at early candle light, in the negative part of the day, and the time we appropriate is one half-hour, and we have never failed in one of these seances of receiving some token of love and recognition from our dear departed. I have no time here to speak of the manifestations, but suffice it to say that we have been a thousandfold paid for the time spent. I believe that any family that will establish an honest half-hour seance in the early evening, with its own members, and will continue the same for twelve months, will receive more than satisfactory results.

Mrs. A. M. Spence said in the course of her lecture at Onset, August 29th, that mediumship had entered the commercial world and had a right to demand pay. I take no exception to that statement. I believe mediumship can enter the commercial world, demand and receive pay, and be honest every time; but, reader, if you would have an honest mediumship, develop it in your own family. Your own family circle is a sacred spot, and you will not deceive yourselves. If in your home seance you are blessed with a rap, be honest with it and demand honesty of it in return. If your spirit friends can use the hand to give you written communications, do not forget to be honest with them, and if your friends can set aside the veil and show themselves to you in spirit, receive them with open arms. W. W. CURRIER. Onset, Mass., Sept. 8th, 1886.



MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., Flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., Chicago and St. Louis.

NEVER SQUEEZE A LEMON.

By so doing you force out the pungent oil of the rind, and the bitter juice of the seeds. By using our



you get only the juice of the lemon but you get all of it, and you get it much quicker than you can with the ordinary hand-squeezing process. The drill is light and handy, and costs only 15 cents; by mail 25 cents. A Home-made Free Agents during the summer months can be sent for 50 cents. Write for full particulars. J. C. COCKBURN THOMSON, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be retained by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM, This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS, it is a Perfect Nutrient in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia, and in all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00. Sold by Druggists—25c, 50c, \$1.00. A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WALLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FREE! New Book of Fancy Works with 100 Illustrations. 250 New Subjects. 10 Special Offers. 200 Picture Puzzles. 400 Col. story paper, all for 4c. postage.

NATIONAL HAZARD, 7 W. Broadway, N.Y.

WANTED A WOMAN of energy for business in her locality. Salary \$50. References: E. J. Johnson, Manager, 10 Barclay St., N.Y.

THE PARAGON HAIR PEN. IT IS POSITIVELY NON-SLIPPING. Made in CHINA. STAMPS AND DIES. TO BEAL & CO. (Limited) PHILADELPHIA.

"SINGER" MODEL SEWING MACHINES for \$15.00 up. Write for 5 years. New and perfect. Rent on trial if desired. Organs given as premiums. Send for circular with 7000 testimonials from every state. We can save you \$15 to \$30. GEO. FAYLE, Co., 43 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

CANCER

CURED BY DR. KINGSLEY, who has successfully treated in Rome, N. Y. many thousands of cases within the last 30 years. Write for Circular. W. J. K. M. COLEY, M. D., Rome, N. Y.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PAD Absorbs all impurities from the blood. Invigorates and vitalizes the whole system.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PADS Cure Biliousness, Indigestion, Jaundice, Diarrhoea, Malaria, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, &c.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PADS Regulate the Stomach and Bowels, Improve the Appetite, correct Assimilation, Complexion, &c.

HOLMAN'S LIVER AND STOMACH PAD Prevents Sea Sickness, Cholera, Smallpox, Yellow Fever, Typhoid and Malaria Fever.

All Druggists.—Or sent on receipt of Price, \$3.00. HOLMAN PAD CO., 120 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S Perfume

EDENIA.

LUNDBORG'S Rhenish Cologne.

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, YOUNG, LADY & CO., 24 Barclay Street, New York.

A THRILLING WARNING.

Man Traps of the City.

By THOS. E. GREEN.

Mothers—place this book in the hands of your sons. It treats of

The Tiger and His Den. Cups of Flame. The Scarlet Sin. Embellishment. The Devil's Printing Press.

A book that is sensational, not from excited rhetoric or bold flattery of speech, but from the facts that show how many have been led from the pen of the writer. It is a book of warnings, where sin and crime are shown of their mark, robbed of the glamour with which they have been surrounded by the purulent literature of the day, and painted in strong, true colors. The life of the prodigal is here shown in its true light, not as a life that, though wicked, has its delectable, but as a thing of despair, and in future life to be abhorred.—Western Christian Advocate.

Price, post paid: Cloth bound, 75 cts. Paper bound, 50 cts. DANIEL AMBROSE, Pub'r, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

INVALUABLE IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BIOGEN.

A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life.

BY PROF. ELLIOTT COUES.

Member of the National Academy of Sciences; of the American Philosophical Society; of the Anthropological and Biological Societies of Washington; etc., etc.

THIRD EDITION. "As them art fitted to receive it, so shall the light be given thee."—The Deacon of Durres.

Price, 75 CENTS. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The price of this admirable pamphlet is as follows: 100 copies by express, \$5.00; by mail, \$5.75; 25 copies by express, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.75; 25 copies, 25 cents; single copies, 10 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

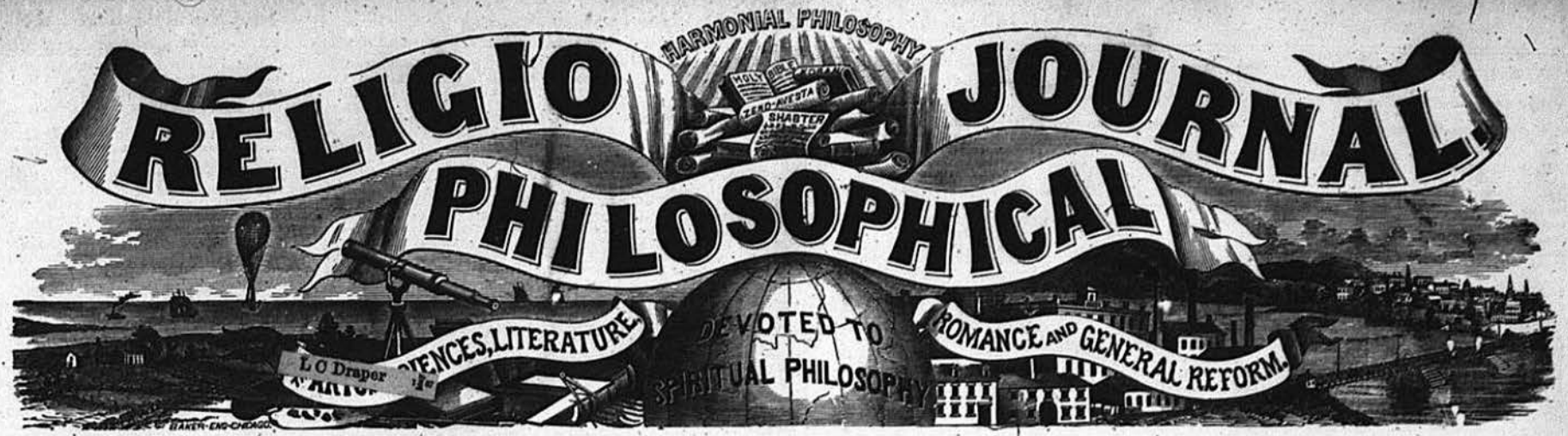
THE BHAGAVAD-GITA; OR, A DISCOURSE ON DIVINE MATTERS, BETWEEN KRISHNA AND ARJUNA.

A SIKHIST PHILOSOPHICAL POEM. Translated, with Copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanathana Philosophy, and other Matter, by J. COCKBURN THOMSON.

Member of the Asiatic Society of France, and of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland.

The book is a 12mo., 278 pp., and the mechanical part is finished in a superior manner, printed on heavy-cream paper and bound in extra heavy cloth with richly ornamented back, borders and side title.

Price, \$1.75. Postage Free. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLI.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

No. 5

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Esoteric Buddhism.
- SECOND PAGE.—Witches and Mediums. A Good Man's Temptation. Conviction that don't Convince. The Capricious Medium.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Michigan Camp Meetings. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Free-Thinkers' Outlook. Samuel B. Nichols. English Spiritualists Working. The Woman's Bible. General Items.
- FIFTH PAGE.—The Existence of the Mahatmas. In Memoriam. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Broken Idols. Spiritualism in England. Presentments. Landseer's Lions. Hindoo Sannyas. Released. A Spirit in Mail Car No. 48. Mesmerism and Spiritualism. A Genuine Ghost Story. Florida in the Throes of a Haunted House. Spiritual Matters in San Francisco. Inverted. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Christians Fighting for Japan. The Word Genjiu. Catholic Intolerance. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Philosophy of Religion.—From the Standpoint of the Mystic. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

Esoteric Buddhism, or the "Inner Doctrine," embraces an occult body of teachings which, until quite recently, have been almost exclusively confined within the pale of secret orders in the East—orders whose origin dates from very remote prehistoric times. These teachings have been very jealously guarded by all members of the secret brotherhood as pearls too precious and sacred to be entrusted to the populace. The state of mind essential to deal with these truths has always been held to involve a special capacity and an exceptional integrity, which the candidate can acquire only after a long course of laborious training, and a life of strict temperance, chastity and self-abnegation.

In the Golden Age of the pre-historic ancients the mind of the race was generally open and accessible to the occult realm, which made it far more potent both for good and evil than is possible at the present day. When this power became inverted by general wickedness and insincerity, the necromancy and internalism which incidentally followed, threatened the very existence of the race upon the planet. The race tendency was then toward absolute evil, but this tendency was partially arrested by the traditional "catastrophe" which, among other changes it effected, closed the occult realm to ordinary human perception. The few who afterward attained to direct occult perception were those who led self-sacrificing and holy lives; and these were regarded with envy and jealousy by the world's people. So there was formed a secret brotherhood, within the pale of which their exceptional knowledge was sacredly guarded. The ties which bound the members of this inner brotherhood together were of heaven, while the ties that bind the members of secret fraternities in our modern society are of earth. Indeed, the existing secret orders of the West have hardly so much as a counterfeit resemblance to this ancient Brotherhood that held the esoteric doctrine.

The esoteric doctrine is veiled beneath the letter of the word in most of the Scriptures of the world. In our own Bible this is especially true of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse. Swedenborg and Harris obtained partial glimpses of the esoteric truth.

But the time has now arrived when, in the judgment of members of the Brotherhood in India, a use may be subserved by giving fragments of the esoteric teaching to the general reading public in the West; and during the last dozen years a number of the scholars of Anglo-Saxon lineage have been close pupils under competent teachers—members of the order in India. A number of books have been published in Europe and America as the result of this recent training of Western students, such as "The Perfect Way," "Isis Unveiled," "The Occult World," and "Esoteric Buddhism." The two latter works are by A. P. Sinnett, President of the Simla Esoteric Theosophical Society. I will attempt a very brief synopsis of the philosophy set forth in the last work above named.

In the first place, the Occidental method of acquiring ordinary knowledge is very different from that pursued by the adept in occult science in the East. Here in the West we learn in great part second hand what others have recorded. In which we employ memory, discussion and the process of ratiocination. The initiate in the Eastern Brotherhood, having by a long course of special preparation, recovered the faculty—which in the great body of the race has been dormant since the "catastrophe"—of immediate perception, receives direct influx from the occult realm,

and hence is dependent upon no teacher for the knowledge that comes in direct contact with his own sensitivity. Among the members of the Brotherhood there is no disagreement and no discussion, for all see alike the order that is exemplified in the planetary series of which our earth is a member. Moreover, to possess the knowledge which is accessible to adepts is to wield power,—and the who motive of the great secrecy in which occult science is shrouded turns upon the danger of conferring powers upon people who have not, first of all, by undergoing the training of initiates, given moral guarantees of their trustworthiness.

The esoteric science adopts a seven-fold instead of a three-fold distribution of the principles that enter into the constitution of man. These are called: 1st, Body; 2nd, Vitality; 3rd, Astral Body; 4th, Animal Soul; 5th, Human Soul; 6th, Spiritual Soul; 7th, Spirit. Here in the West our classification would be: 1st, Body; 2nd, Spirit; 3rd, Soul; or as some people would state it, Body, Soul, Spirit—some designating the innermost principle by the term Soul, and others by the term Spirit. The three lower principles in this seven-fold classification are assumed to be perishable, the third being an ethereal duplicate of the physical body. At death this astral body separates from the real conscious personality, and for a time becomes a wandering ghost, endowed with a species of dreamy, semi-consciousness, but it has no independent volition, nor is it able to make any further record of experiences. This phantom-like form persists for a limited period and finally becomes dissipated. It is sometimes called an "elementary."

The fourth principle belongs to man's higher nature and goes with it after death. The fifth principle as yet is only partially developed, while the sixth and seventh principles are potential and still await their evolution in the race. But there is a class of planetary spirits connected with our earth who are not involved in its evolutionary processes, but who preside in part over those processes; these completed their own evolution in connection with another planetary chain in a very remote epoch. These planetary spirits are developed in their sixth principle, and hence are above the cyclic law which still constrains us within the prescribed limits of our own planetary evolution.

Again, the esoteric science teaches a doctrine of evolution so broad and deep and comprehensive that a chain of inter-related worlds are necessary to actualize it. Darwin's doctrine, while it is included and recognized, is nevertheless only a small segment in this magnificent scheme. It is assumed that our earth is embraced in a chain of seven worlds, each of which performs a special class of functions in the evolutionary processes; that each kingdom in nature, together with the species in each kingdom and the individuals in each species, have to make a succession of rounds or circuits through the chain of planets to complete their evolution. Our "planetary chain" by no means embraces all the planets in our solar system. In fact, it includes but three which are at present accessible to observation, namely, Mars, Earth and Mercury. The other four connected with our chain are too ethereal to be visible to us. It is a curious confirmatory circumstance that T. L. Harris has beheld clairvoyantly several asexual planets connected with our system; and he has described these together with their inhabitants with considerable minuteness.

The manner in which the members of our planetary chain are distributed, that they may serve as appropriate theaters for the circuit of evolutionary processes, is a matter of peculiar interest and great importance. We will assume that the subjective side of nature is the spiritual pole—the dynamic domain or initial point from which development proceeds; and further, that the objective side of nature is the material pole—the point where the maximum condensation of physical substance has been effected. Now draw an imaginary circle from the spiritual pole, by way of the material pole, back to the spiritual pole. The first half of this circle is the descending arc; the second half is the ascending arc. Our chain of worlds is placed in this circle in such a manner that two asexual worlds begin the series from the spiritual pole in the descending arc, the visible world Mars occupies the third place, and our earth occupies the fourth place at the material pole. Mercury comes next, and two asexual worlds complete the series in the ascending arc of the circuit (Venus and Jupiter belong to another planetary chain). Our earth, therefore, occupies the position of equilibrium, where the processes of involution and evolution are balanced; hence, it is the world on which the struggle between good and evil must be greatest, and where the human Egos must pass the final tests that will decide the question of their fitness or unfitness for the exalted state of Nirvana. The above classification has no reference to the physical position of the planets in the solar system, nor to their relative age or densities as recorded by modern astronomers.

It is important here that we bear in mind the distinction between involution and evolution. Involution is a procedure from an active to a potential state; evolution is a procedure from a potential to an active state. The egg embraces the potentiality of a chick—i.e., the chick is involved in the egg; and nothing can be developed out of the egg that was not involved in it. The completed chick is the evolved potency that was in the egg. All essential forms are spiritual entities at the dynamic pole of being before they begin their development through matter. Before

evolution in the larger sense can begin, these active spiritual entities, or monads, must pass through a long series of involutions on those worlds which are distributed along the descending arc in the planetary chain, by which the powers that were active in the entities at the beginning gradually pass from the active to the potential and involved state, during which apparent retrogression ensues, but where in reality the entities gather about themselves a crude quantity of material which the subsequent processes of evolution along the ascending arc carry up, refine and glorify until they become perfect instruments of the informing spirit. Nevertheless, evolution and involution always co-exist, neither process being entirely excluded where the other is active; but in the descending arc of movement involution greatly predominates, while in the ascending evolution is the most active process. It will hence be seen that an entity which participates in a round of development through the circuit of the planetary chain, must begin in a very ethereal state, and that it can gather to itself but a faintly concrete garment while associated with the first asexual world in the descending arc. Its degree of corporeity would increase, however, in its descent from world to world until it arrived at the planet earth. Arriving at Mercury on the ascending arc, it begins an evolutionary process by which the subjective complexities originally resident in the Ego become objectively unfolded in the organism; and a residuum of this accreted substance persists as a permanent vehicle of the Ego.

Having completed the first round in a long series of careers through matter, and having returned to the spiritual pole of the planetary chain, the Ego rests for a long period ere it embarks on the tremendous journey of the second round. Each round is predominantly devoted to the development of one of the seven principles in man. The great circuits or rounds so nearly return into themselves that they form a spiral course of progress, which may be compared to the thread of a screw, each round conducting to a higher plane than the preceding. The spring season of our earthly year forms the buds for a future growth; the summer develops them; the autumn ripens the fruit; while the desolate winter seemingly arrests the onward course and once more remands nature to the budding glories of spring. Modulation and rhythm, relative intensity and periodicity are the qualifying processes through all the ascending octaves of this wonderful movement.

The kingdoms in nature have each evolved to their present state of relative perfection by traversing the chain of worlds in descending and ascending series of involution and evolution. The original monads neither begin nor complete their development upon our earth. The chain of worlds, with their different degrees of concreteness, are essential as successive theaters of rising and falling gradations, to initiate and carry to completion the processes that play between the spiritual and material poles of existence.

A definite number of human Egos were connected with our planetary chain when it began to develop the lowest kingdoms in nature; and these Egos became involved in the lower kingdoms and have developed through them to their present station. Once having passed out of a lower kingdom they never return to it. There is no hint in the esoteric doctrine to the effect that a human Ego having once attained to the human structure, ever falls back into the animal kingdom. After the human structure was evolved there remained seven entire rounds through the planetary circuit which each Ego must traverse, ere its evolution through matter can be completed. Not only this, but each Ego must pass through seven root-races, and seven sub-races of each root-race upon each planet in making a single round. The races of our planetary chain have already traversed three entire rounds, and we are now passing the middle of the fourth round. Before this fourth round is completed two more root-races must begin and run their course on earth, and seven root-races must run their course in succession on the three planets in the ascending arc of this chain of worlds. The present round is for the more especial development of the fourth principle—the animal soul—which is the vehicle of the will. The earth being the lowest or most material point in the circuit, is the theater of greatest material intelligence and of the arts that minister to the physical wants of man. In each round on the downward arc there is a progress toward physical intelligence, while on the upward arc there is a progress in refined mentality and spiritual intuitiveness. The maximum of density in the physical structure and of material knowledge in the race was reached in the middle of the fourth round on earth, which was just previous to the "catastrophe."

In the first round man was comparatively an ethereal being, even on earth, and he was super-spiritual rather than intellectual. His body was large but loosely organized. In the second round the body was still large and loosely organized, and intellect was still in abeyance to spirituality. In the middle of the third round the body had increased in size and become more thoroughly compact. Here man became rational and began to employ human speech.

At the half-way point of the fourth round here the polar point of the whole seven world period is passed. From this point onward the spiritual Ego begins its real struggle with body and mind to manifest its transcendental powers.

The Aryan is the fifth race in the fourth

round. Two more root-races must be evolved to complete the fourth round on this planet. The unhybridized Chinaman of the interior of China is a member of the seventh sub-race of the fourth root-race; the Australian is a degraded survival of the third root-race; and the Malayan is a hybrid mixture of the seventh sub-races of the third and fourth root-races.

The teachers of the occult doctrine in India assert that the periods of the great root-races are divided from each other by great convulsions of nature, which revolutionize the surface features of the globe. The seats of human habitation which were principally occupied by the third and fourth races, now lie beneath the sea. Each race is invaded in its own proper home and cut off at its proper time, some survivors remaining in outlying provinces, which invariably exhibit a tendency to decay and soon relapse into barbarism. The center of civilization of the fourth race was the lost Atlantis, of which the great island spoken of by Plato was the last remnant. In the beginning of the Miocene age (middle tertiary) the highest civilization of the fourth race culminated, and the great continent exhibited the first symptoms of sinking. Nine thousand years before Plato's time the last remnant went down with a crash. "Lemuria" was an earlier continent that stretched out over the Indian Ocean, and was the home of the third race, which here achieved a great civilization. The aborigines of Australia are the last degenerate survivors of this once noble race. Before the glacial period a sub-race of the fourth root-race attained a great national career on the borders of the Arctic Ocean, in Siberia. That region then enjoyed a congenial climate.

As before stated, the Aryan (Caucasian) belongs to the fifth root-race—the last race developed thus far in the fourth round. The populations of India were an amalgamation of several sub-races belonging to this fifth root-race; and they reached their palmy days in what to us is pre-historic time. Egypt was a distinct sub-race of the Aryan stem, and reached her glory long before the rise of that more modern Egypt which Bunsen and other archaeologists have explored. The Copts were but a hybrid remnant of this once noble sub-race. Small sub-races of this same Aryan stock rose to great nationalities in Greece and Italy before Atlantis went down. The Chaldees reached the apex of their glory antecedent to what we call the Age of Bronze. The last and seventh sub-race of the Aryan stem is the Anglo-Saxon, the "white conquerors," dominant in material intelligence; the race that subordinates spirituality to the pursuits which minister to material gain, pride and ambition. Its tendency to absolute evil and suicide, say the occult teachers, will be arrested by a great cataclysm which will put an end to the dominant influence of the Aryan race, and prepare the way for the appearance of the sixth root-race, which will do away with the old order of things and commence a new cycle of growth and a new and more righteous order of living. Then will the Saxon of Lytton's "Coming Race" be realized as an actuality.

The occult doctrine emphasizes the importance of developing spiritual capacity, for upon this turns the question whether the Ego shall become a permanent and creative force in the universe, or cease to live altogether. It is not sufficient that we attain to goodness and become pious; we must reach the high altitudes of intelligence, deal with the original sources of truth, assimilate knowledge at the fountain head, and become competent to move on the higher levels of existence. Vice and virtue may determine our condition for happiness or misery, but they alone do not develop the required higher attributes which are essential to the persistence of the Ego. The occult doctrine says:

"To be immortal in good one must identify one's self with God; to be immortal in evil, with Satan. These are the two poles of the world of souls; between these two poles vegetate and die without remembrance the useless portion of mankind. There will be a final sorting out of humanity at the middle of the great fifth round, the annihilation of the utterly unspiritual Egos and the passage onward of the others to be immortal in good or immortal in evil."

To be or not to be, then, is not determined so much by the avoidance of sin, as by that form of spirituality or highest intelligence which is capable of communing with nature by the direct assimilation of her higher principles. "In the fifth round, the completely developed reason, intellect, or soul, in which the Ego then resides, must assimilate itself with the sixth principle, spirituality, or give up the business of existence altogether."

As many seeds of plants never come to fruition, so many human Egos will never pass through the trials of the fifth round. Nature's effort is to evolve free-will, and it is inevitable that much of the free will evolved will turn to evil; yet there is room in nature for every Ego that chooses to grow, and to the extent it chooses to grow. Moreover, nature is patient and affords ample time for her candidates to make their long preparation for the final examination. And even should the candidate fail then, though the long list of record books he had accumulated in his innumerable careers will be lost and dissipated, and his own acquired organism be dissolved, still his seventh principle endures, and he will have the privilege of another trial in some future age when the life-wave begins its work in connection with a new planetary series.

This philosophy points to three states in the Spirit-world, which awaits the Ego as he abiding place in the intervals between each

physical career: 1st, Kama loka; 2nd, Avitchi; 3rd, Devachan. Kama loka is the region where are gathered the suicides, the vacant, imbecile, subject classes and races; the parasites of society, the wanderers, the devotees of fashionable life, the lesser hypocrites, the savage hordes, the corrupt soldiery and the retailers of scandal. Avitchi is a state of ideal spiritual wickedness, a state of subjective spiritual misery to which only the few high graduates in sin find their way. Devachan is a state of felicity in which the Ego that has spent a good career on earth receives his reward. But these spiritual states below Nirvana are regions of effects, not of causes, to which no responsibility attaches. The place of responsibility is the earth, where the Ego is clothed with a physical body, and placed in equilibrium between the passions of sense and the moral nature. The earth, too, is the plane where the individual reaps the major penalties of a misspent former career, for the "Karma" of that former career inevitably impels the Ego to a parentage and strata of society for the next career, that will compel him to balance accounts. Those spirits that return to manifest through ordinary mediumship, are for the most part from Kama loka, while a considerable portion of the physical phenomena is assumed to be produced by the ghosts or astral shells which the Egos have deserted. The proportion of time spent in Devachan compared to the time spent in re-incarnated bodies, is more than ten to one. After the seventh round has been completed, the Ego will have achieved its full liberty, and will not be constrained thereafter to take any more bodies of flesh. If the individual should again become incarnated in physical form, it would be his own free act, that he might bestow kindly offices upon a struggling people, or remove some oppressive dynasty, and he would then be free to choose his own parentage and circumstances of birth. A few of these planetary souls, who have passed their evolutionary probation in some remote planetary chain, are distributed among the existing races on earth, to act as a leaven in the social mass. The great prophets, religious founders and reformers, have usually been of this class.

When the human Ego shall finally have traversed the whole evolutionary scheme, and graduates in the completion of the seventh round through the circuit of the planetary chain, he will then sum up all the lives he has lived, evoke from memory all the records he has made which are worth preserving, and cement all into one glorious combination; and this string of blazing gems, this vast interrelated series of lives will be so penetrated by the pre-existent Ego, that a coherence and unity will be seen to connect the multitude of careers in one unbroken continuity. Then will a complete recollection return to him of all the lives and experiences through which he has passed since his Ego launched forth from the subjective side of nature, to build its house which shall be eternal in the heavens. This supreme summing up of the individuality is the reward which nature reserves for those who make the perilous journey through matter in this long series of physical careers, and who survive the testing ordeal in the middle of the fifth round. This is the Resurrection, and in this resurrection he will receive a name which shall fitly represent his order of genius and quality of intelligence, and which shall distinguish him from all his fellow Egos. The school days are then concluded, and the exalted activities of eternity open upon the view. The individuality is now qualified to take his proper place in Nirvana, and fulfill his ultimate function in the universe.

There are many features of the esoteric doctrine which the limits of this article will not permit me to notice—features which relate to the personal life and labors of Buddha, the epochs in which planetary angels become incarnated on earth as religious and philosophical teachers, the alternate periods of activity and repose of the life-wave that sweeps through a planetary chain; and finally of the great cosmic night in the far distant future, towards which the whole planetary structure is slowly tending—a night which will reach into a longer eternity than that which the visible cosmos has bridged, ere another physical universe will be evolved. But I have doubtless gone far enough. We shall need to stop and take breath, and gradually discipline our intellectual muscles by successive efforts, ere we shall be able to accompany our oriental philosophers, even in thought, into that interminable past on the one hand, and into that distant future on the other, which borders so nearly upon eternity that the imagination is appalled! The rounds embraced in the evolution of our own planetary chain transcend our finite conceptions of eternity, yet we are assured that our own evolution must extend through this immense period before we can begin to live in the highest sense, and be qualified to traverse the circle of freedom which the "Dhyan Chohans," or planetary angels, have long since attained to.

I have endeavored to give a faithful summary of portions of this doctrine as it has been imparted to us, and will now conclude with a word of qualification.

The conception of a chain of worlds, distributed in a circuit with a descending and an ascending arc, connecting the spiritual and material poles of being, as a theater essential to the initiation and completion of the evolutionary processes, strikes me as a sound and consistent doctrine. But I fail to see the necessity for each kingdom—the human kingdom for example—to traverse the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

WITCHES AND MEDIUMS.*

A Historical Parallel by Dr. Carl du Preil.

Translated by "V."

(Light, London.)

Phenomena, which, considered separately, are beyond our comprehension, gain in intelligibility when viewed as a whole, as their connection with kindred phenomena is thus recognized, and they become separated from accidental accretions, which were formerly looked upon as being essential to them. Thus the existence of witches in the Middle Ages cannot be considered in an objective manner, because it cannot be separated from the incidental religious background, by which at that period every opinion was governed. The Middle Ages saw in witches the conscious abuse of mystical powers; if a parallel between them and mediums can however be proved to exist, we shall be able to obtain a better understanding of the former, because in the case of mediums, the coloring of mysticism, and for the most part the voluntary use of mystical powers, are done away with. Neither the white magic of the saints, nor the black magic of sorcerers and witches, can be rightly estimated till they are separated from the ruling religious systems; and it is an equally false conclusion to draw at the present day, to say that mediums are not to be looked upon as impostors and jugglers, because the matter is looked at from the standpoint of materialists, who hold that nothing of a mystical nature is possible.

If we had a knowledge of all the forces inherent in man, he could no longer be the greatest of all riddles to us, which now he certainly is. That these unknown forces come into play in the case of witches and mediums scarcely anyone will deny who has read a sufficient number of accounts of trials of witches, and been present at a succession of spiritualistic seances. I, at least, have hitherto met with no one, who after inquiring thoroughly into the subject, has denied the genuineness of the phenomena in both departments; on the other side, I have never yet met with an enlightened skeptic, who, on inquiry, has not confessed that he has made no study of the subject in either direction; I have found a condemnatory judgment always given only from the standpoint of those clever wights who boast of their sound common sense.

If we no longer look for the cause of witchcraft among devils and evil spirits, human nature must itself be regarded as the source of mystic faculties. It must, however, in this case, be acknowledged that this source is the starting point for both black and white magic. In the Middle Ages magic was shared between God and the devil, as two distinct sources whence mystic forces proceeded, but it might be proved by drawing a very instructive parallel that the source of white and black magic does not differ, but is in both cases to be found in human nature; the only difference is in the direction which the mystic faculties take, and the use which is made of them. Therefore, I will neither exalt the saints nor abuse the witches, nor yet put them both into the same category, as they may always be distinguished one from another, as the scientific discoverer of dynamite differs from a nihilistic incendiary. When we see that thought reading, seeing and operating at a distance, the double and other phenomena occur in all branches of mysticism, however far their aims may diverge, we must agree with the opinion of Agrippa von Nettesheim, when he said, in writing to Aurelius von Aquapendente: "We should not seek for the principle of such great (magic) operations outside ourselves."

No habitat, non Tartarus, sed nec sidera coeli, Spiritus in nobis, qui viget, ille facit.

Hartman says that "the saints and the most pious sons and daughters of the Church have brought to light almost exactly the same phenomena as witches, assisted presumably by satanic help, exorcists and Spiritualists." And, indeed, within the Church, we sometimes meet with this objective criticism or commentary. Thus, Bonaventura says, that one may be holy without possessing mystic powers, and may be gifted with these powers without being holy; were it otherwise, he adds, jestingly, Balaam and even his ass, who saw the angel, must have been holy.

Here I only intend to draw the parallel between witches and mediums, though it will be unavoidable to bring likewise into consideration somnambulists; the historical forerunners of mediums or possessed persons, in whom modern opinion, if it thought it worth while to take account of such things at all, would sometimes recognize somnambulists, sometimes mediums.

Now the possession of real mystic faculties is common to all in this category. Powers which are inherent in human nature may be conscious or unconscious, and the use of them may be either voluntary or involuntary. Therefore there are active and passive mystics, but the mystical powers, which as yet have scarcely begun to be the object of scientific inquiry, are on this account, as a rule, still very far from being voluntarily made use of, and the Hindoo adepts are almost the only individuals who have systematically striven after their development. If we distribute the classes we have named according to their characteristics, we find consciousness and will have no place among possessed persons. In the case of witches the active power is relatively the greatest, while somnambulists and mediums occupy a place between the two.

The mistake which men in the Middle Ages fell into was that of attributing the state of complicity passively only to those called possessed; while on the other hand, somnambulists and mediums were looked upon as acting consciously and by the power of the will, and on this account the faculties of such persons were not in the least understood, but were confounded with those of witches, this being without doubt the cause of many innocent persons being put to death. The abuse of mystical powers in them was looked upon as a matter of course, because it was thought—and this is the great error of the Middle Ages—that these powers, if they were met with outside the Church, could only be developed through falling away from the faith and by a compact with the devil. This confounding of heresy with mysticism entirely displaced the right point of view. When mystical faculties came into play among the pious it was called white magic, developed in a state of grace; but if among the godless, then it was black magic, and could only be due to the devil, and the witches themselves seem to have been partly of this opinion. In order to account for the essential similarity of these powers in both classes, the words of Tertullian were cited: "The devil is God's ape, who imitates His works."

Every conception of law in the Middle Ages was bound up with religion, and therefore the fact was not recognized that mystical powers of themselves had nothing whatever to do with belief or unbelief. Thus a false value was given to an incidental circumstance. Our modern physiologists are guilty of the same error, only they attribute these powers not to religious but to physiological conditions, that is, the morbid or diseased state of the individuals generally affected. The logic of these savants as a rule is as follows: phenomena are frequently noticed among mad persons, which coincide with those related of the so-called possessed, therefore all such possessed persons were nothing more than lunatics; when a person dreams, he has visions, therefore every one who has visions is a dreamer; hysterical persons often see during their periods of hallucination divine or demoniacal manifestations, therefore every mystical influence or impression is due to hysteria; cataleptic subjects lie motionless and without sensation, like ecstasies, and so ecstasies are nothing but persons in a cataleptic state, &c., &c.

As we see, truth fares even worse with our modern physiologists than with theologians; for the Church, at least, has never denied the facts of mysticism, even though its false interpretation of them went so far as to cause the Maid of Orleans, who received communications from the other world, to be burnt as a witch, while the same manifestations in the case of a Theresa were the cause of her being canonized as a saint.

It first became evident that witches, as far as regards a large portion of the phenomena observed in connection with them, are to be looked upon as passive agents, when magnetism and somnambulism were re-discovered. Mesmer acknowledged himself that his discovery threw light upon dark and incomprehensible periods of ancient times and of the Middle Ages, upon the oracles, sibyls, prophets, sorcerers, magicians, theurgists and demagogues, since in all these things it was only a question of modification of somnambulism. Ennemoser goes still further when he says: "The mesmerist patient often exactly resembles a witch, and he either is one or a witch is nothing more than a mesmerist patient."

In all times the alteration of the weight of the body in persons in the ecstatic state has been remarked—a phenomenon quite contrary to the laws of gravity as known to us at the present day. Since, however, modern physics are even already beginning to ascribe gravitation in certain instances to electro-magnetic attraction, perhaps there is a possibility of accounting for this mystic phenomenon in the same way. There seems to be no doubt that in certain conditions related to the somnambule, the natural force of gravity of the human organism is overpowered by a force acting in a contrary direction. Already I have endeavored to show in another place that facts lie at the bottom of the ordeal by water of witches, and that in this instance, likewise, superstition was only in fault in giving the wrong explanation. It may be anticipated that this lessening of the specific weight, especially when it is more or less connected with the somnambule state, will not be limited to the action of water. Indeed, in the Middle Ages themselves we find instances in proof of this theory. One of the accounts in history the most difficult for modern skeptics to understand is that of the scales used for weighing witches in Oudewater. This town acquired the privilege in the time of the Emperor Charles V. of using the town scales as witch-weighing scales and of proving those persons, who, wishing to free themselves from suspicion of witchcraft, presented themselves willingly for this ordeal to be either innocent or guilty. The burgo-master and the judge of witchcraft looked at these persons and formed a pretty correct opinion as to their weight. When they were placed in the scales and were found to be heavier than they had been judged to be, they were let go free; but if they were lighter they were brought to trial. These town scales enjoyed such a high reputation, that persons even came from foreign countries to subject themselves to the ordeal. The Emperor Charles died in the year 1558, but even in 1693 reliable accounts are to be found of the continuance of this kind of trial. Balthezar Becker, a preacher of Amsterdam, and author of "The World of Magic," wrote, at a time when the trials of witches were much on the decrease, both in the Netherlands, France, England, and some of the German States, of these witch-weighing scales, that even in his time many persons were weighed by them. According to Soldan, the last trial at which these scales were used, in 1754, was for the purpose of trying two accused persons.

I only bring forward this instance of scales being used for weighing witches, because they are evidently associated with a universal problem, which plays an important role, not only in the Christian mysticism and demonology, but among the new Platonic ecstasies, and the Hindoo Brahmins and Fakirs, as well as among somnambulists and sleepwalkers. If our physiologists did not consider it beneath their dignity to inquire into such matters, they would find a rich fund of material in the literature connected with the subject, and since somnambulism can be artificially produced by magnetic passes, the phenomenon of the alteration of the weight of the human body is certainly worthy of experimental inquiry. The physician Charpignon describes the case of a somnambulist being raised up in a horizontal position by the hands being held over the "Sonnengreife" (?), and of another being elevated from the ground, so that there was a space between it and his feet, simply by hands being laid upon his head. Lafontaine placed a somnambulist in some scales, and she lost in weight when he magnetized her. Zeller relates that Slade raised him and the chair on which he was sitting a foot from the ground by simply placing his hands on the back, the chair following his hands like a magnet. The magnetic attraction of somnambulists through the magnetizer is fresh in our memory from Hansen's performances, and Professor Kleiser speaks of a somnambulist being raised from the ground through the touch of the magnetizer's thumbs.

Since electricity is proved to flow through the human nerves, and since weight probably only depends on a special law of electricity, it is not impossible that it may be modified, when, in the act of magnetizing, foreign electricity may stream forth upon an organism. It is, however, to be concluded from the essential resemblance which exists between induced and natural somnambulism, that the floating in the air of ecstasies in every age was brought on, so that Professor Crookes could write "of rising in the air, which explains certain miracles narrated in history." Ennemoser relates that the Alexandrian philosopher Jamblichus, on account of his piety, floated in the air, and it is greatly in favor of the theory of unconsciousness and loss of memory in a state of somnambulism when we read, that Jamblichus laughed at his pupils for their credulity, when they told

him of his floating in the air. The same fact is narrated by Philostratus of the Indian Brahmin, in his biography of Apollonius. The physician Billot had a somnambulant patient, who often called out when she went about the room on crutches, "I am rising in the air, I am being lifted up, and I am afraid of being carried through the window!" That which in this case was only a muscular sensation, however, really occurred with the medium Home. "We all know" (writes Wallace), "that at least fifty persons of high character can be found in London, who would vouch for the fact that they saw this phenomenon happen with Mr. Home." One of the witnesses, Lord Lindsay, asserts, that he saw Home first floating about the room, and then in a horizontal position float through one of the windows and back again through the other, eighty five feet above the ground. When, however, Home was examined on the subject by the Dialectical Society he said just as Jamblichus did: "I remember nothing myself of being carried out through one window and in again through another, since I was unconscious; but there were many witnesses of the fact."

Christian mysticism abounds with similar accounts; it is only necessary to remind one of Franz von Assisi, Filippo Werl, St. Theresa, Ignaz von Loyola, Copertino, Savonarola, etc. It is narrated of the Seeress of Prevorst, as it was of the Maid of Orleans in her time, that when playing with her young friends she appeared to be rather flying than running, a transition state of the ecstatic floating. The physician Elies says of his somnambulant subject: "Her movements became more and more undulating and floating, so that her body moved to and fro with inconceivable lightness and in the most graceful manner as though she were flying." Du Potet once saw a so-called demoniac suspend himself on a shelf in a room contrary to the laws of gravity, without in the least staggering; the light wooden frieze was only fastened to the wall by a few weak nails, and must have broken if the weight of the man had not lessened.

A somnambulist of Kerner's, in an access of insanity sprang from the height of two stories without being in the least injured. It was noticed in like manner in the case of the possessed children of Morzine and Chablais in 1847, that they ran into the forests, climbed up trees with the greatest ease, and swung themselves upon the highest branches, just like the possessed persons of Quersy in 1491, of whom it is recorded that they climbed up the trees like cats and hung suspended from the branches.

Under these circumstances, it is not at all improbable that sleep-walkers, whose condition is so closely related to that of somnambulists, are not only rendered capable of clambering in a marvellous manner into the most dangerous places, by reason of the absence of dizziness in the then unconscious state of the brain, but likewise by a real lessening of the weight of the body. Perhaps, too, the frequent sensation of flying or floating occurring in dreams may be only due to the absence of muscular feeling and the imaginary increase of that centrifugal force common in a dreamy state, which under certain conditions becomes apparent in the human organism. In 1845 a young girl who was a sleep-walker at Charnes (Meurthe), sprang from the window to the ground, a height of forty feet, without sustaining any injury.

This lessening of the weight in the case of sleep-walkers has certainly not yet been the subject of experimental inquiry; but one might be permitted to hazard the supposition a priori that if a bed on which such a sleep-walker slumbered could be placed on the scales during the deep sleep of the occupant, an alteration of the weight, according to the depth of the sleep, might be proved to take place by a registering apparatus. I have sought in vain in literature for any justification of this assumption; only with Fritheim, the celebrated Abbot of Spanheim, I found a notice referring to it. He writes to the Emperor Maximilian: We see that these persons, who from fervent love to God, despise the fleshly life, in the ecstatic condition are raised from the earth towards heaven, and not only by their elevation of soul, but by divine power, can, as we imagine, lay aside the weight of the body in such a condition." And further on he relates that once in his youth he was sleeping in the same bed with three other lads, one of whom walked in his sleep: "When he rose the third time from the bed he walked over us and stood on his feet upon us, but we were not hurt in the least; it was just as though a little monkey had jumped upon us.... he ascended quickly and nimbly to the top of the house and climbed on to the roof like a sparrow. I repeat what I saw myself, and not what I heard told as a miracle." Under these circumstances, we may give some credit to the statement of a somnambulist, of whom Professor Bahr says, that when bathing in the Eibe in the magnetic state, she did not sink; and who herself said: "Magnetism can both increase and diminish the weight; in my convulsions I become heavier. If it were possible to weigh a person walking in his sleep, he would be found to weigh nothing." (?)

Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, confessed that he did not know what weight was. It would, therefore, be most illogical to reject the phenomenon of alteration of weight, because it is contrary to the, to us, enigmatical force of weight itself. Still less grounds would exist for so doing, if the fact of gravitation be only a special instance of electro-magnetic attraction; for in all circumstances connected with mystic phenomena, animal magnetism plays a conspicuous part, and gives evidence of its relationship to mineral magnetism by a whole series of analogies. Now since, according to the use it is made of, it can increase as well as lessen the weight, by adding to the amount of attraction or repulsion, the same thing must also be thought possible in the case of this mystic phenomenon.

(To be continued.)

A Good Man's Tenderness.

(Manchester Times.)

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house, and closed the window. It had been left open a long time because of the great heat; but now the weather was becoming cooler and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it up. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterwards, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room, and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the nest story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

*Memor: Two memoros.

(Ennemoser: Mesmerische Praxis.

2 "Die Gagenwart," No. 11.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little young ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At the time, the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth; yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CONVICTION THAT DON'T CONVINCE.

A muddle, a Letter, and a Dilemma.

BY WM. B. HART.

It has been a practice with me to make a pretty free use of whatever JOURNALS come to hand in sending them as complimentary reminders to relatives or other friends, desiring that, if there is anything good in them, to have my friends participate with me in the benefit. In this way I have got up quite a correspondence, a curious feature of which is that I have several times been called upon to defend Spiritualism as though I were in any way responsible for it.

Let me here state my position: I profess to be an unprejudiced, impartial, but interested looker-on; too interested, indeed, to allow myself to be imposed upon if I can help it; a sort of representative, it may be, of that mass of inertia hanging on to the outskirts of Spiritualism; too intelligent to doubt, and too perverse to believe short of some such demonstration said to have been vouchsafed to that apostolic level-headed skeptic we read of. Allow me to further say by way of preface, that, with my faculties all alive and strained to their utmost tension, I have watched this thing called Spiritualism, for, say, the last twenty years of my life; and in view of the evidence of human testimony, I have come deliberately and unchangeably, I think, to the conclusion that the leading phenomena of Spiritualism, barring the mystery, are as well attested and proved, as are the leading facts of history. If I would be honest with myself I cannot avoid this avowal. Yet, strange and anomalous as it may seem and really is, this conviction is not a living principle within me. It bears no fruit. It is no fault of mine, however, only so far as I may have neglected to place myself in communication with mediumistic sources of enlightenment. I have outgrown, I am happy to be able to say, my old prejudice. I no longer feel hostile to this new gospel; in fact I sometimes defend it, but with this disadvantage, that I cannot speak with that authority, and, as our good Methodist brethren say, "unction," born of knowledge. I can argue only in view of probabilities, of the confidence one ought to have in the veracity of our fellow-men, of human testimony, and all that.

Have since the year commenced had occasion to present the case in this light in my correspondence with an old time friend, a member of the bar in another State, who has not been able to cast aside his prejudices as I have. And as my letter to him may furnish incidentally, not only the rationale of the anomaly above mentioned, but an inside view of that equally anomalous, and somewhat greater self-justification characterizing religious opposition, as well, I herewith send a copy for publication, omitting, for obvious reasons name and address of correspondent:

MY GOOD FRIEND:—I am quite obliged for the extended and very interesting remarks touching that paper I sent you, knowing your strict business habits and preoccupations. I did not expect any formal acknowledgement, much less a free expression of your views on the matters presented. Reserving for a future communication my thoughts relative to the more strictly theological portion of your letter, I will here confine what I have to say, to Spiritualism, against which I am sorry to see you seem to have contracted an unphilosophical prejudice.

You imagine there is some incongruity between my character, as you express it, and the paper I take. Well, possibly there is; however, I fancy it would not be safe as a rule, to judge all men on such evidence. It has been my custom for years to read and think on all sides of a subject that interests me to the extent of my opportunities and ability. I try to realize that I have nothing to gain by self-deception, nor by passively allowing others to deceive me; and in order to judge intelligently, especially in relation to controverted subjects, I know of no better way than to look squarely in the face whatever is presented, pro or con, for my acceptance. And I flatter myself that I have become so schooled, so divested of prejudice or unworthy bias, in relation to the great questions that agitate and divide thinkers nowadays, that I am fully prepared to accept or reject and surrender any opinion whatever, wholly and exclusively upon its merits; in the light I mean, of evidence as I am able to apprehend what evidence is. Nay, more; if I know myself, I am as anxious to learn what can with truth be said against my views as for them. Hence, I aim to cultivate acquaintance especially with opposing systems of belief. I am sure I should feel self-abased, if I supposed I were resting on mere authority, in matters concerning which, I felt myself competent to arrive at an intelligent and independent judgment of my own in view of evidence as accessible to me as to others. Feeling in this way, I am seldom disconcerted or annoyed when called upon for my reasons for this or that; indeed, I am always pleased to be so called upon; not that I can in every instance justify myself, or that I pretend to having mastered any given subject, but I like to be put in the way of mastering it.

Now, as respects Spiritualism, I understand it claims, in this materialistic age, to present irrefragable proof and demonstration of a life other than now is—a life eternal; to prove this, not through the doubtful sayings of some half-dozen witnesses only of an age long passed, but by thousands of men and women right in our very midst; by witnesses, be it observed, not the "base" and the "low," as you suppose; not by simple tradition, possessed fish-men and tax-gatherers, on the lookout for some new thing, priest-ridden, ignorant and credulous; but by Scribes and Pharisees, doctors of the Law, and the veritable Sauts of Tarnax converted against their will, not half a dozen, but thousands—take your choice; witnesses, whose competency can be tested by all the means known in our day—by cross-questioning, by inquiry as to character and motives, intellectual culture and habits of thought. Not only this Spiritualists challenge doubts to come and see for themselves. They do not require implicit reliance on the *ipse dixit* of any one, but they invite us to put ourselves in the way to test

the matter as we test any other subject with our senses. Thousands say they have done this and have been convinced. Do you wonder, then, that, I am "interested" in Spiritualists?

I judge you are somewhat uninformed as to the present status and extent of this "superstition." Please give it a moment's sober thought. It has sprung up in our day, under our very eyes, and numbers, by the admission of its enemies, speaking within bounds, say, 15,000,000 of adherents, more than half of whom are estimated to belong to the United States. And this, too, without imperial edicts or State coercion to give it prestige and impetus.

Was there anything ever known in history at all comparable with this modern craze, if crazy it be? I find that Spiritualism has been embraced and is now held by all classes in society; by rationalists; by Christians of every sect; by literary men and scientists of assured standing; by lawyers, doctors, clergymen, judges, senators, not even excepting a former President of these United States, and crowned heads in Europe. And yet, you can "hardly understand," you say, "how a man of my intelligence and character, can enjoy reading a paper devoted to Spiritualism." But, my good friend, do not infer from all this that I have been captured, bagged, and baptized into this mysticism myself. Nothing could be more illogical on your part. Wait a while till I have said it all. This matter of belief is a wonderful "not to crack;" never much, if at all, under our immediate control, as you are aware. Myself in common with yourself and others have been born and reared in an epoch of the world's history, when the current teaching and sentiment have been such as to discredit any and all miracles of modern date not only, but anything, in fact, of a supermundane pretension; hence, our prepossessions are all opposed to this thing. Two thousand years ago matters were different. The Jew, from whom we have derived our religion was not handicapped as we are. The Pharisee or the Sadducee had no difficulty in accepting as real the alleged miracles of Jesus. There existed in his mind no antecedent improbability against them. These people had become familiarized, from youth up, and from generation to generation, with the idea of supernatural intervention as a reality of pretty common occurrence in the nation. Such events were creditable in their judgment. The difficulty with the men of that day and nation was, not that a notable miracle had been wrought by the new teacher; this was not the form of their unbelief; but by whose authority was it wrought? Was it of God, or was it of Beelzebub? The value was not in the thing itself. It carried with it no authority unless God was the author. This was the dogmatic skepticism took in that day. Protestantism in rejecting the prophecies of the church of Rome, has saddled upon herself as a logical sequence, the necessity of repudiating marvels of whatever kind, and has thereby initiated and fostered a general skepticism which now rejects all miracles, as I said, of modern date, or all very marvelous manifestations of any kind, to such extent that it is now simply impossible for most minds to believe the statements found in spiritualistic literature of our day without a positive personal experience of their reality. Still, notwithstanding all this is true, as I viewed it, the fact remains, and I insist upon it, that there has been accumulated a body of evidence in behalf of the hypothesis of extra mundane or Spiritual intercourse, such as to create a violent presumption in its favor; and all I ask is to see it for myself. I have not got so far yet in my skepticism as to flout the evidence of my senses. If the Premier of England, William E. Gladstone, and our own sainted Lincoln, should have felt an interest impelling them to investigate this thing, as I am credibly informed they have, then why should not I? And, with all due respect, permit me to ask, why should not you? It may be, my friend, you are not prepared to answer these questions, and it may be you would prefer not to answer them. How this I do not know, but I do know that the best of us are sometimes taken at a disadvantage, when these uncanny dilemmas are thrust in our faces. And I moreover know, or think I know, that if the exact truth were told without circumlocution, divested of all disguises as between men of the same guild, it would read somewhat in this wise:—(1) That prodigies, or any very extraordinary events of whatever kind, said to have occurred in recent times among enlightened people, especially if the witnesses in the case are numerous and well known to us, are wholly and absolutely inadmissible. (2) That remoteness in time and place of extra mundane occurrences, with few witnesses—the fewer the better, within certain very narrow limits, the majority of whom are minus learning and credit in the nation to which they belong, constitute the true criteria of credibility. In other words: The necessities of the church, and the inflexible doubt born of the Reformation, have united with Hume in establishing the fact, that no amount of testimony can give credibility to a miracle—always excepting the miracles of the church—and even these, to have any value, must carry an attestation of at least eighteen centuries, and be certified to by a body of witnesses not to exceed half a dozen, when all told. The five thousand or more witnesses we read of being ruled out through that refinement of criticism which refuses to accept anonymous testimony. This much for Spiritualism.

Greenwood, Ill.

The Capae Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Though a little delayed with my report, owing to sickness, I feel that many interested ones will be gratified to learn of the very successful meeting held by the First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan in the Baptist church at Capae the 4th and 5th inst. The pastor was present and spoke words of welcome in response to the chairman's greetings, saying, that though ever ready to stand up for the Master, he was not the one to button his coat as around the best man on earth. He stood as a learner in life. Each session found the house well filled with attentive listeners to the thoughts given out by the speakers and to the varied experiences related in conference. Sunday evening additional seats were brought in. Almon, Lapeer, North Branch, Port Huron and Metamora were represented; and all the visitors handsomely entertained by the Capae friends; also the expense of the meeting was fully met by them, and a present of five dollars given the pastor in appreciation of his generous and liberal spirit. Our pen fails to express the beautiful rendering of song and hymn by the choir and I dare say all present shared in the same conclusion.

Mrs. F. E. ODELL, Sec.

Metamora, Mich.

About \$40,000,000 in small silver certificates will be issued by the Government in the next two weeks.

*Contribution to the Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 2103 and 2104.

(V. Hartman: "Der Spiritismus."

(Ennemoser: Die Propheten Religion.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[105 West 29th Street, New York.]

THREE HELPS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiant gather:
You will soon forget to mourn
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and wall invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver:
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

—Lucy Larcom.

Clara Brinkerhoff of New York City, a well known teacher and composer of music, is a member of the College of Music which is composed of only of representative artists.

Miss Elizabeth H. Danlo, Professor of German and Lecturer on the History of Art at Wellesley College, has made a fine German translation of Ramona, by "H.H." The translation is published in Leipzig.

Mrs. William Harrison of Minneapolis, has given the Woman's Christian Association of that city \$30,000 for an Old Ladies' Home.

Mrs. Theodore Auze is secretary of the Christian Woman's Exchange of New Orleans, which is doing a good work for the Southern women.

Mrs. Grant Duff is making arrangements for the formation of an art class during the season at Oatcamund, India, under a teacher from the Madras School of Arts.

Miss Frances E. Willard is making a tour of the leading assemblies being held in the East. She gave an address on Social Purity to an audience of 4,000 people at Chautauque, early in August.

Miss Minnie Gardner of Jonesville, Mich., rode a self-blinder to cut fifty acres of wheat, and cut and raked all the hay on her father's farm. She says she enjoys that kind of employment, and prefers it to swinging in a hammock.

The W. C. T. U. of Montreal, Canada, have established a reading room for working girls. It is handsomely fitted up, and adorned with pictures and flowers. Here the girls can spend their noon hours and evenings, where they are sure of welcome from the matron and attendants.

Pundita Ramabai was lately questioned as to the extent of education among the women of India. She said as an illustration: "In the city of Poona, there are 100,000 people. Perhaps there are fifty women who can read, and P... is a favorable instance." A woman in being able to read and write was immediately supposed to be unsexed. In good, clearly spoken English, Pundita Ramabai appealed to the American women for their help and sympathy, at the same time expressing thankfulness for what they had already done. As a converted Brahmin widow, she could not thank them enough for the freedom she now enjoyed.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in an address before the Harvard Collegiate Institute, Bridge-water, Mass., uttered these good words:

"The extended field of action open before women to-day may have the effect of leading them away from the intenser forms of affection. While I welcome you to the broader interpretation of right and of duty, I warn you also to keep the shy, secret recesses of your heart for the most tender and beautiful things. And in whatever you may undertake, never sacrifice quality for quantity, even when quantity pays, and quality does not. The greatest danger in the competition of women with men for wage-work is, in my view, the adoption by women of merely mercenary standard of value, which, though not universal among men, is common among them. Some of you will surely encounter this difficulty, this temptation. The cheap, trashy novel will command its ten of thousands, while the chaste, thoughtful book will be fortunate if it sells by thousands. Compare the exterior circumstances of the two writers, and you may envy her who gets the most money for the poorest work. Compare the minds of the two, and your envy will change its object.

"If the temptation to lower our intellectual standard is to be resisted, not the less should we resist appeals which, if complied with, would lower our tone of manners, and, consequently, of morals."

Four books written by the W. C. T. U. women are now being published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, all of which are owned by white ribbons. Eight periodicals and millions and millions of pages of temperance literature are published yearly by the association, which has lately declared a dividend of four per cent. on its capital of \$50,000.

Lady Anne Blunt, the granddaughter of Byron, is said to be one of the cleverest women in England. She is an author, a musician, a painter, a student in Oriental politics, a scholar able to write to her Ceylon friends in their own language, the capable manager of her beautiful home, Crabtree Park, and the teacher of her only daughter. She has written one of the best books ever published on the Bedouins. She spent, with her husband, several months with the Arabs in tent-life on the desert.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton of Tenafly, N. J., is in correspondence with a number of distinguished women in this country and abroad, for the purpose of organizing a committee from the number, to revise that portion of the Bible relating to women. The intention is to bring into the compass of a small volume, all that is said concerning women, with commentaries thereon. She desires, as well through Hebrew and Greek scholars, as through those capable of scientific and philosophical research.

It seems as if this were a useless work, at least, as if it could have but little effect. It would only be authoritative to the orthodox, and they are growing fast, spite of Biblical texts and the mandates of Paul, which they now admit, applied only to that state of society which has long since become a thing of the past. As Lucy Stone well says, "Eternal rights existed before texts were written and are independent of them."

The Rev. B. F. De Costa, noted for his manly advocacy of social purity and the White Cross movement, takes noble views in regard

to woman's position and influence in the world of to-day. At a lecture he said: "If women do not protect themselves, they never will be protected. The protected class is an enslaved and plundered class. Protection does not protect. Every class must be prepared to fight its own battle. We are now on the eve of another reformation—a moral reformation, in contrast to the religious reformation of the sixteenth century. It can hardly be described as a clerical movement. It is rather a movement of the laity, many of whom are disgusted with the false notions of the clergy. The trade in women and girls has taken on large proportions, while propositions to license vice and charter contagious diseases, societies are pushed with an assurance and hardihood that astound the moral sense. The legislatures are gravely asked to approve the foulest shame. Shop windows are now a disgrace to civilization. Women, who form the majority and represent the best moral sentiment, are denied the ballot, while the vilest wretch may take a part in shaping the public policy. Women may be taxed and assessed, but they have no voice in deciding the method of taxation."

A new Industrial School has lately been started in New York, which bids fair to be very successful. "The Training School for Servants is on the same general plan as the Training School for Nurses. Classes under competent teachers are held in what they term 'domestic sciences,' including sewing, cooking, housework, household economy and the like. The attendance is large. Classes in these subjects are forming composed entirely of public school teachers. The charges are one dollar and one dollar and fifty cents for instruction in either of the cooking courses of twelve or twenty lessons, while three dollars is charged for instruction in sewing or in the drawing or clay modeling classes. The superintendent of the various classes thus explained the present condition of the school's work:

"Four classes are received in cooking, where the aim is to give as thorough a knowledge of cookery as thirty-six graded lessons may afford. These classes are composed of girls and young women who either attend the public schools or are engaged during the day in stores, and so are able to attend only our evening classes. In the training school for servants after a three months' training it is hoped not only to graduate a class of efficient servants but to send out young women who have received and who shall give an impression of the true dignity of labor."

Michigan Camp Meetings.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Friday, Aug. 20th, I left home for Lake City, a hundred and twenty-five miles from Grand Rapids, a new town, and the county seat of a new county (Missaukee). It is reached by a branch railroad from Cadillac twenty miles long, and lies on the verge of a beautiful lake. A ten days' camp meeting on the fair grounds, with the primeval forest stretching away for miles on two sides, opened on Sunday amidst a pouring rain which lasted three days. In the middle of the week came the absorbing excitement of a murder case, and the next Sunday rain again, all conspiring to make the audience small. But each day came in wagon loads of earnest people from their pioneer homes, anxious to hear and see and learn. Mrs. Carwright, of this city, left her medical practice for a week or two, for rest and change, and gave much help by her clairvoyant tests of spirit presence. I was obliged to take a good deal. Mr. Charles Lamb and Mr. McNeill put in their good words, and on the whole it was a useful pioneer gathering and a help to open the way for some future work in that region.

Coming back to Cadillac, I spoke an evening to a good audience gathered by the efforts of Mr. Dandridge of that fine town. Vicksburg was the next camp, 150 miles south by rail, and was reached in the evening. On the pleasant grounds in the grove were some forty tents, a few plain cottages, a good dining hall, with plain lodging, a hall for any needed use, an out-door platform and seats, and some 150 to 200 people as campers and writing medium and speakers. G. P. Kellogg acted as chairman, but left the next week, and Henry B. Allen has the main management. Mr. Allen seems to have tried faithfully to do the best, but it was a mistake to have no committees to consult and share duty and responsibility, and avoid some mistakes which any one person is apt to make. Some mediums who had promised to come did not keep their word, and in some of these cases it was well for the meeting that they did not. For months past Mr. Allen, who is known as "the boy medium" but is now a middle aged man, has led a sober life, as those who know say, and this is surely to his credit. I also saw Charles Watkins, the slate-writing medium, and noticed a marked improvement in his aspect and manner. He too has, as he tells me, given up all stimulants for some two years, and his appearance goes far to confirm his word. We may all honor the self-conquest of these two men, and hope that it may last so that their future may be useful and honorable.

The Vicksburg gathering was advertised as a medium's camp meeting. While there was some criticism I must say that on the whole, the mediums present gave fair satisfaction to the majority, and great enjoyment to the favored hearts to whom came tests of special value. An "Indian day"—a sort of go-as-you-please mingling of dance, and whoop and talk and odd gestures around a camp fire, all purporting to be under Indian spirit guidance—was curious and not without value to a Spiritualist of some experience, but a sore puzzle to outsiders. During the week Mrs. Peasall, Mr. Kellogg, Charles Andrus and others spoke, daily conferences and sances were held, and fair order prevailed, with many good people.

Mrs. Mattie Hull came and took part in conferences. Sunday brought an audience of about 800. I spoke in the morning and it was announced that Mr. Andrus and probably Mrs. Hull, would fill the afternoon. I left the platform, and it was soon manifest that a strong effort was making to invite Moses Hull to come. Mrs. Fraser, the owner of the grounds, and her daughter were opposed to this, as were many others, and the next morning Mr. Allen decided not to invite him, and Mrs. Hull left that day. The morning after I was asked to speak and did so for an hour, leaving directly for the cars at the close. In opening I said briefly that I should not have come onto the platform if Mrs. Hull had remained to take part in its exercises. Making no charges or suggestions against her or his personal character or conduct, I said that she and her husband had never made any retraction of the "social freedom" theories of which he had been a leading advocate, while she had been his co-worker. I believed in charity for the erring, in theory or practice, who abandon their errors, and if they could, and would, plainly and from their hearts declare themselves against these theories, and have their word and work in unity with such a declaration, the past ought to be buried. But no such word came, and

therefore, as a matter of self-justice and consistency, I must go my way while they go theirs; we could not walk together, nor should these erroneous and pernicious views be made any part of Spiritualism. Not with any personal ill feeling, but simply to keep the safe way for us all, is this ground taken. Five minutes or so were occupied in this manner when I turned to other topics and had good hearing for the hour, leaving at the opening of a conference.

Thus much of a week at Vicksburg. What the two coming weeks may bring forth is yet to be seen. The meeting is long, with a good managing committee and a call for a Spiritualist camp meeting for two or three weeks, its success may be enlarged. A Medium's Protective Union was organized to help true mediums, but not to encourage frauds. As true mediums are quite well used, and have good friends in these days, I see no great need of this Union, but it will show its own use. G. R. STEBBINS.
Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8th, 1886.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

LIGHT ON THE HIDDEN WAY, with an Introduction by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A very interesting little book treating of a subject which when better understood, will give a clearer idea of our relations mentally or spiritually one to another. While Mr. Clarke assures the reader that the highly cultured lady "has had no connection with so-called 'Spiritualism,' and is unacquainted with any of the 'profane mediums,'" it does not dispel the fact that she is herself a very highly developed medium as the facts here presented very plainly show.

The fact that we here can by right living and doing, influence and benefit those who have departed this life while wedded to selfishness and sensual gratification of their desires and passions will sooner or later become more generally understood, and mankind will one day come to know that falling so low as to benefit those earth-bound spirits is to lead to their own spiritual degradation. Take heed unto your ways lest you also fall. The book is made fully apparent. On this subject the book before us is calculated to shed a scintillant light.

New Books Received.

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL: The Voices of Many Lands and other Poems. By Kinnerley Lewis. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. IV. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, gilt top, 60 cents.

RELIGIO MEDICI. By Sir Thomas Browne, M. D. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

VOYAGES IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH-WEST Passage. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

The most stubborn and distressing cases of dyspepsia yield to the regulating and toning influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

In some places in Arizona there has been no rain for three years.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon, & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body."

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." Mrs. G. E. STUBBS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. JAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. L. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. HARRINGTON, 135 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

MT. CARROLL SEMINARY

(Carroll Co., Ill.) Incorporated, with its Mount Carmel Seminary in 1812. Never had an agent. Never been funded or patronized by Pecuniary Aid System. It is original and helps many worthy girls in preparation for useful and virtuous life. Send for circulars to the "Grand" School for a copy.

PRICE 93

WE SELL SEEDS TO FARMERS (and Agents and Dealers) who grow and export the best of the seed. Please send us your order for SEEDS. We will send you the best of the seed. We will send you the best of the seed. We will send you the best of the seed.

March 1st, 1886, 225 East 1st St., N. Y.

MELLIN'S

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

FOOD

The only perfect substitute for Mother's milk. Invaluable in Cholera Infantum and Weaning. A pre-digested food for Dyspepsia, Consumption, Convalescence, and other ailments. In all cases of Infants, it is the only food that can be given. It is the only food that can be given. It is the only food that can be given.

Golden Medical Discovery

Thoroughly cleanses the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unqualified remedy. Sold by druggists. DR. PIERCE'S PLEURAL - ANTI-BILIOUS and CATARRHIC. 25c a vial, by druggists.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and we will help all of either sex, to secure money right away from any of the following sources: 1. A year's salary. 2. A year's salary. 3. A year's salary. 4. A year's salary. 5. A year's salary. 6. A year's salary. 7. A year's salary. 8. A year's salary. 9. A year's salary. 10. A year's salary. 11. A year's salary. 12. A year's salary. 13. A year's salary. 14. A year's salary. 15. A year's salary. 16. A year's salary. 17. A year's salary. 18. A year's salary. 19. A year's salary. 20. A year's salary. 21. A year's salary. 22. A year's salary. 23. A year's salary. 24. A year's salary. 25. A year's salary. 26. A year's salary. 27. A year's salary. 28. A year's salary. 29. A year's salary. 30. A year's salary. 31. A year's salary. 32. A year's salary. 33. A year's salary. 34. A year's salary. 35. A year's salary. 36. A year's salary. 37. A year's salary. 38. A year's salary. 39. A year's salary. 40. A year's salary. 41. A year's salary. 42. A year's salary. 43. A year's salary. 44. A year's salary. 45. A year's salary. 46. A year's salary. 47. A year's salary. 48. A year's salary. 49. A year's salary. 50. A year's salary. 51. A year's salary. 52. A year's salary. 53. A year's salary. 54. A year's salary. 55. A year's salary. 56. A year's salary. 57. A year's salary. 58. A year's salary. 59. A year's salary. 60. A year's salary. 61. A year's salary. 62. A year's salary. 63. A year's salary. 64. A year's salary. 65. A year's salary. 66. A year's salary. 67. A year's salary. 68. A year's salary. 69. A year's salary. 70. A year's salary. 71. A year's salary. 72. A year's salary. 73. A year's salary. 74. A year's salary. 75. A year's salary. 76. A year's salary. 77. A year's salary. 78. A year's salary. 79. A year's salary. 80. A year's salary. 81. A year's salary. 82. A year's salary. 83. A year's salary. 84. A year's salary. 85. A year's salary. 86. A year's salary. 87. A year's salary. 88. A year's salary. 89. A year's salary. 90. A year's salary. 91. A year's salary. 92. A year's salary. 93. A year's salary. 94. A year's salary. 95. A year's salary. 96. A year's salary. 97. A year's salary. 98. A year's salary. 99. A year's salary. 100. A year's salary. 101. A year's salary. 102. A year's salary. 103. A year's salary. 104. A year's salary. 105. A year's salary. 106. A year's salary. 107. A year's salary. 108. A year's salary. 109. A year's salary. 110. A year's salary. 111. A year's salary. 112. A year's salary. 113. A year's salary. 114. A year's salary. 115. A year's salary. 116. A year's salary. 117. A year's salary. 118. A year's salary. 119. A year's salary. 120. A year's salary. 121. A year's salary. 122. A year's salary. 123. A year's salary. 124. A year's salary. 125. A year's salary. 126. A year's salary. 127. A year's salary. 128. A year's salary. 129. A year's salary. 130. A year's salary. 131. A year's salary. 132. A year's salary. 133. A year's salary. 134. A year's salary. 135. A year's salary. 136. A year's salary. 137. A year's salary. 138. A year's salary. 139. A year's salary. 140. A year's salary. 141. A year's salary. 142. A year's salary. 143. A year's salary. 144. A year's salary. 145. A year's salary. 146. A year's salary. 147. A year's salary. 148. A year's salary. 149. A year's salary. 150. A year's salary. 151. A year's salary. 152. A year's salary. 153. A year's salary. 154. A year's salary. 155. A year's salary. 156. A year's salary. 157. A year's salary. 158. A year's salary. 159. A year's salary. 160. A year's salary. 161. A year's salary. 162. A year's salary. 163. A year's salary. 164. A year's salary. 165. A year's salary. 166. A year's salary. 167. A year's salary. 168. A year's salary. 169. A year's salary. 170. A year's salary. 171. A year's salary. 172. A year's salary. 173. A year's salary. 174. A year's salary. 175. A year's salary. 176. A year's salary. 177. A year's salary. 178. A year's salary. 179. A year's salary. 180. A year's salary. 181. A year's salary. 182. A year's salary. 183. A year's salary. 184. A year's salary. 185. A year's salary. 186. A year's salary. 187. A year's salary. 188. A year's salary. 189. A year's salary. 190. A year's salary. 191. A year's salary. 192. A year's salary. 193. A year's salary. 194. A year's salary. 195. A year's salary. 196. A year's salary. 197. A year's salary. 198. A year's salary. 199. A year's salary. 200. A year's salary. 201. A year's salary. 202. A year's salary. 203. A year's salary. 204. A year's salary. 205. A year's salary. 206. A year's salary. 207. A year's salary. 208. A year's salary. 209. A year's salary. 210. A year's salary. 211. A year's salary. 212. A year's salary. 213. A year's salary. 214. A year's salary. 215. A year's salary. 216. A year's salary. 217. A year's salary. 218. A year's salary. 219. A year's salary. 220. A year's salary. 221. A year's salary. 222. A year's salary. 223. A year's salary. 224. A year's salary. 225. A year's salary. 226. A year's salary. 227. A year's salary. 228. A year's salary. 229. A year's salary. 230. A year's salary. 231. A year's salary. 232. A year's salary. 233. A year's salary. 234. A year's salary. 235. A year's salary. 236. A year's salary. 237. A year's salary. 238. A year's salary. 239. A year's salary. 240. A year's salary. 241. A year's salary. 242. A year's salary. 243. A year's salary. 244. A year's salary. 245. A year's salary. 246. A year's salary. 247. A year's salary. 248. A year's salary. 249. A year's salary. 250. A year's salary. 251. A year's salary. 252. A year's salary. 253. A year's salary. 254. A year's salary. 255. A year's salary. 256. A year's salary. 257. A year's salary. 258. A year's salary. 259. A year's salary. 260. A year's salary. 261. A year's salary. 262. A year's salary. 263. A year's salary. 264. A year's salary. 265. A year's salary. 266. A year's salary. 267. A year's salary. 268. A year's salary. 269. A year's salary. 270. A year's salary. 271. A year's salary. 272. A year's salary. 273. A year's salary. 274. A year's salary. 275. A year's salary. 276. A year's salary. 277. A year's salary. 278. A year's salary. 279. A year's salary. 280. A year's salary. 281. A year's salary. 282. A year's salary. 283. A year's salary. 284. A year's salary. 285. A year's salary. 286. A year's salary. 287. A year's salary. 288. A year's salary. 289. A year's salary. 290. A year's salary. 291. A year's salary. 292. A year's salary. 293. A year's salary. 294. A year's salary. 295. A year's salary. 296. A year's salary. 297. A year's salary. 298. A year's salary. 299. A year's salary. 300. A year's salary. 301. A year's salary. 302. A year's salary. 303. A year's salary. 304. A year's salary. 305. A year's salary. 306. A year's salary. 307. A year's salary. 308. A year's salary. 309. A year's salary. 310. A year's salary. 311. A year's salary. 312. A year's salary. 313. A year's salary. 314. A year's salary. 315. A year's salary. 316. A year's salary. 317. A year's salary. 318. A year's salary. 319. A year's salary. 320. A year's salary. 321. A year's salary. 322. A year's salary. 323. A year's salary. 324. A year's salary. 325. A year's salary. 326. A year's salary. 327. A year's salary. 328. A year's salary. 329. A year's salary. 330. A year's salary. 331. A year's salary. 332. A year's salary. 333. A year's salary. 334. A year's salary. 335. A year's salary. 336. A year's salary. 337. A year's salary. 338. A year's salary. 339. A year's salary. 340. A year's salary. 341. A year's salary. 342. A year's salary. 343. A year's salary. 344. A year's salary. 345. A year's salary. 346. A year's salary. 347. A year's salary. 348. A year's salary. 349. A year's salary. 350. A year's salary. 351. A year's salary. 352. A year's salary. 353. A year's salary. 354. A year's salary. 355. A year's salary. 356. A year's salary. 357. A year's salary. 358. A year's salary. 359. A year's salary. 360. A year's salary. 361. A year's salary. 362. A year's salary. 363. A year's salary. 364. A year's salary. 365. A year's salary. 366. A year's salary. 367. A year's salary. 368. A year's salary. 369. A year's salary. 370. A year's salary. 371. A year's salary. 372. A year's salary. 373. A year's salary. 374. A year's salary. 375. A year's salary. 376. A year's salary. 377. A year's salary. 378. A year's salary. 379. A year's salary. 380. A year's salary. 381. A year's salary. 382. A year's salary. 383. A year's salary. 384. A year's salary. 385. A year's salary. 386. A year's salary. 387. A year's salary. 388. A year's salary. 389. A year's salary. 390. A year's salary. 391. A year's salary. 392. A year's salary. 393. A year's salary. 394. A year's salary. 395. A year's salary. 396. A year's salary. 397. A year's salary. 398. A year's salary. 399. A year's salary. 400. A year's salary. 401. A year's salary. 402. A year's salary. 403. A year's salary. 404. A year's salary. 405. A year's salary. 406. A year's salary. 407. A year's salary. 408. A year's salary. 409. A year's salary. 410. A year's salary. 411. A year's salary. 412. A year's salary. 413. A year's salary. 414. A year's salary. 415. A year's salary. 416. A year's salary. 417. A year's salary. 418. A year's salary. 419. A year's salary. 420. A year's salary. 421. A year's salary. 422. A year's salary. 423. A year's salary. 424. A year's salary. 425. A year's salary. 426. A year's salary. 427. A year's salary. 428. A year's salary. 429. A year's salary. 430. A year's salary. 431. A year's salary. 432. A year's salary. 433. A year's salary. 434. A year's salary. 435. A year's salary. 436. A year's salary. 437. A year's salary. 438. A year's salary. 439. A year's salary. 440. A year's salary. 441. A year's salary. 442. A year's salary. 443. A year's salary. 444. A year's salary. 445. A year's salary. 446. A year's salary. 447. A year's salary. 448. A year's salary. 449. A year's salary. 450. A year's salary. 451. A year's salary. 452. A year's salary. 453. A year's salary. 454. A year's salary. 455. A year's salary. 456. A year's salary. 457. A year's salary. 458. A year's salary. 459. A year's salary. 460. A year's salary. 461. A year's salary. 462. A year's salary. 463. A year's salary. 464. A year's salary. 465. A year's salary. 466. A year's salary. 467. A year's salary. 468. A year's salary. 469. A year's salary. 470. A year's salary. 471. A year's salary. 472. A year's salary. 473. A year's salary. 474. A year's salary. 475. A year's salary. 476. A year's salary. 477. A year's salary. 478. A year's salary. 479. A year's salary. 480. A year's salary. 481. A year's salary. 482. A year's salary. 483. A year's salary. 484. A year's salary. 485. A year's salary. 486. A year's salary. 487. A year's salary. 488. A year's salary. 489. A year's salary. 490. A year's salary. 491. A year's salary. 492. A year's salary. 493. A year's salary. 494. A year's salary. 495. A year's salary. 49

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

By JOHN O. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.
6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIES NOT FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CERCES ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN O. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 30 cents per Aerate line.

Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 25, 1886.

The Free-Thinkers' Outlook.

Early in this month the New York State Free Thinkers' Association met in a beautiful spot near Saratoga Springs. There, under a large tent, the Free-Thinkers compared notes, drew resolutions, made speeches, and put into use all the machinery for perpetuating and propagating the few tenets to which they hold.

In the nature of things, their beliefs must be expressed in a series of negations rather than assertions. In a carefully prepared and eloquent speech by Mr. L. K. Washburn, of the *Investigator*, entitled "The Coming Religious Conflict," that gentleman declared:

"If church property is to be taxed; if the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures and in all institutions supported by public money is to be discontinued; if the use of the Bible is to be prohibited in the public schools; if the appointment of Christian faith and festivals by the President of the United States, or by Governors of the various States, is to cease; if the judicial oath now administered in our courts is to be abolished; if all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a Christian Sabbath, are to be repealed; if the appropriation of public funds for educational or charitable institutions of a sectarian character, is to be stopped;—Liberals have the work to do. These are the demands of Liberalism," and they constitute the platform of political action for the Liberals throughout the Nation.

Here is seen the work of iconoclasm, not of reconstruction, and the difference between the two is the difference between the Free Thinker and the Spiritualist.

The work of the one is to hew down obstructions, to uproot stumps and tunnel mountains; that of the other to rear the roof-tree, to shelter and guard the sentiments and affections, and render human relationship sacred and permanent. The pioneer must clear the ground before he builds his house, but if he continues clearing and does not sow the seed where he has ploughed, how shall posterity be fed? The moral and the affectional sentiments look to the future for their gratification. They demand more than shelter, food, clothing and freedom of action. The soul has its needs as well as the body; it cannot be pinched, starved and thwarted without revenging itself in finding an outlet somewhere.

We can build a stately mansion of granite, and pave the spacious domain round about with the same inflexible material. But it is a cold place in which to dwell, and the natural emotions of the heart will there find no opportunity for growth. They need to strike root in the native soil of spiritual force in order to draw from it that mysterious essence we call life. Let us suppose that through some narrow crevice between the granite blocks, a little plant like "Piccola, the prison-dower," pushes up into the air and sunshine. That strange force at work in darkness and silence we do not understand, but we see its results in tiny leaflets and a stalk. It is a growing thing, it penetrates the almost imperceptible rift, and little by little separates the blocks till it has won space enough to grow and blossom and fructify. Will not this living plant appeal to the heart more surely than all the quarries of the world? However carved and polished and set one upon another with scientific accuracy the granite blocks may be, it is the flower that attracts attention and engages the heart. And one imprisoned for months would give more for the sight of that frail plant, than for all the cold, hard granite, or even the crystallized diamonds of the world.

So true it is that one little token of that life surging through nature, of that subtle, universal spirit that palpitates from center to circumference, one whisper of love from the unseen world, is worth more than the frozen negations of all the ages. Man longs for immortality and undying companionship, for affections that will exist beyond the decay of physical life, for the perpetuity of whatever goes to make up the rounded and

complete human being. He is not content to simply exist in his palace of stone.

Love is a real thing, and intuition assures us that it is eternal. More than that, its continued existence after its earthly dwelling-place has been destroyed, has been proven. And this not once or a dozen times, but the proof has been cumulative during months, years and decades.

We have a living religion, Free-Thinking friends; living, growing, spreading, even more rapidly than its believers understand! It has its origin in the great spiritual depths of eternity; its vital life is feeding our own lives hour by hour; and its blossoms are beginning to fill the world with fragrance and beauty never before known. Come out of your mansions of ice to dwell with us in the sunshine. Throw away your prejudices and investigate fairly and candidly. Take nothing but perfect proof, but be ready to acknowledge that when it comes. Admit that there are laws which you do not understand, laws which you may not even know are in existence. What we all need is candor and teachable minds. One person may have interior senses more acutely penetrative of the exterior organs than another. The blind man ought not to say there is no light. There are degrees of interior or subjective perception of regions of life too fine for the ordinary senses, therefore to the ordinary senses they do not exist. But, may there not be a telescopic vision of that superior world and of its inhabitants?

If human testimony be worth anything, it is overwhelming on this point. There is nothing better proven, and he is not wise who refuses absolute proof on a subject of such vital interest.

Owing to the realism of the Free-thinker, his outlook is as narrow as that of the religionist whom he derides. Bigotry is not, necessarily found in orthodoxy only; it can be diagnosed wherever there is intolerance in regard to the religious sentiment, however crude that may be. The Free-thinker should not ignore the truth that that religious sentiment is natural and well nigh universal. The real question is, shall we have the religion of Ptolemy or that of Copernicus? Shall we be content with no religion, or shall we unify the essence of all religions? Shall we look at the phenomena of the material universe alone, or shall we strive to understand a little of their underlying cause? Shall we be content to amuse ourselves with shadows, finally, while the real substance eludes our grasp, elusively veiling itself in ten-thousand forms; under whose interplay and correlation the true philosopher will seek the unchangeable and eternal?

Samuel B. Nichols.

In the second hour of the fourteenth day of September, Samuel B. Nichols left his mortal body and in the company of a host of angel friends entered the Spirit-world. When the clock in the neighboring tower struck the third half-hour past midnight, it was the signal for his spirit attendants to bear him away to that land toward which he had looked with fond anticipation and the assured confidence that comes of personal knowledge.

On the 10th inst., Bro. Nichols wrote us a letter, which reached us at Pekonok on the 13th; it was a breezy note, characteristic of the man, and closed with a line to the effect that he had a severe cold. On the heels of this letter, which breathed so much of the life here and now, came a message, wired by a staunch mutual friend—Judge Dailey, announcing that our faithful co-worker had left this world. With his letter still fresh before us, the shock was almost as great as though he had been stricken down at our side. It is hard to realize that this energetic, never-quiet man has finished his earthly career. We shall attempt no biography of our friend, leaving that for some one who can command the data necessary, but only offer a tribute of affection and respect.

We can recall no layman who has left his individual impress upon the Spiritualist movement so deep and sharply marked as has S. B. Nichols. He was a man of wonderful intuitive power and deep convictions. His comprehension of the vital issues in any undertaking or controversy was lightning-like. His unselfish devotion to Spiritualism and the untiring energy with which he prosecuted his purposes for its advancement were often misunderstood, and his motives traduced by those who will yet learn to honor his memory. His perception of truth was keen and his manner of imparting it incisive. His impetuous energy in the accomplishment of the task in hand often blinded him to collateral matters needing consideration; and his contempt for tact and diplomacy made his labor infinitely more severe and wearing, sometimes temporarily defeating the consummation of an important object. His perceptive faculty dominated the reflective. When he perceived the need of specific action he never stopped to consider whether he was equal to its accomplishment, or how best to make the combinations for its final success, but immediately grappled the work. His tenacity was tremendous, and if defeated for the time by some mistake of his own or too great opposition from others, he never for a moment wavered in his purpose or doubted final success. Had he been a soldier, no task assigned him would have been thought too hazardous, no feat impossible. He would have stormed a fort single-handed; and have done it, too, not with a feeling that in the line of duty he was obeying his superior and marching to certain death, but with the fixed intention and hope of accomplishing his order.

Such a man is quite apt to be misunderstood by some who sympathize with the ob-

jects he strives for, cordially disliked by those whose views he sharply antagonizes, as well as by some whose unworthy schemes he brushes away. Brother Nichols was no exception. No man can make his dent in any great activity without friction. When it is said of a man, "he had not an enemy," it is, as a rule, equivalent to saying, "he was never identified with any great undertaking, never interested in public matters, not a man of marked character."

Although Brother Nichols was neither an author nor a lecturer, yet he was a teacher, an inspirer of others, and a promoter of spiritual growth and activity. The able reports which he furnished the JOURNAL for eight years, enlivened as they were with his own views and experiences, together with his active work in Brooklyn and at Lake Pleasant camp, brought him before a large constituency extending the world over. Letters of thanks for his contributions to the JOURNAL have come to us from England, India, Russia and Australia. The value of his contributions is too well known in America to need mention. In the long and sometimes doubtful contest which the JOURNAL has prosecuted to a glorious victory, S. B. Nichols was one of its strongest supporters and most active co-workers. He did not always agree with us, and his opinions and methods were at times the subject of sharp criticism and opposition, privately, on our part. But never for a moment was confidence or respect on either side shaken. We always knew there was never an instant when he would not have undergone any honorable sacrifice to advance the interests of Spiritualism, or assist us personally. His was a noble, self-reliant nature. His hospitality was unbounded, his generosity too great for his own comfort sometimes. He had no toleration for mean acts; but when once satisfied of the genuine repentance of a wrong-doer his support and encouragement was always promptly given.

Mr. Nichols was a deeply religious man, with an ever-abiding faith in God. He felt that every soul could commune with the Infinite One. He had glimpses and visions of the world beyond, and no fear of death ever crossed his mind, apparently. To him, the next life was as real as this. In the study of spirit phenomena, he never allowed it to dull his spirituality, as is too often the case. He looked upon phenomena as of inestimable value in their proper place, but never forgot that that place was in the foundation, and not in the superstructure. With his esteemed friend Dr. Eugene Crowell he regarded Spiritualism and primitive Christianity as identical, and he was a Christian, as he understood the primitive meaning of the word. It has been our good fortune to gain an inside view of many happy homes, among them that of Brother Nichols. Nowhere in all our travels do we know of a sweeter, more restful place. Brother Nichols was especially blessed in his domestic relations. His first wife is said to have been an admirable woman and an excellent medium. She passed to spirit life many years ago, leaving two small children, a son and daughter. With rare good fortune, Mr. Nichols married for his second wife a woman of superior intellectual and spiritual worth, one who proved a mother to his motherless children, a loving companion and wise counsellor for him. No one can know Mrs. Nichols and fail to be attracted to her; and in this her time of bereavement the deepest sympathy of the JOURNAL's readers will be given to her, and to the son and daughter who have grown to maturity under her loving charge.

Brother Nichols will be missed at the meetings, in the public work of Spiritualism and in the columns of the JOURNAL. No history of modern American Spiritualism will be complete that fails to record his work. His toll on earth, in mortal form, is done. He wrought long and well, and leaves behind devoted friends and an honorable record. To him death was no grim monster to be shunned with horror, but rather

"That golden key
That opens the palace of eternity."

English Spiritualists Working.

The Medium and Daybreak tells of lectures by Emma Hardinge-Britten in West Pelton, Sunderland and Histon; by Mr. Wallis in Bromley; Mrs. Beant in Camden; Mr. Burns and others at Hoxton; a discussion at Blackburn, between Rev. T. Ashcroft and E. W. Wallis; several stances, and a course of lectures by Gerald Massey in St. George Hall, London, on "Burns," "Charles Lamb," "Paul the Gnostic," "The historic Jesus, and the mythical Christ," "A lesson in Evolution," and "The coming Religion."

It also gives an essay on "Appearances and Realities," by William Oxley; a discourse on "Life in Heaven," from *The Unitarian Herald*, by Rev. John Christian, and a message through a medium on "Sphere upon Sphere Forever." Of these it says editorially: "The theme opened by Mr. Oxley is illustrated by Dr. Christian, and testified to by the control. We thus have reason and mental experience corroborated by spiritual manifestation." The leading topic of these articles is the heavenly life, and the identity of thought is certainly very interesting. The Spiritualist, the clergyman and the medium bear a like testimony as to a real life hereafter.

H. A. S. writes from Cleveland, O., exposing several frauds who have been there—particularly "Harry Blade." We have often alluded to this individual before, and Spiritualists ought to be on their guard, and not patronize him. H. A. S. thinks that arrangements should be made with the secular press to publish matters pertaining to Spiritualism.

The Woman's Bible.

We are glad to learn that prominent women are inaugurating a movement whereby another revised Bible will be added to the list of those already existing and exerting a potent influence in the world generally. It is set forth that a number of English and American women are now in correspondence for the purpose of organizing a committee to revise the Scriptures, and to bring within the smallest compass all the texts that refer to the status of women under the Jewish and Christian dispensations. To this end the committee will study the Old and New Testaments, both in the original and translations, and give short, concise commentaries on chapters in their regular order. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is interesting herself in the work on this side of the water, and in writing on the subject she shows considerable feeling.

"No revising committee," she says, "of learned men have as yet prepared an expurgated edition of the Bible, eliminating all passages invidious to woman, but on the contrary all the obscene records of her status in a barbarous age are published and republished, bound up in the sacred volumes, and scattered the world over, spreading their baleful influence over every civilized nation. Every civilized nation has now its representative class of educated women, and the time has fully come for them to revise the Scriptures, that men claim to be of divine authority, and decide for themselves whether they will accept a 'thus saith the Lord' that makes woman the author of sin, marriage a condition of slavery, maternity a curse, sex a badge of degradation everywhere, even in the burnt offerings of the Jewish ritual."

This movement on the part of prominent women, augurs well, and shows conclusively that the reverence they have for the Bible is exceedingly limited, in view of the numerous absurdities connected therewith, touching those living in the present as well as in the past. Frances Lord, in the *Index*, takes a broad and intelligent view of the subject, and asserts that the committee of revision shall determine just what the "sacred book" really does say about women, and see whether a person can get any clear idea of what women are told to do, or are described as doing, and whether there is therein a mass of contradictions, or a consistent code of right and wrong. If a code therein, then the inquiry would naturally arise, Do women actually obey it? or, Should they obey it? She says:

The committee occupy a unique position; they know their subject, and they know their public; they know furthermore what the Bible is, and what women mistakenly think it is. We think that if every woman who owns a Bible would set to work and read it in order to see what is said about her, in a moderate volume, this indignation and wisdom together might produce a more startling social upheaval than any other force we could point to in the laboratory of modern reform.

Miss Lord continues:

"Summoning the assistance of any and every scholar and linguist, every anthropologist and mystic, the committee will present the evidence upon which the selection known as the Bible was made. This focusing of advanced and recondoite scholarship, for the benefit of women anxious to face their Bible foe, is sure to prove a most important feature in the committee's work. The more selection and literal meaning of texts is of course that part of the work which is on the plane of thought adopted by most readers. But it would be cruel indeed to destroy the Bible as it exists for them, without trying to connect them with the higher realms of truth and knowledge."

"Sometimes a single fact will yield all the explanation a given mind personally desires or can assimilate. We can imagine some such mind, learning, for the first time, that the Codex Sinaiticus was discovered in St. Catherine's convent on Mount Sinai, in 1844, was brought thence in 1859 by Tischendorf, a Russian scholar, was published in 1862, and is supposed to date from the 4th century. Such a reader might say, 'That is enough for me. If you are going to tell me that the Bible was not all written down by the persons who are said to have written it, it will not trouble me any more. Copied! do you say? Why! if everybody knew that, nobody would believe in the Bible.'"

"Another mind, on first learning what a Palimpsest is, might exclaim, 'That is enough for me. If you tell me that my sacred Bible was ever so far forgotten that people would take the parchment or papyrus it was written on, and write something else over it, I do not believe there is any divine guidance taking care of the book at all; and I shall not trouble myself about it any more.' On the other hand, divine guidance is often considered demonstrated by this very survival of perils by the piece of parchment. A third mind, too cultured to reason so crudely, might perhaps learn about the 'doubtful' books of the Old and New Testaments and might say, 'What! has there ever been any question as to what the Bible consisted in? Tell me without delay, upon what principle the choice was made.'"

"We think the labors of the committee will furnish the most effective instrument that can be made for freeing people from Bible bondage, an instrument available with every type of mind. For besides the literal meaning, and the historical or other explanation, there will be a thorough, if brief, account of what women are, and are doing in our own day, and the evolutionary forces that have wrought thus potently, and of the outlook as it appears to the foremost minds among women. The contrast between old Jewish ideas of the female creature, and any happy, hearty, modern woman's idea of herself, will doubtless be pointed out in a very edifying way."

"Some minds cling to the Bible because they honestly believe it is the great source of all moral ideas and inspirations; they need showing how far this is true; and they need wholesome encouragement in any timid idea they may have, that the most beautiful, and the most puzzling things in life are not dealt with by the Bible at all."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Light for Thinkers will hereafter be published at Chattanooga, Tenn., instead of Atlanta, Ga.

H. T. Powers of Delphi, Ill., writes: "I have quite a number of JOURNALS, and would like to send them to the poor, or to some one where they will do good." Any one who wants them can address him with particulars.

The Eastern Star, devoted to the exposition and dissemination of the spiritual philosophy, and published at Glenburn, Me., comes to us regularly, filled with matter of interest to Spiritualists. It should receive a generous support.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his fanciful "Arrowhead Village," makes the resident doctor declare that theological students develop a third eyelid—the membrane common in birds—which serves to shut out the light they do not want; but we do not believe that this is any more true of theologians than of other people.

It is said that a gentleman of Atlanta, Ga., has a letter written by the Rev. W. H. Harrison, who was the first Democratic chaplain of the House since the war, and which was written five or six years ago, in which it was predicted that the South Atlantic coast would be visited by severe earthquakes in August, 1886. He further predicted that at no distant date after the shocks on the Atlantic coast, the City of San Francisco would be totally destroyed. He alleged that his predictions were made on scientific calculations.

It is amusing to learn that in New York the three-cent coin is disclosed as a fraud on the churches. A newspaper correspondent chanced to see in a bank a deposit by a warden of the previous Sunday's collection money. The money was chiefly in silver, and three-centers were disproportionately numerous. That seemed curious, in view of the small coinage of that denomination as compared with cents, dimes and half-dimes. "It is invariably so with this weekly deposit," said the cashier. "And I will tell you why," remarked the church officer; "It is because a three-cent piece is so nearly the color and size of a dime, and when one is dropped into the contribution plate it cannot be distinguished from the more valuable coin. It is the commonest sort of a trick in congregations, especially of the portions made up of strangers. Impetuous young fellows accompanied by their sweethearts, mean old chaps with a desire to seem a little philanthropic, and notably the women, are given to dropping in three-centers for the sake of getting credited with giving ten centers. It is found to be so in every collection, but especially in churches where the congregations are large and miscellaneous."

Lyman C. Howe, as is well known, has been lecturing for some time at Elmira, N. Y. Jasper D. Garnet alluded to him as follows in the *Sunday Tidings* of that city: "A few weeks ago I attended one of Mr. Lyman C. Howe's lectures in Odd Fellows' Temple in West Water Street. I was so charmed with the novelty, logic, quiet eloquence and impromptu poetry of the speaker that I have never failed to hear him at his every subsequent visit to the city. He is employed by a small society of Spiritualists holding their meetings and socials at the above-named hall. He speaks at three and seven o'clock every Sunday. I am no Spiritualist and know nothing of their religion. I am neither an advocate nor opposer of Spiritualism, but the discourses of Mr. Howe, who professes to speak by inspiration, are wonderful, and every lecture is a new page of wonder bordering on the miraculous. Mr. Howe is either a gigantic intellectual fraud or an inspired man! Let those that hear him decide. I have heard the formulas of the synagogues, the masses said in the mother Christian church, the Protestant denominations of every creed, the Swedenborgians, and the Mormon disciples, but for novelty, richness, readiness and beauty of expression, originality of thought, and apparent fervor, I have never heard Mr. Howe's superior."

The Sunday schools of England have some novel features, if the story of a recent visit is to be believed. "It was our painful duty," says the gentleman referred to, "to visit a London Sabbath school entertainment where these things were being carried on from six in the evening till midnight. We protested verbally, and also by leaving an entertainment where we felt the presence of God was not recognized. It began with a can-can, in which, to an idiotic song and tune, first the upper and then the lower members of the body were raised and swung about. After this an hour was spent in 'kissing and hugging.' Then came the great treat called 'the army.' Marching round in pairs, these Sunday-school teachers went through a drill in which 'present arms' and 'fire a volley' meant embracing and kissing between the sexes. When we state that the male 'teachers' knelt down before their partners to embrace them, and that six 'volleys' were ordered at once, or that kissing in that posture was ordered until the word 'halt' from the flegman, the reason of our departure and strong, indignant protest will be evident." The evening's entertainment, on the whole, appears to have been quite a revelation to the writer, for he concludes by advocating dancing in preference to the amusements he witnessed.

Lizzie C. Suloff, who resides with her parents at 1025 Main street, Akron, O., has within a few days undergone a change physically that amazes all who know her, and has set the community thinking as never before. For fourteen years Lizzie, who is now twenty-four, was a helpless invalid. When she was

ten years old she fell at Port Royal, Penn., where she then lived, and sustained injuries from which she lost the use of her limbs. She could not even lift her head, and, to add to her misery, after seven years of this helplessness she lost her sight. Thus she lived all this time, not having had more than an hour of continuous sleep. Her body was terribly emaciated. Three years ago the family came to that city, and Lizzie has been an object of pity to all who met her. Last May she was taken to the home of a farmer, John Sadler at Stow, near by, where she formed the acquaintance of Rev. William Wallace, pastor of the United Presbyterian church. All medical skill had proved useless, and country air did no good. The faith cure was mentioned to Lizzie, but she refused, but finally consented to a test. A letter was written to Dr. Cullis of Boston, Mass., who set Aug. 3rd, at 3 P. M., as the time he would pray. Friends here at the same hour engaged in prayer, and to the amazement of all, strength came in a short time, and to day the girl is in excellent health. During her illness she sank so low at one time that the family, believing her dead, sent for an undertaker. This is a clear case where the transmission of vital force or healing magnetism effected the cure.

There has been of late years a decided falling off in the attendance upon the country churches of New England, and a gentleman who has been trying to find out the cause, writes at length on the subject. He believes that much of the responsibility of the decrease in religious worship can be attributed to the inferior standard of the clerical profession. A large majority of the sermons are below the intellectual level of the people to whom they are preached, he says, and this preaching tends to disrespect for religion and disregard for the church. It is especially injurious to the young, who grow up without reverence for the faith of the fathers. Many young, and some mature men in the pulpit are so fond of their own speculations and of preaching their own notion about religious things, that they are unsettling instead of grounding firmly the faith of their young hearers.

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Existence of the Mahatmas.

Dr Buchanan's "Spiritual Barbecue."

BY WM. KIMMITE COLEMAN.

The letter of Mr. Wm. I. Brown, in the JOURNAL of Aug. 23, in my judgment, does not furnish conclusive evidence of the existence of the far-famed—real or supposititious—Koot Hoomi. That Mr. Brown saw a human being claiming to be the Mahatma I have no doubt, but that the person seen was in verity that alleged ubiquitous and omniscient individual I fail to see any substantial proof of. How was it possible for Mr. Brown to know that the person seen by him was Koot Hoomi, and not a confederate of Damodar and Madam Blavatsky personating the Mahatma? We have very strong and in my opinion convincing evidence that Koot Hoomi and other alleged mahatmas have been personated in various localities of India by persons employed for the purpose by Madam Blavatsky; and I have little doubt but that this is another instance of the same kind. The overwhelming mass of evidence, probative of long continued fraud, both in the impersonation of the mahatmas and in the manufacture of the many letters purporting to emanate from them, which the agent of the Society for Psychical Research has published, in my judgment has established the truth beyond reasonable doubt. The numerous letters of Madam Blavatsky which the Coumbols published proved the fraud beyond question to all impartial investigators; while the agent of the Research Society who went to India and made a personal searching investigation, not only established the genuineness of the Coumbols-Blavatsky letters, but adduces in addition a vast quantity of evidence of the wholesale imposture which has been practiced for years by the Madam Damodar, and their assistants.

The so-called materialization of the letter left with Mr. Brown was doubtless a piece of East Indian jugglery; akin in character to the other juggling tricks which have so largely constituted the stock in trade of Hindoo Theosophy during the past few years.

The question of the existence of the mahatmas is with me, as with the London Psychical Research Society, purely a matter of evidence. I should be very glad to know that there were human beings possessed of such occult powers as are attributed to them. In this materialistic age, we need all the evidence we can obtain of the reality of spiritual potencies in man; and if it could be established that there were in Tibet or elsewhere adepts possessing such marvelous power over material nature, capable of projecting their astral or spiritual bodies into all parts of the earth, modern psychological science would be revolutionized, to the utter discomfiture of prevalent materialistic speculations. Hence, as a Spiritualist, I should rejoice to know that the Himalayan Brotherhood had an objective existence, instead of being, as I am compelled to believe by the evidence, a creation of the brain of the Kalmucko-Slavonic founder of the Theosophy of the day.

The members of the Psychical Research Society were also desirous that the reality of the Mahatmas and their attendant phenomena might be established. They hoped that they

might receive some weighty evidence of the truth of the occult manifestations ascribed to the adepts, and during their earlier investigations of the Theosophical phenomena they were quite favorably disposed toward Madam Blavatsky and her associates, even after the publication of the damaging Coumbol letters. But when they found their hopes blasted, and that no reasonable doubt could exist of the entirely fraudulent character of the purported phenomena, they honestly published the truth, sadly and sorrowfully—the result of their investigation having demonstrated.

To offset the wealth of conclusive evidence in substantiation of the non-existence of the Mahatmas, something more is needed than the indeterminate and unsatisfactory testimony of Mr. Brown, Colonel Olcott, and Damodar.

DR. BUCHANAN'S "SPIRITUAL BARBECUE."

Allow me to say a word in commendation of Dr. J. R. Buchanan's very excellent lecture called "A Spiritual Barbecue" in the JOURNAL of Aug. 28th. His exposition of the cranks and follies besetting Spiritualism is forceful and truthful, while his remarks concerning the sources of inspiration of trance speakers are valuable, and merit careful consideration from all earnest searchers after ultimate spiritual truth. One of the most prevalent superstitions among Spiritualists is the attribution to disembodied spirits of all the utterances of the entranced; whereas a large part thereof is purely mundane in origin, the emanation of the psychic's own mind and of other earthly minds with whom the sensitive is in rapport.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

IN MEMORIAM.

The occasion for this communication is a sad one for the writer, and the announcement of the death of Samuel E. Nichols will bring sorrow to the hearts of thousands of persons. To write the life work of such a man, will take more time than is at my disposal, and more space than the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL could give in any one issue. To satisfy the desire of many to know the immediate cause of his "taking off," it may be stated that Mr. Nichols died from pneumonia and kidney disease, superinduced by nervous exhaustion. He had been ailing or gradually breaking down for several years, and at one time, the total loss of his eyesight was feared. At the time of his death it was very seriously impaired. He was at his place of business on the 10th inst., and at 2:30 A. M. of the 14th he passed to spirit-life. It was my fortune to be present at the moment of his transition, and witness his sleeping out this life, into the breaking morning of the heavenly life beyond. He had been restless but without pain, and said he wanted to go to sleep and not be disturbed to take medicine. I consented to aid him what I could, and placed my hand for a moment over his heart, which he pressed closely there, and I then made a few passes over him, when he fell into a deep sleep, and I had only time to summon his wife and daughter ere his life was swept away. They were the only ones of his relatives who knew of his illness, so rapid was his decline. His funeral services were held yesterday, the 16th inst., at his late residence, 357 Flatbush Avenue. They were, by special request, short and simple, and the body was interred in the family plot at Greenwood Cemetery. He has left his widow, Mrs. Fannie P. Nichols, a son and daughter, Harley B. and Agnes Blanche, both of whom have reached years of maturity, and show much of the fine talent and executive ability of their father.

Mr. Nichols was born at Burlington, Vt., September 21st, 1827, and became a Spiritualist about 1853. As he has related the incident to me, he was with a number of young persons, sitting at a table for rape, with no faith in the possibility of spirit communication in any form, when audible raps were given directly under his hands, and through this medium intelligent answers were made to his questions. This was the first of his investigation. A profound impression was made upon the mind of young Nichols by this, to him, astounding phenomenon. From skepticism and ridicule, his condition at once changed to that of an earnest and devout seeker for knowledge of the inner mysteries of life. He instantly comprehended, that unless the phenomena of the rap intelligently made, could be otherwise explained, the greatest problem of life was solved; and much as the opponents and enemies of divine Spiritualism may seek to belittle its phases of communication, to ridicule and sneer at its raps and the tipping of tables, to the intelligent mind,—ridicule and sneers emanate from shallow intellects, and are powerless expressions of bigotry and narrow minds, who have nothing better to offer. Therefore, to Mr. Nichols, all phases of spirit phenomena were worthy mediums of the greatest of truths, which should be guarded and made efficient in the highest degree, for a sacred purpose.

There was a strong religious element in the nature of Mr. Nichols, which was of that character which made the spirit of his actions like the refiner's fire, destructive not only of dross, but of the amalgams which quasi-religious natures had brought into the movement. There was also in him a ceaseless mental activity, which always impelled him forward, and necessarily in the line of action indicated by his strong spiritual and religious nature. While he was highly intuitive, his impulsiveness often provoked unintentional conflicts, which in later years were lessened by the cool and stately judgment of his estimable wife, with whom he wisely counseled on important matters. The executive ability of Mr. Nichols was something marvelous. There have been other persons connected with the religious movements of our times, of equal, and perhaps greater intellectual endowments, who have never been heard of beyond the narrow limits of their immediate homes, who, had they possessed a tithe of his executive talent, would have blessed the world by a wider sphere of action. He always conducted a wide correspondence, of both a public and private character; organized and managed societies and public meetings; procured talent for the rostrum and the means for private investigations, and raised, or from his own pocket supplied, the "sinews of war" (money); and I may venture to assert that no one man in his line of action has accomplished more for the cause of modern Spiritualism than S. B. Nichols. While he was charitable and kind to the fallen, he never compromised with sin, and I venture that there lives not a man or woman who can point to an impure act of his life, or remembers an uncharitable word from his lips. He was ready to correct an error when convinced that he had made one, and those who knew him best, understood the motive by which he was actuated in those matters where judgments are in conflict. He was in the highest degree sensitive, and keenly felt and repelled any imputation against him, or the cause so near to his heart. When therefore, Mr. Nichols, at the age of 57, became convinced of the basis in fact upon which the

movement of the Spiritualists rested, he set out to comprehend its philosophy, and then expound and disseminate its truths.

As might have been expected, Mr. Nichols was destined to meet the reproaches and suffer from the ostracism of people whose sectarian views he antagonized. The rocks of New England have always been hard to read, but when once broken, they have been the more serviceable because of their tenuous qualities. The Pilgrim Fathers escaped from bigotry and persecution in the Old World, and their children in a milder form re-established it in New England. Mr. Nichols and the Spiritualists of Vermont in those days were converts to divine truths.

Those truths were then as they ever will be in their contact with error, harder than the faultless diamond, the bluest sapphire or purest ruby, before which even the most stubborn rocks of New England give way, and it was with these truths that Mr. Nichols, and a few other ardent workers, not only defended their positions, but advanced against the strongholds of mistaken creeds. The assertion of his convictions, and the proclamation of the facts upon which his action rested, cost him many friends; he was ostracized in business transactions, and his financial ruin was nearly accomplished. But when there are principles at stake, when the voices of friends from the spiritual world are ringing in our ears, shall we hesitate and grope the Holy Spirit that is seeking utterance? Assuredly not! And to a man of Mr. Nichols' deep convictions, the cause was worthy of the sacrifices made. To him disaster was not defeat, and in temporary reverses he saw ultimate good.

In Burlington Mr. Nichols established the first society of Spiritualists ever formed in Northern Vermont. He obtained speakers and mediums and commenced a great work in the vicinity. He succeeded in having conventions called, which attracted wide public attention, and a growing interest in the movement was observable. In connection with Newman Weeks and John Landon of Rutland, he organized the Great Free Convention held in Rutland, in June, 1855. The call of this convention was widespread, and was extended to all denominations, sects and creeds. All were invited to come and expound their doctrines, and be prepared to give and take in good nature all to be said. And come they did, and a strange collection it was. The call had extended across the Atlantic, and people from the British Islands responded. They met in a large tent, ample to accommodate 3,000 persons, but that was insufficient for such a gathering. The session lasted three days, commencing at an early hour morning, and continuing until late evenings. Thousands came to listen and learn, while many came only to be heard, anticipating that their particular views were the sum of all possible knowledge, and should and would prevail. There were Baptists of all the different shades. There were Methodists, from those of quite spiritual natures, to groaning, shouting revivalists. There were Congregationalists and Presbyterians, each expounding the hair splitting distinctions by which the direct road to heaven could be traced, while the Episcopalian talked of the true church and repeated his ritual. There was the Unitarian launching his logical thunderbolts against the accumulated believers in the Trinity, and the Universalists were proclaiming a universal salvation through Christ. The Duncans, Campbellites, Adventists, Shakers, Quakers, Atheists, Materialists and Infidels were all represented. To say that the Spiritualists were there in quite superabundant numbers, considering who were the organizers of the convention. It was just such a gathering as delighted the souls of Messrs. Nichols, Weeks and Landon, and as they had anticipated, resulted in a bombardment of denominational strongholds, in which weak points were speedily observed, and the necessity of new and better timber was made apparent. In the midst of these conflicts, the claims of Modern Spiritualism were advanced, and the challenge given to investigate and refute them if possible. Here was a new-comer, armed with the testimony of living witnesses from both sides of the grave, presenting its astounding phenomena, and its sublime, yet simple, and soul approving philosophy, through which all religious sects could find a solution of the problems of life, and in which materialism and infidelity would expire in the knowledge of a progressive but eternal existence. No scheme could have been devised more serviceable than this to put the claims of Modern Spiritualism before the religious world. That it was effective in its work is well known.

Thousands of persons went from that gathering with a new light before them. Among the prominent personages present, was Elder Jason F. Walker, who had been for twenty-five years a presiding elder in the Methodist Church. What he there heard and saw, led him to investigate the claims of the Spiritualists, and he became a prominent worker in that cause. All of these proceedings were faithfully recorded and 1,000 volumes were printed and distributed. It was at this convention that a lady, whose name I cannot recall, mounted the rostrum and proclaimed the emancipation of woman, and her right to a freedom of action so very broad, that her address in effect was like a thunderbolt upon the convention. Free platforms are always popular with those who can get a hearing in no other place; and if some women have claimed too much for their sex, let it be remembered that woman's sphere can be enlarged, without leaving her place in the family circle, which no woman can afford to forget.

Mr. Nichols married for his first wife Miss Martha Bradley, and she heartily joined in his spiritual labors. They formed a home circle for development, and after many weeks of patient waiting, one morning at the breakfast table, her hand was controlled to write. From this time, she developed rapidly, and gave her life to free healing of the sick and trance speaking and mechanical writing. She, falling in health, Mr. Nichols removed with his family to Hammon, N. J., where the climate agreed with her, by which means her life was prolonged many years. She died in August, 1871, in Jersey City, leaving two young children. About fourteen months later he married his present widow, Miss Fannie P. Landon of Vermont. He then engaged in business in New York City, and became a member of the firm of Brown, Cooley & Nichols, wholesale dealers in Yankee notions and general merchandise. At the time of his death, he was a wholesale dealer in, and manufacturer of, spool cotton in New York City, having his residence in Brooklyn. Here in Brooklyn and vicinity, he has continued and completed the labors of an active and useful life. Several years ago, he separated from the First Society of Spiritualists and established The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. He was always its presiding officer, and its moving and controlling spirit. He secured the ablest talent for the Sunday lectures, and managed to have a most useful weekly conference. His power of memory was remarkable. He could listen to a discourse, and get up at five o'clock the next morning,

write out its main features, often repeating the precise language of the speaker. By this means, the *Banner* and *JOURNAL* have been able to lay before their readers from his pen, much of the best thought of these times. He was conspicuous in his efforts to establish the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, and was its Vice-President and one of its trustees at the time of his death. He was an earnest and forcible speaker, and addressed the different societies in this vicinity, when health permitted him to do so. He had no fear of death, yet he did not wish to die until he had done still more for humanity. He gave to the poor beyond his means, and visited the sick, when his own health admonished him to remain at home. His death was foreboded, and he was warned from the Spirit-world to husband his strength or he would come over. This he could not realize, as possible, although conscious of falling health. Only the week before his death, he wrote a long article for publication, and at no time in his illness did he despair of recovery. Like a restless, tireless steed, he harnessed away, not because he was tired of this life, but because the harness was worn, and could no longer restrain his spirit.

I know of no one in this vicinity to take his place. Memorial services will be held Sunday morning, September 26th, at 10:30 A. M., at Conservatory Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenue, to which all are invited.

A. H. DAILEY.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1886.

Granula.

"OUR HOME ON THE HILLSIDE" (The Sanatorium), at Danville, N. Y., has acquired a national reputation as one of the most successful sanatoriums in the country. Its celebrated founder, Dr. James C. Jackson, has given years of study and research to the question of diet for invalids. One of the results of this work is the production of Granula, a health food, prepared from the best winter wheat grown in the famous Genesee Valley. It contains every constituent of the grain, is twice cooked by a special process, and while it is very palatable and highly nutritious, it is ready for immediate table use. The sick and well alike enjoy it as an article of every day food. Circulars, giving detailed description and testimonials, will be gladly sent on application to Our Home Granula Company, Danville, N. Y.—N. Y. Weekly Tribune.

Frederic May Holland, author of "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty," says in the Annual Report of the Free Religious Association: "A book of great value has been issued, 'A Study of Primitive Christianity,' by Dr. James, who unless earnest purpose with sound scholarship in his able presentation of the life of Jesus and the early church." Price, \$1.50. For sale, wholesale and retail at this office.

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The relief which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs.

Rheumatism and the Gout, cease their twinges, if the affected part is daily washed with Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

Fanny Davenport's first literary effort will be printed in the *Brooklyn Magazine* for October. The actress' article is a vigorous reply to the question, "Is the Stage Immoral?"

Consumption can be Cured.

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper, healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength-giving virtues of those two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1885.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap cleans and beautifies, 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns, Blisters, 25c.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 25c.
Hill's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

Business Notices.

Chloroform Examinations Free.
Enclose lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette Streets, Syracuse, New York.



EUREKA SILK CO., Chicago, Ill.

A full assortment of above as well as the celebrated Easton & Smith's, all of which are Pure Dye and Fast colour. For sale by all leading dealers.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO. YARNS.

STATE AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

We have opened in our Basement Salesroom, a Department for the sale of the less expensive grades of yarns. Large assortments will be shown.

All goods on sale in this Basement Salesroom ("Qualities considered or not") are lowest in price, and the newly established Yarn Department will follow this rule.

From 5c per Skein Upward.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

These Organs have received Highest Awards at all Great World's Exhibitions for nineteen years.

"Matchless, unrivaled."—FRANZ LISZT.

"Musicians generally regard them as unequalled."—THEO. THOMAS.

Send for latest Catalogue, 46pp., 4to, containing 100 styles, from \$22.00 to \$900.00.

Sold for cash or on the EASY HIRE system, and Rented.

PIANOS.

The Improved Method of Stringing, introduced and perfected by MASON & HAMLIN, is conceded by competent judges to constitute a radical advance in Pianoforte construction.

These Pianos do not require one-quarter as much tuning as Pianos generally. Descriptive Catalogue by mail, free.

ORGAN & PIANO CO

154 Tremont-st., Boston; 46 E. 14th-st. (Union Sq.), N. Y.; 149 Wabash-av., Chicago.

GRANULA

An Incomparable Food. Ready for immediate use. Unparalleled for children and invalids. A delicious diet. Unsurpassed for constipation and dyspepsia. Write for circulars. Box by mail, 25c. Our Home Granula Co., Danville, N. Y., Sole Mfgs.

MR. and MRS. LEON A. PRIEST, METAPHYSICIANS.

Accurate psychometric diagnosis by Mrs. Priest. Treatment Mental and Magnetic. Correspondence solicited. 289 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

A Chicago Daily Newspaper For \$2.50 Per Annum.

The Chicago Mail, a bright, enterprising, reliable daily newspaper, edited by Wm. H. Hutton and Clinton A. Knowlton, will be sent postage prepaid to any address in the U. S. or Canada for \$2.50 per annum in advance. We deliver the paper on price and quality. No house can give the same quality of goods and premiums as we do. We have a host of cash and credit customers. Address: NATIONAL TEA & COFFEE CO., Washington St., Boston, Mass.



WANTED A WOMAN

of energy for business in her locality. Salary \$500. References: H. J. Johnson, Manager, to Harney St. N. Y.

THE ANCIENT BAND!

"Across Sixteen Thousand Years We Come to You!"

After being out of print for over ten years, (the Negatives having been destroyed) the ORIGINAL LITHEAL ANTIQUE PENCIL PAINTINGS, formerly on exhibition in San Francisco, comprising the

"SPIRIT ART GALLERY"

Have been returned to me from New York, now Negatives taken, and a new edition printed of these remarkable and BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT PORTRAITS, which I am now able to supply to all orders, at the reduced price of Ten Dollars for the set of

TWENTY-EIGHT CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.

Including a copy of the 15-grammatical Catalogue, (of these WONDERFULLY BEAUTIFUL PORTRAITS, no description can convey to the mind of another any adequate conception of the exquisite finish in costume, shading and expression, which gives them such a high character as WORKS OF ART. In fact, these PORTRAITS of the residents of Earth, in the 19th century, are of the rank of the most magnificent Among them are, Kings, Warriors, Sages, Philosophers, Poets, Historians, Alchemists, Magicians, Law-Givers, Artists, Priests, Reformers, Scientists, Artisans,

covering the widest range of Human Thought, and the highest development of Human Civilization and Education.

TESTIMONIAL: "These Pictures are just wonderful, and I should think every Spiritualist in the land, who would afford it, would have a set of them."—THE J. H. BRILL, Grandmaster, Mass.

"I received in the highest style of art, and producing the most pleasing impression, so well as entertainment. Religious Pictures."—J. H. BRILL, Grandmaster, Mass.

"I think the Original Drawings must be exquisite in style and finish. I shall take the greatest pleasure in exhibiting the pictures to people on every occasion."—J. H. BRILL, Grandmaster, Mass.

PRICES: Full set \$10; Single photos, 50 cents; Five for \$2; Catalogue 25 cents. Address orders to

J. WINCHESTER, Columbia, Cal.

Price \$2.50. Postage Free.
A fine box so, as to reach the buyer in perfect order.
A wholesale and retail, by H. KILGUS-Parlaments
America House, Chicago.
